THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

MAY 1986 NUMBER 7054 VOLUME 274 ~~£1.30~~

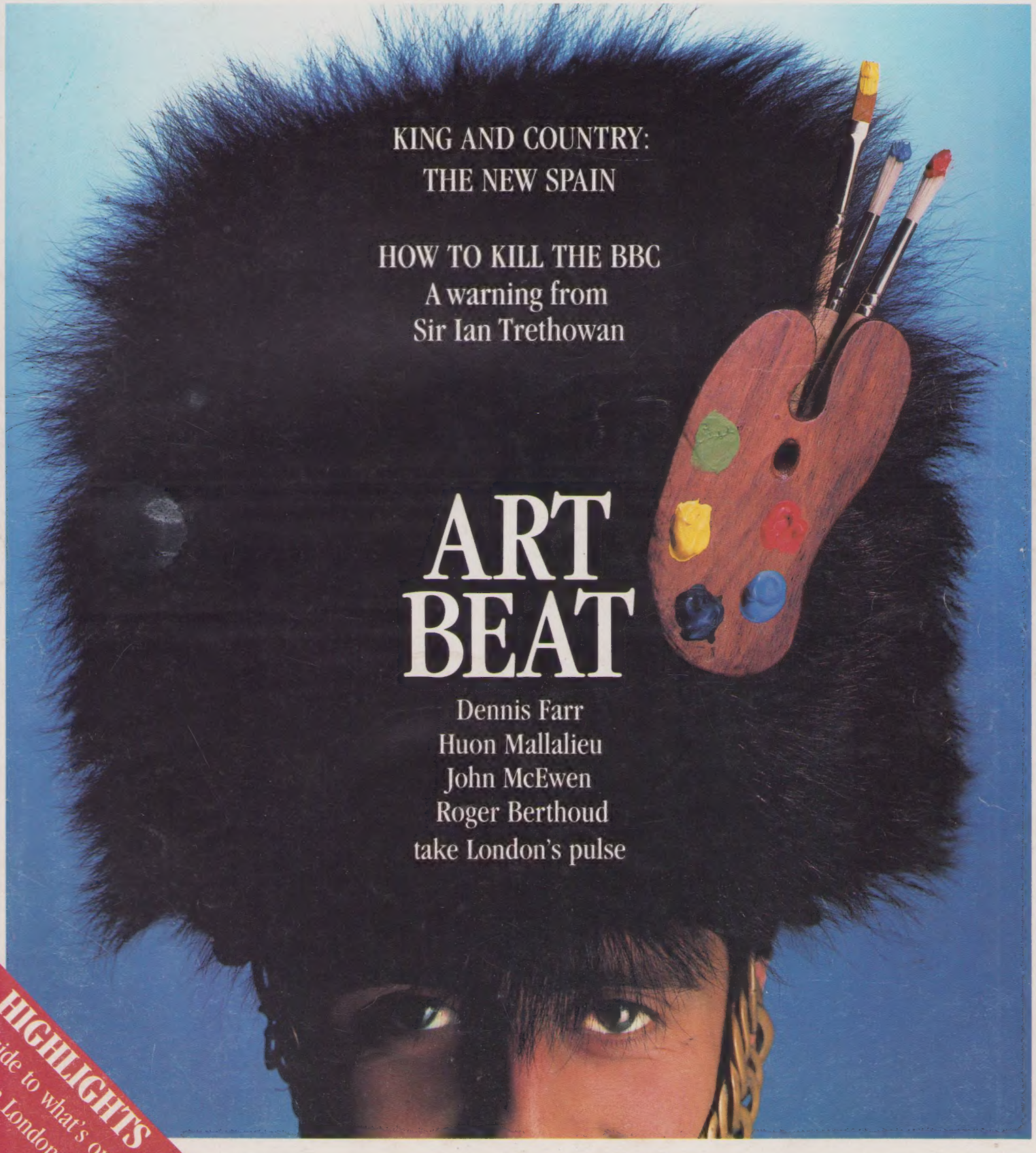
4.35

KING AND COUNTRY:
THE NEW SPAIN

HOW TO KILL THE BBC
A warning from
Sir Ian Trethowan

ART BEAT

Dennis Farr
Huon Mallalieu
John McEwen
Roger Berthoud
take London's pulse



HIGHLIGHTS
Guide to what's on in London

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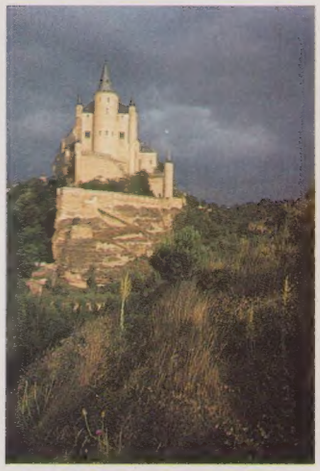
NUMBER 7054 VOLUME 274 MAY 1986



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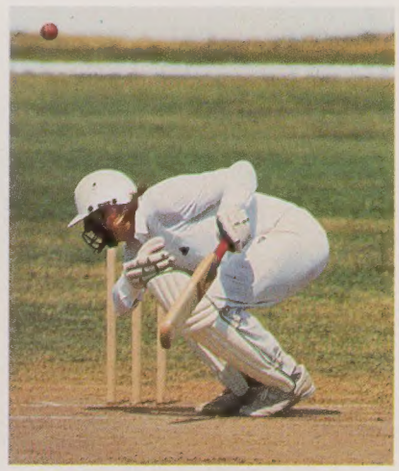

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COVER PHOTOGRAPH
by Roger Stowell.
Palette and busby: a focus on the capital's art scene.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS,
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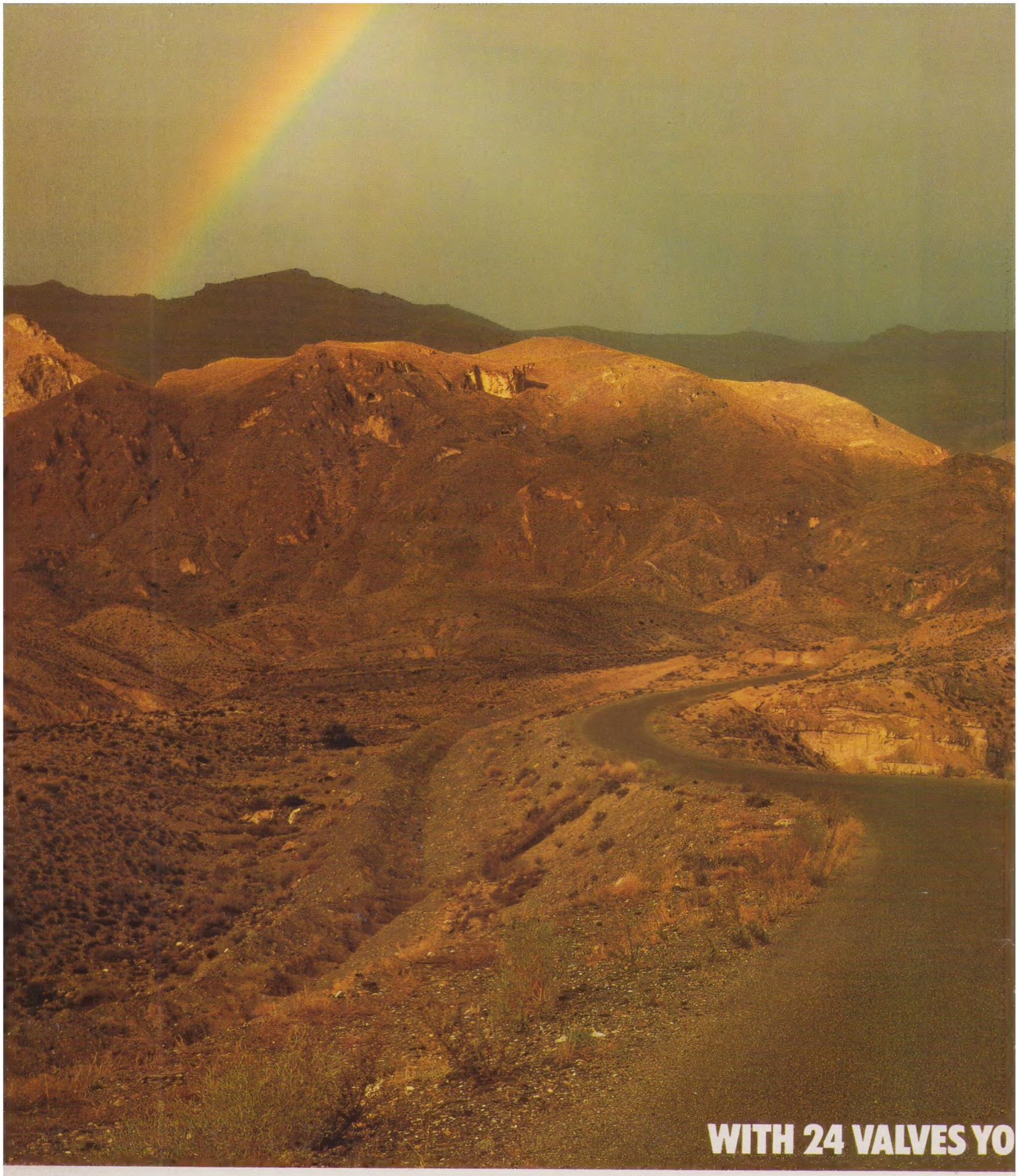
USA agents: British Publications Inc, 11-03 46th Avenue, Long Island City, NY11101, USA. Subscription rates: UK £19.50 ($29), USA/Europe £25 ($37), Canada £25 ($42), rest of the world £28 ($42).



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Wedgwood
Visitor Centre

Barlaston, Stoke-on-Trent, Staffordshire, ST12 9ES

MAY

HIGHLIGHTS

Thursday, May 1
The Prime Minister, Mrs Thatcher, leaves for a two-day visit to South Korea on her way to the economic summit in Tokyo (4).

National Garden Festival opens at Stoke-on-Trent, daily 10am-dusk (until October 26).

Horse racing: 1,000 Guineas at Newmarket.

Friday, May 2
Brighton Festival, which includes a staging of *Aida* by the New Sussex Opera, opens (until 25).

Saturday, May 3
35th anniversary celebrations of the opening of the Royal Festival Hall, with the Grimethorpe Colliery Band, Academy of Ancient Music, Ivo Pogorelich, London Philharmonic Orchestra and Jessye Norman (noon onwards).

Princess Anne visits Guernsey.

Horse racing: 2,000 Guineas at Newmarket.

Rugby League Silk Cup Challenge final at Wembley Stadium.

Sunday, May 4
Seven Nation economic summit in Tokyo attended by Britain, Japan, United States, Canada, West Germany, France and Italy (until 6).

Monday, May 5
May Day Holiday.

The Earl of Stockton gives an address at the opening of the Rabindranath Tagore Festival, a national event celebrating the 125th anniversary of the birth of the Bengali mystic and poet who died in 1941.

Princess Margaret attends royal gala preview of *La Cage aux Folles* at the Palladium.

Tuesday, May 6
Royal Shakespeare Company's *Troilus and Cressida*, directed by Howard Davies, opens at the Barbican.

Wednesday, May 7
Start of Newbury Festival with a programme that includes City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, London Mozart Players, Bournemouth Sinfonietta and Paul Tortelier. On May 17 the Queen attends the final concert at St Nicholas Church.

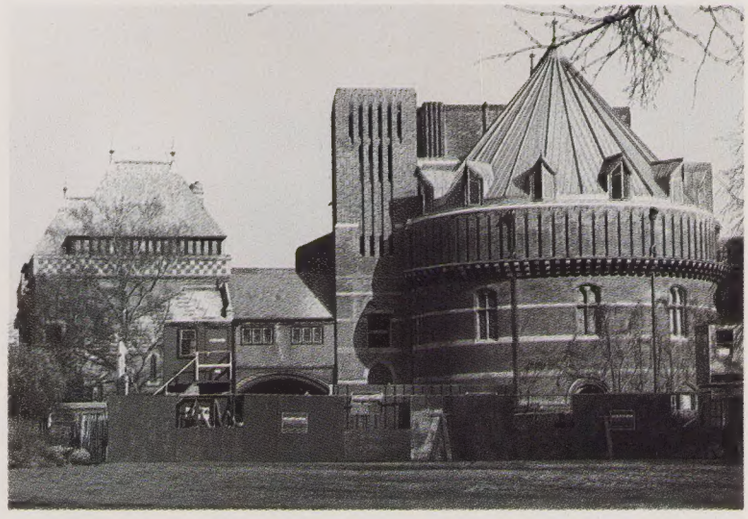
The Queen and Duke of Edinburgh attend Service of Intercession and Thanksgiving for British industry and commerce at St Paul's.

Thursday, May 8
Ascension Day.

The Prince and Princess of Wales visit Japan (until 13).

The Royal Shakespeare Company opens its new galleried theatre, The Swan, at Stratford.

Royal Windsor Horse Show in Home Park: parades of the Queen's horses and carriages, musical rides of the Household Cavalry, Services team jumping (until 11).



The RSC's new Stratford theatre, The Swan, opens on May 8 with *Two Noble Kinsmen* by Fletcher and Shakespeare. Built within the shell of the original Memorial Theatre, it will stage works by Shakespeare's contemporaries.

Cannes Film Festival (until 19).
Annual floral dance at Helston, Cornwall.
New moon rises at 10.10pm.

Saturday, May 10
Start of Ramadan, the ninth month of the Muslim year, during which strict fasting is observed from dawn until sunset for 30 days.

Football: FA Cup Final—Everton *v* Liverpool—Wembley Stadium.

Conversationalist of the Year award is the highlight of the Chatathon, in aid of the Association for Spina Bifida and Hydrocephalus, at the Glaziers' Hall, SE1.

Sunday, May 11
Motor racing: Monaco Grand Prix.

Monday, May 12
Princess Anne attends royal charity première of *Chess* at the Prince Edward Theatre.

The Queen attends Thanksgiving Service in St George's Chapel, Windsor, to mark the 500th anniversary of the Treaty of Windsor by which England and Portugal pledged permanent alliance and friendship.

Thursday, May 15
Princess Margaret visits the Netherlands for the 400th anniversary of the Anglican Church in the Hague (until 18).

Friday, May 16
First major retrospective of Cecil Beaton opens at the Barbican Art Gallery (until July 20).

Saturday, May 17
Agnes Baltsa and José Carreras sing in *Carmen*, opening at Covent Garden. Also 20, 23, 26, 28, 31.

Sunday, May 18
Whit Sunday.

British showbusiness Action Against AIDS gala at the Adelphi; Walter Reynolds's 1934 melodrama *Young England*, with Jane Asher, Alan Bates, Jeremy Irons, Alec McCowen and others.

Tuesday, May 20
Chelsea Flower Show in the grounds of the Royal Hospital; daily 8am-8pm, last day 8am-5pm (until 23). RHS members only on May 20.

Wednesday, May 21
Harrison Birtwistle's *The Mask of Orpheus* is given its world première by the English National Opera at the Coliseum. Also 28, 30.

Thursday, May 22
The Prince and Princess of Wales attend the royal charity première of *Biggles*, with Neil Dickson as Captain W. E. Johns's hero, at the Empire, Leicester Square.

Princess Anne attends the Annual Banquet of the Royal Academy of Arts, Piccadilly.

Friday, May 23
International Parliamentary Union all-party delegation of MPs, led by Lord Whitelaw, visits Moscow for talks with the Soviet leader Mikhail Gorbachev (until June 2).

Start of Bath Festival which includes a four-day Contemporary Art Fair in the Assembly Rooms (until June 8).

Windsor Horse Trials in Windsor Great Park: three-day event with dressage, tests of speed and endurance, cross-country and showjumping (until 25).

Golf: Whyte & Mackay PGA Championship at Wentworth (until 26).

Full moon rises at 8.45pm.

Saturday, May 24
Cricket: Texaco Trophy, England *v* India, at the Oval: first one-day international.

Sunday, May 25
Trinity Sunday.

Cycling: Milk Race starts in Birmingham, finishing at Waterloo Bridge on June 7.

Shaftesbury Avenue Centenary festivities with exhibitions, street entertainment, an international food festival and a series of events at local cinemas and theatres (until June 1).

Monday, May 26
Spring Bank Holiday.

Cricket: Texaco Trophy, England *v* India, at Old Trafford: second one-day international.

Motorcycle racing: International TT Races, Isle of Man (until June 6).

Tuesday, May 27
Glyndebourne Festival opens with Britten's *Albert Herring*, followed next day by Verdi's *Simon Boccanegra* (until August 15).

Dalliance, Tom Stoppard's version of Schnitzler's *Liebelei*, opens at the Lyttelton.

10th Spitalfields Festival opens at Christ Church, El, with a concert of music by Britten dedicated to the memory of Peter Pears, played by the London Sinfonia under Richard Hickox (until June 5).

Wednesday, May 28
Royal Agricultural Hall in Islington, built in 1862 and last in use as a Post Office sorting office, reopens as the Business Design Centre.

Thursday, May 29
The Prince of Wales visits Docklands, including the Royal Docks and the Isle of Dogs.

3rd International Contemporary Art Fair at Olympia (until June 1).

Fine Art and Antiques Fair at Olympia (until June 7).

Golf: *The London Standard* Four Stars' National Pro-Am Celebrity Tournament at Moor Park (until June 1).

Showjumping: Everest Double Glazing Nations Cup meeting at Hickstead; the Nations Cup is contested on the final day (until June 1).

Friday, May 30
Greenwich Festival opens with an open-air concert in Cutty Sark Gardens and fireworks over the Thames (until June 15).

Madhur Jaffrey, playing the title role, opens in Euripides's *Medea* at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith.

Saturday, May 31
218th Annual Summer Exhibition opens at the Royal Academy of Arts, Piccadilly (until August 24).

Football: World Cup tournament begins in Mexico. England, Scotland and Northern Ireland all compete in the finals (until June 29).

LISTINGS

THE ILN'S SELECTIVE GUIDE TO THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT

ILN ratings
★★ Highly recommended
★ Good of its kind
⛔ Not for us

THEATRE

Where applicable, a special telephone number is given for credit card bookings. Details of each theatre are given only on the first occasion it appears in each section. Opening dates where given are first nights. Reduced price previews are usually held.

Across from the Garden of Allah
One has to ask why Charles Wood wrote this comedy—a spasm of thorough dislike for Hollywood—& why such splendid players as Glenda Jackson & Nigel Hawthorne troubled about it. Everything is professionally done, but it does seem a waste of time. Comedy, Panton St, SW1 (930 2578, cc 839 1438).

Annie Get Your Gun
Suzi Quatro plays Annie Oakley in Irving Berlin's musical. Until June 14. Chichester Festival Theatre, Chichester, W Sussex (0243 781312, cc).

★The Apple Cart
Except for the "interlude"—which was always an aberration—Shaw's 1929 political comedy can wear its age with the wittiest ease. Peter O'Toole may not be an ideal King Magnus, but it is a fluent performance, surrounded now by the most experienced cast in a Shavian revival for a long time. Until May 17. Theatre Royal, Haymarket, SW1 (930 9832, cc). REVIEWED APR, 1986.

The Beaux' Stratagem
Anna Carteret, Paula Wilcox, David Rintoul & Paul Freeman in George Farquhar's 18th-century comedy, directed by Peter James. Until May 17. Lyric Hammersmith, King St, W6 (741 2311, cc).

★Blithe Spirit
Noël Coward's comedy, by now a modern classic, about an author's deceased wives (Joanna Lumley, the first, & Jane Asher, the second) who are brought back, embarrassingly, by a remarkably happy medium (Marcia Warren). The play wears very well & fortifies Coward's constant belief in it. Vaudeville, Strand, WC2 (836 9987, cc 836 5645). REVIEWED MAR, 1986.

★Brighton Beach Memoirs
Neil Simon has taken some hints from his own youth for this entirely sympathetic family comedy set in Brooklyn & acted with attractive authenticity by such people as Frances de la Tour, Harry Towb & Steven Mackintosh. Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc).

Il Candelaio
Why the RSC decided to rediscover Giordano Bruno's feeble farce is a puzzle. The philosopher & martyr wrote it in 1582; it was not acted during his life, & there is certainly no reason to return to it now, though I was glad to see Ian Talbot, here an unfortunate pedant. The Pit, Barbican, Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, 638 8891, cc).

Cats
Although T. S. Eliot's cat poems are not among his masterpieces, Andrew Lloyd Webber uses them with craft as the basis of a musical that goes on prowling. New London, Drury Lane, WC2 (405 0072, cc 379 6433).

★★A Chorus of Disapproval
Alan Ayckbourn explains (& directs) with witty naturalism the social dilemmas of a newcomer who is promoted rapidly to a leading role in an amateur operatic production. Splendidly played by Bob Peck (as the diffident tyro) & Michael Gambon (as a hurricane of a Welsh director). Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc). REVIEWED SEPT, 1985.

HMS Pinafore
A modernized version of Gilbert & Sullivan's nautical operetta, with an all-Irish cast. Until May 31. Old Vic, Waterloo Rd, SE1 (928 7616, cc 261 1821).

★Interpreters
At the heart of Ronald Harwood's excellent piece are Maggie Smith & Edward Fox as a pair of professionals at an Anglo-Russian event. Text & acting (much aid from Doreen Mantle & John Moffatt) compose an unusual night. Queen's, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (734 1166, cc).

★ Judy
Terry Wale's musical is, in effect, the tragedy of Judy Garland, a Hollywood star from her youth, whose lustre faded in the calamities of her off-screen life. The narrative matters much less than the songs Judy created, & the entirely loyal & absorbed performance of Lesley Mackie who, vocally & physically, is so like her subject that she roused the first audience to a standing ovation. Strand, Aldwych, WC2 (836 2660, cc).

★ Lend Me a Tenor
This is the kind of piece in which, towards the end, two singers, both made up as Verdi's Otello, are pursuing each other through the complement of doors essential in a farce. American dramatist Ken Ludwig has an eye & ear for cheerful nonsense; the principals are Denis Lawson as a triumphant stand-in & Ronald Holgate as the star Otello who is not in time for the performance. Globe, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 1592, cc).

Made in Bangkok
Anthony Minghella, a dramatist of thorough candour, has imagined a group of English tourists let loose among the uncommonly dreary pleasures (as well as the local working conditions) of Bangkok. As a set of relentless character-studies, the play has its power; it is acted with razor-sharpness by Felicity Kendal & Peter McEnery. Aldwych, Aldwych, WC2 (836 6404, cc 741 9999).

★Mephisto
Klausmann's theatrical novel comes formidably to the stage in its evocation of the tragic rise of the Nazis. Alan Rickman leads a fine cast; but the honours are for the RSC director, Adrian Noble, & his unflinching, imaginative control. Barbican, Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, 638 8891, cc).

DONALD COOPER

Anton Lesser and Juliet Stevenson as the two lovers in *Troilus and Cressida*, Shakespeare's harsh satire updated now, in Howard Davies's Stratford-upon-Avon production, to the Crimean War. The story of love and betrayal, played in 19th-century costume against Ralph Koltai's set of a battle-scarred mansion, reaches London's Barbican Theatre on May 6.

The Merry Wives of Windsor
The Stratford production, with Falstaff (Peter Jeffrey) & friends in the manner & costume of the 1950s, may be an acquired taste; nevertheless the director (Bill Alexander) & his cast have been entirely professional about it. Barbican. REVIEWED MAY, 1985.

★Les Misérables
This French-derived music-drama depends less upon its music than upon Victor Hugo's people & a spectacular RSC production by Trevor Nunn & John Caird. Palace, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2 (437 6834, CC 437 8327).

★A Month of Sundays
Bob Larbey's play, set in a rest home for the elderly, relies almost entirely on its leading man, George Cole, who is never off stage & carries the occasion with an engaging, sympathetic irony. Duchess, Catherine St, WC2 (836 8243, CC 240 9648).

The Mousetrap
Agatha Christie's thriller, after 33 years, seems to be as much a part of London as Nelson's Column, but there must always be people to see it, gratified, for the first time. St Martin's, West St, WC2 (836 1443, CC 379 6433).

★★Mrs Warren's Profession
Shaw, in revival, continues to surprise. Certainly this early play does, in both material & contrivance. Yvonne Bryceland plays the international bordello-keeper whose autobiographical speech is at the core of the night. Until May 10. Lyttelton.

Mutiny!
In a musical-comedy Tahiti the mutiny is led by Fletcher Christian played by David Essex (who has also written the score). A magnificent ship (William Dudley's) & a detailed performance (Frank Finlay's as Captain Bligh), but little else. Piccadilly, Denman St, W1 (437 4506, CC 379 6565). REVIEWED SEPT, 1985.

The New Revue
Rowan Atkinson is so precise a mime—observe him in the examination "cribbing" scene—& so intermittently apt a comedian that it is a pity much of his spoken material is tiresomely tasteless. Until May 17. Shaftesbury, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2 (379 5399, CC 741 9999).

★Noises Off
Michael Frayn's irresistibly relishing farce—which takes place during the performance of another farce, on tour—may deter potential actors & actresses: possibly good news for Equity. Savoy, Strand, WC2 (836 8888, CC 379 6219). REVIEWED APR, 1982.

Orphans
Lionel Kessler's highly concentrated American play is about two young brothers living in squalor who are taken over, in the strangest circumstances, by an elderly man acted with remarkable authority & power by Albert Finney. Until June 28. Apollo, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 2663, CC).

Philistines
Dusty Hughes's translation of Gorky's play about the tangled lives of a Russian family. The Pit, Barbican.

Pravda
In spite of its name, Howard Brenton & David Hare call it "a Fleet Street comedy". No miracle of construction, it is lucky enough to have Anthony Hopkins as a South African businessman who cuts a swathe through the English newspaper business. Olivier. REVIEWED JUNE, 1985.

★The Road to Mecca
Yvonne Bryceland, Charlotte Cornwell & Bob Peck return with Athol Fugard's semi-poetic portrait of an eccentric South African sculptress. Cottesloe. REVIEWED APR, 1985.

Romeo & Juliet
Michael Bogdanov's revival, with Sean Bean & Niamh Cusack as the doomed young lovers. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwicks (0789 295623, CC).

★Run For Your Wife
If Piccadilly Circus heaves regularly in the evenings (& at matinée times), it is merely the effect of the underground Criterion audience responding to Ray Cooney's storm-along farce. Criterion, Piccadilly Circus, W1 (930 3216, CC 379 6565). REVIEWED MAY, 1983.

Starlight Express
If you have ever played at trains, you will probably like this—otherwise not. Andrew Lloyd Webber has written it, Trevor Nunn directs, & the cast wears roller-skates. Apollo Victoria, Wilton Rd, SW1 (828 8665, CC 630 6262). REVIEWED MAY, 1984.

The Threepenny Opera
Even so inventive a director as Peter Wood cannot prevent this revival of the Brecht-Weill view of *The Beggar's Opera* from appearing curiously empty. There is always Weill's music; but that has to fight with Brecht's thoroughly dismal libretto, something with which such players as Tim Curry (Mack the Knife), Stephen Moore & Sara Kestelman cannot really do very much. Olivier.

Time
This ambitious musical, largely by Dave Clark, is like a brief & noisy course in engineering & electronics, set in the galaxy of Andromeda. Cliff Richard sings; Lord Olivier, as "The Ultimate Word in Truth", is represented by a three-dimensional image & his recorded voice. The planet Earth, on trial for daring to exist, escapes with a warning. It is all a mixture of the extravagant & the naïve. Dominion, Tottenham Court Rd, W1 (636 8538, CC 836 2428).

★★When We Are Married
J. B. Priestley's comedy with Patricia Routledge, James Grout, Prunella Scales, Timothy West, Bill Fraser, Patsy Rowlands & Brian Murphy. Whitehall, Whitehall, SW1 (930 7765, CC). REVIEW ON P. 87.

The Winter's Tale
Jeremy Irons, Gillian Barge, Richard Easton & Joe Melia in Terry Hands's production. Opens Apr 30. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon.

Yonadab
Peter Shaffer's narrative, from the Second Book of Samuel, concerns Amnon's rape of his half-sister Tamar. Alan Bates as Yonadab, commentator & voyeur, Leigh Lawson as Amnon, & Wendy Morgan as the rape victim are earnestly in the key of an elaborate Peter Hall production. Olivier. REVIEWED JAN, 1986.

FIRST NIGHTS

La Cage aux Folles
George Hearn & Denis Quilley (SEE ENCOUNTERS, P34) as two flamboyant homosexuals in the award-winning Broadway musical. Opens May 7. London Palladium, Argyll St, W1 (437 7373, CC).

The Chalk Garden
In Enid Bagnold's play, Dorothy Tutin plays the governess & Googie Withers is the woman who hires her. May 7-July 12. Chichester Festival Theatre, W Sussex (0243 781312, CC).

Chess
Elaine Paige & Murray Head in a musical by Tim Rice, Benny Andersson & Bjorn Ulvaeus. Opens May 14. Prince Edward, Old Compton St, W1 (437 6877, CC 439 8499).

Cuckoo
Emlyn Williams directs this world première of his own play about an eccentric family living on an island in the Thames in the 1930s. The cast includes Rosemary Leach. May 13-31. Yvonne Arnaud Theatre, Guildford, Surrey (0483 60191, CC).

Dalliance
Michael Bryant, Tim Curry, Sara Kestelman & Stephen Moore in Tom Stoppard's version of Schnitzler's *Liebelei*, set in late 19th-century Vienna. Opens May 27. Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, CC).

Every Man in his Humour
Ben Jonson's comedy is the second production opening this month at Stratford's new theatre. Directed by John Caird, with Tony Church & Joe Melia. Opens May 21. Swan, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwicks (0789 295623, CC).

Medea
Madhur Jaffrey plays the role of the mythological sorceress in Euripides's play. May 30-July 5. Lyric Hammersmith, King St, W6 (741 2311, CC).

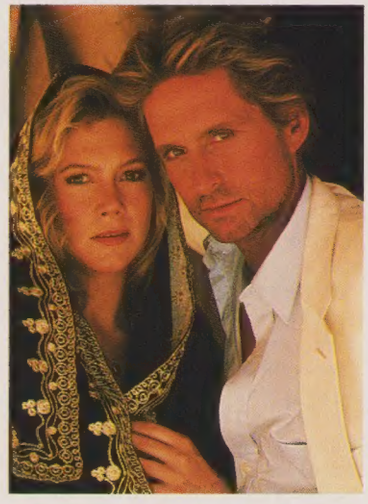
Real Dreams
Trevor Griffiths's new play is about young, white radicals committing themselves to the cause of Third World revolution. Opens May 15. The Pit, Barbican, Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, 638 8891, CC).

Seven Brides for Seven Brothers
Stage version of the MGM musical, seen last year at the Old Vic. Opens May 8. Prince of Wales, Coventry St, W1 (930 8681, CC 930 0844).

Sons of Cain
Ray Barrett heads the cast in an Australian play, by David Williamson, about corruption & the Press. Opens May 19. Wyndhams, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (836 3028, CC).

Troilus & Cressida
Shakespeare's intricate satire, in 19th-century costume, directed by Howard Davies. Opens May 6. Barbican, Silk St, EC2 (628 8795, 638 8891, CC). REVIEWED AUG, 1985.

Two Noble Kinsmen
The first production in the Royal Shakespeare Company's new Stratford venue is the play attributed to Fletcher & Shakespeare, with Gerard Murphy & Hugh Quarshie as the kinsmen of the title. Opens May 8. Swan, Stratford-upon-Avon (0789 295623, CC).



Kathleen Turner and Michael Douglas in *The Jewel of the Nile*, opening May 2.

CINEMA

The following films are expected to be showing in London or on general release at some time during the month. Programmes are often changed at short notice. Consult a local or daily newspaper for exact location & times. Information on West End & Greater London showings in Odeon & ABC chains from 200 0200.

★ Absolute Beginners (15)
Julien Temple's screen musical version of Colin MacInnes's modern classic about London teenage life in the late 1950s. The plotline is rather vaguely defined but the film does have a sense of zest, exhilaration & brashness. REVIEWED APR, 1986.

Biggles (PG)
An engaging fantasy in which the celebrated Captain W. E. Johns hero gets caught up in a series of time flips which have him simultaneously battling with Germans, & their dastardly secret weapon, on the 1917 Western Front & with helicopter-borne police marksmen in modern London. It is so crazy that it has a certain charm, & pleasant performances from Neil Dickson, Alex Hyde-White & Peter Cushing as a 95-year-old retired wingco. Opens May 23. Plaza, Lower Regent St, SW1 (437 1234). May 22, Royal charity première in the presence of the Prince & Princess of Wales, in aid of the Prince's Trust at the Empire, Leicester Sq, WC2 (437 1234).

Clue (PG)
The board game Cluedo has been amusingly brought to life by Jonathan Lynn who writes & directs what amounts to an ingenious exercise in detective-story plotting, where characters are usually cardboard anyway. The group gathers for dinner at a country mansion, each with an alias & a secret, & one is a killer. The cast includes Madeline Kahn, Christopher Lloyd, Lesley Ann Warren & Eileen Brennan, with Tim Curry on magnificent form as the butler. Opens May 9. ABC, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2 (836 8861, CC).

★ Crimewave (PG)
Sam Raimi & Joel & Ethan Coen collaborate as director & writers of this off-beat, crazy thriller which combines black humour with bizarre special effects. Paul L. Smith is a "heavy" in every sense. Opens Apr 25. Cannons, Chelsea, 279 King's Rd, SW3 (352 5096, CC), Panton St, SW1 (930 0631).

★ Down & Out in Beverly Hills (15)
Nick Nolte plays a Los Angeles tramp taken in by a rich family. Opens May 23. Odeon, Leicester Sq, WC2 (930 6111, CC 839 1929). REVIEW ON P89.

Flesh & Blood (18)
Strong stomachs are needed for Paul Verhoeven's film set in the late Middle Ages, a period portrayed with all the gore, mire & violence that special effects can muster, but with modern concepts of terrorism. Jennifer Jason Leigh is kidnapped by Rutger Hauer & rescued by young Tom Burlinson, not before she has undergone a Patty Hearst-like transformation. Surprisingly, there are occasional laughs. Opens May 9. Cannons, Oxford St, W1 (636 0310), Panton St.

★ The Jewel of the Nile (U)
Sequel to *Romancing the Stone* with Kathleen Turner & Michael Douglas again involved in exotic adventures, this time in North Africa, where they spend a lot of time hanging by their fingertips over 700 foot drops. Danny DeVito, a dubious & diminutive rascal, is also from the first film. It is funny, but »→

CINEMA continued

less fresh than the original. Lewis Teague directed. Opens May 2. Leicester Square Theatre, WC2 (930 5252, cc 839 1759).

Lady Jane (PG)
Helena Bonham-Carter plays the ill-fated Lady Jane Grey in Trevor Nunn's film. Cary Elwes plays her husband, Dudley. Opens May 30. ABC, Shaftesbury Ave. May 29, Royal charity première in the presence of the Prince & Princess of Wales in aid of the Prince's Trust & the Newspaper Press Fund at the Empire, Leicester Sq.

The Lightship (15)
Robert Duvall overacts grotesquely as a fugitive gangster taking refuge on an offshore lightship whose crew, led by Klaus Maria Brandauer as the captain, he holds hostage. Jerzy Skolimowski's film is from the novel by Siegfried Lenz, & is a gloomy, claustrophobic conflict of good & evil. Opens Apr 25. Odeon, Haymarket, SW1 (830 2738, cc).

Marie (15)
Sissy Spacek & Jeff Daniels in a story about corruption among politicians in Tennessee. Opens Apr 25. ABC, Fulham Rd, SW10 (370 2636, cc 370 2110).

★ **Out of Africa** (PG)
Meryl Streep is excellent as the strong-willed Danish woman Karen Blixen upon whose life in Africa Sydney Pollack's film is based. Klaus Maria Brandauer plays her feckless husband; Robert Redford, making no concessions in his accent or physical appearance, plays her English lover. REVIEWED MAR, 1986.

★★ **Ran** (15)
Akira Kurosawa's epic version of *King Lear*, set in feudal Japan & filmed on the volcanic slopes of Mount Fuji. The battle scenes are among the most breathtaking ever filmed. It is a masterwork from a 75-year-old genius of the cinema.

Remo—Unarmed & Dangerous (15)
Fred Ward plays a cross between Indiana Jones & James Bond, Joel Grey an elderly Korean who instructs him in the martial arts. Opens Apr 25. Odeon, Leicester Sq, WC2.

★★ **A Room With a View** (PG)
A pleasing & sensitive adaptation by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala of E. M. Forster's novel about the Edwardian English upper-middle class. Helena Bonham-Carter is an aspiring New Woman; Maggie Smith is her protective spinster cousin. REVIEWED APR, 1986.

Shadey (15)
Snoo Wilson makes his screenwriting dēbut with this black comedy about a man, played by Antony Sher, who uses his gift for visualizing people's thoughts on to blank film to blackmail an incestuous tycoon (Patrick MacNee). Sher needs the money to finance a sex-change operation, but is inveigled into intelligence work. A bizarre, uncomfortable film, directed by Philip Saville. Opens May 2. Screen-on-the-Hill, 203 Haverstock Hill, NW3 (435 3366, cc).

Star Chaser—Legend of Orin (PG)
Space adventure in the form of a three-dimensional animated cartoon. Opens May 23. Cannon, Oxford St.

★ **The Stuff** (15)
America falls for a foamy yoghurt-like product which turns people into zombies. Larry Cohen's engaging horror spoof is cynical & funny.

Vagabonde (15)
Agnes Varda's award-winning film about a young woman (Sandrine Bonnaire) & people she meets on the road one winter. Opens May 9. Renoir, Brunswick Sq, WC1 (837 8402); Minema, 45 Knightsbridge, SW1 (235 4225).

Certificates
U = unrestricted.
PG = passed for general exhibition but parents are advised that the film contains material that they might prefer younger children not to see.
15 = no admittance under 15 years.
18 = no admittance under 18 years.

MUSIC

BARBICAN
Silk St, EC2 (638 8891, 628 8795, cc).

London Philharmonic Orchestra. James Judd conducts Schubert's Unfinished Symphony, Beethoven's Symphony No 6 & Mozart's Piano Concerto No 21, with Stephen Hough as soloist. May 1, 7.45pm. Leon Botstein conducts Dvořák's Symphony No 8 & Brahms's Piano Concerto No 2, with Todd Crow as soloist. May 16, 7.45pm.

Bernstein Festival. Further concerts by the London Symphony Orchestra in celebration of the career of the American composer & conductor Leonard Bernstein. Jeffrey Tate conducts the Symphony No 1, May 2, 7.45pm. John Mauceri conducts the Candide Suite, May 4, 7.30pm, & A Musical Toast & Symphonic Dances from West Side Story, May 8, 7.45pm. Bernstein himself conducts his Chichester Psalms, Serenade & The Age of Anxiety, May 6 & 9, 7.45pm. The programmes will also feature works by composers Bernstein has championed. The festival includes the British première of Bernstein's Mass, a theatre piece which will be staged by Bill Bryden at the Guildhall School, May 7-10, 7.30pm.

International Lunchtime Concerts. Gabrieli Quartet with Kenneth Essex, viola, play Mozart String Quintets, May 7; Scottish Chamber Orchestra play Haydn & Beethoven, May 14; Nigel Kennedy, violin, & Peter Pettinger, piano, play Elgar, Kreisler & jazz selections, May 28; 1pm.

BBC Concert Orchestra, Ambrosian Opera Chorus. Yehudi Menuhin conducts extracts from operas by Rossini, Verdi, Borodin & Bizet, with Sandra Browne, mezzo-soprano, Jean-Luc Viala, tenor, & Nicholas Rivenq, baritone. May 5, 7.30pm.

Hague Philharmonic Orchestra. Alain Lombard conducts Beethoven's Symphony No 8, Stravinsky's Rite of Spring & Prokofiev's Violin Concerto No 1, with Dmitry Sitkovetsky as soloist. May 7, 7.45pm.

English Chamber Orchestra. Raymond Leppard conducts Stravinsky's Dumbarton Oaks, Saint-Saëns's Havanaise, Mendelssohn's Symphony No 1 & Mozart's Violin Concerto No 5, with Cho-Liang Lin as soloist. May 19, 7.45pm.

Northern Sinfonia of England. Frances Kelly is the soloist in the first London performance of Edward Cowie's Harp Concerto, under the baton of Richard Hickox, who also conducts works by Wagner, Schumann & Prokofiev. May 20, 7.45pm.

Royal Academy of Music Orchestra & Chorus, Alberni String Quartet. Reginald Goodall conducts Wagner & Maurice Handford conducts Brahms, Elgar, Tchaikovsky & Borodin in a gala concert to inaugurate the RAM Appeal, in the presence of the Prince & Princess of Wales. May 21, 7.45pm.

London Symphony Orchestra. Barry Tuckwell is conductor & soloist in Mozart's Horn Concerto No 3 & also conducts music by Dvořák, Beethoven, Barber & Falla. May 25, 7.30pm. Trevor Pinnock conducts Handel's Music for the Royal Fireworks, Haydn's Symphony No 93 & two arias from Handel's Semele, with Kathleen Battle, soprano. May 30, 7.45pm.

FESTIVAL HALL
South Bank, SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 8800).

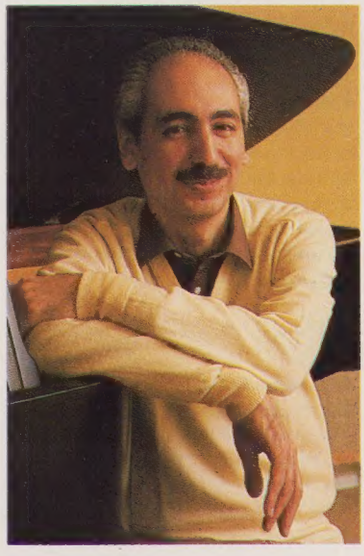
Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Anne-Sophie Mutter is the soloist in Mozart's "Turkish" Violin Concerto, under Kurt Masur, who also conducts Tchaikovsky's Pathétique Symphony. May 1, 7.30pm.

South Bank Celebration. A day of events in all three halls, lasting from noon to midnight, marking the 35th anniversary of the opening of the Royal Festival Hall. It culminates in a four-part concert given by the Grimethorpe Colliery Band under Elgar Howarth & Harrison Birtwistle, the Academy of Ancient Music under Christopher Hogwood, the pianist Ivo Pogorelich & the London Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Klaus Tennstedt with Jessye Norman, soprano. May 3, 6-10.30pm.

London Philharmonic Orchestra. Klaus Tennstedt conducts three concerts. An all-Strauss programme, with Jessye Norman, soprano. May 4, 7.30pm. An all-Brahms programme, with Peter Donohoe as soloist in the Piano Concerto No 2. May 7, 7.30pm. An all-Beethoven programme, with Shlomo Mintz as soloist in the Violin Concerto. May 12, 7.30pm.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Charles Groves conducts Mahler's Symphony No 4 & the closing scene from Strauss's Capriccio, with Elisabeth Söderström, soprano. May 6, 7.30pm.

Philharmonia Orchestra. Simon Rattle conducts a series of concerts devoted to French music in the 20th century entitled "Après l'après-midi", opening with Debussy's Prélude à l'après-midi d'un faune & including works by Ravel, Boulez, Satie, Duparc, Poulenc & Messiaen. Soloists include Maria Ewing & Ann Murray, mezzo-sopranos, Elise Ross & Elisabeth Söderström, sopranos, & pianists Katia & Marielle Labeque. May 8, 11, 15, 19, 7.30pm.


SUZIE MAEDER

Dresden Philharmonic Orchestra. The pianist Martino Tirimo (above) is soloist & conductor in Beethoven's five Piano Concertos: Nos 2, 1 & 4, May 9, 7.30pm; Nos 3 & 5, May 16, 7.30pm.

Huddersfield Choral Society, Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. A celebration of the 150th anniversary of one of the country's leading choral societies who perform Orff's Carmina Burana under Owain Arwel Hughes. May 17, 7.30pm.

Murray Perahia, piano. A recital of sonatas by Beethoven, Berg, Schumann, Schubert. May 23, 7.30pm.

Academy of Ancient Music Orchestra & Chorus. Christopher Hogwood conducts Mozart's Clarinet Concerto, with Antony Pay as soloist, & the Requiem. May 27, 7.30pm.

ST JOHN'S
Smith Sq, SW1 (222 1061).

Mizler Ensemble. An all-Bach programme, including the Musical Offering, performed by a group specializing in the instrumental works dating from the last decade of Bach's life; directed from the harpsichord by Peter Macdonald. May 2, 7.30pm.

Tamas Vasary, piano. Sonatas Nos 13 & 23 (Appassionata) by Beethoven, works by Chopin, & Liszt's Après une lecture du Dante from Années de pèlerinage. May 13, 7.30pm.

Salomon Orchestra. Malcolm Binney conducts Britten's Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra & Schumann's Rhenish Symphony. May 14, 8pm.

City University Symphony Orchestra. Cem Mansur conducts a programme which includes The Spanish Lady, an unfinished opera in five scenes by Elgar, given by soloists from the Guildhall School opera course. May 15, 7.45pm.

Michele Scharapan, piano. Schumann's Papillons & works by Bartók & Schubert. May 16, 7.30pm.

Downshire Chamber Players. Peter Ash conducts two concerts. Mozart's opera Die Entführung aus dem Serail, sung in German in a concert performance. May 19, 7.30pm. A programme devoted to Mozart & Prokofiev. May 29, 7.30pm.

ST MARTIN-IN-THE-FIELDS
Trafalgar Sq, WC2.

Lunchtime concerts every Mon & Tues at 1.05pm. Admission free, leaving collection.

Academy of St Martin-in-the-Fields. Iona Brown directs music by Pachelbel, Albinoni, Bach, Vivaldi, in aid of the Musicians Appeal for Famine Relief in Africa. May 10, 7.30pm. Tickets: Musicians Appeal for Famine Relief in Africa, 55 Denman Drive South, NW11 6RA (455 4518) & at door on night.

WIGMORE HALL
36 Wigmore St, W1 (935 2141, cc).

Cambridge Buskers. Michael Copley, flute, and Dag Ingram, accordion, launch the Wigmore Summer Nights series with a programme of not more than 40 works that will include all the Brandenburg Concertos, the complete Beethoven Symphonies & Wagner's Ring. May 1, 7.30pm.

Philip Pickett, recorder, **Anthony Pleeth,** violoncello, **David Roblou,** harpsichord. Three of Britain's leading baroque specialists celebrate 10 years of performing together with a programme of music by Telemann. May 2, 7.30pm.

Sunday Morning Coffee Concerts. Attractive programmes by four of Britain's leading ensembles, with coffee, sherry or squash after the performance. English Concert, May 4; Nash Ensemble, May 11; Endellion Quartet, May 18; Music Group of London Piano Trio, May 25; 11.30am.

Andrew Ball, piano. An all-Busoni programme, including some of his most ⋙→

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"Glenlivet Distillery? What Glenlivet Distillery?"

In the early 1800's, denying the existence of distilleries was a national Scottish pastime.

Oh, they were there, alright. But most were illegal.

You see, savage taxes imposed by the Philistines of Westminster made distilling the national beverage well nigh impossible.

Tax evasion became the only honourable course. Immediately English excisemen marched North, with orders to stamp it out.

The Artful Dodgers.

But it proved a hopeless task. All measures to deter the distillers were met with ridicule.

Such was the Highlanders' contempt for the law that it was not even considered a disgrace to be imprisoned for illicit distilling.

One such imprisoned Highlander even approached the governor with the remarkable proposition that they set up a still together in the gaol!

But out of this lawlessness came greatness. The illicit dram was magnificent.

And the finest dram of them all was THE GLENLIVET.

The Sassenach Connection.

THE GLENLIVET Distillery was started by one John Gow. Alias John Smith.

Bit of a mystery, John Gow.

Having fought and lost with Bonnie Prince Charlie, he fled with his family in 1746 hiding deep in the countryside.

And to baffle the English soldiers, he changed his name from the gaelic Gow to the Sassenach Smith.

By good fortune John Smith settled in the precise spot where the water and the peat were the best in all Scotland for making malt whisky.

This mysterious man had stumbled upon a mysterious well. Josie's Well. It's the water from this well that makes THE GLENLIVET magical. We can't tell you why. There is no explanation. And there is no other well that performs the same magic.

By the time John Smith's grandson George inherited the still in 1817, the fame of the illicit GLENLIVET had spread far and wide.

"It is worth all the wines of France" opined the Doctor in Sir Walter Scott's 'St. Ronan's Well,' "and more cordial to the system besides."

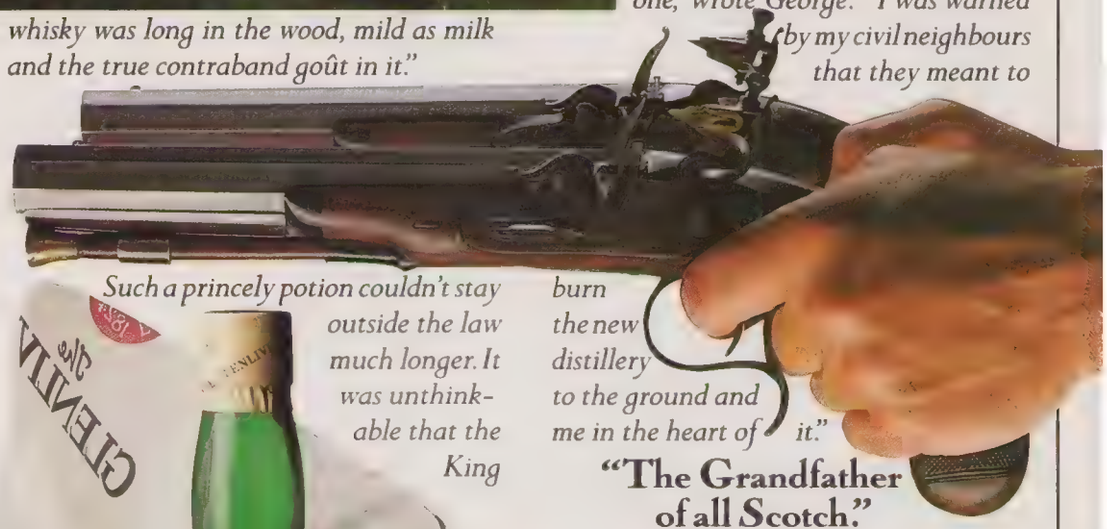
His Majesty's Pleasure.

THE GLENLIVET that George Smith distilled even flowed in the corridors of power.

In 1822 King George IV paid an official visit to Edinburgh and Elizabeth Grant, an MP's daughter wrote about it in her memoirs:

"One incident connected with this time made me very cross. Lord Conyngham, the Chamberlain, was looking everywhere for the pure Glenlivet whisky: the King drank nothing else.

My father sent word to me – I was the cellarer – to empty my pet bin, where whisky was long in the wood, mild as milk and the true contraband goût in it."



Such a princely potion couldn't stay outside the law much longer. It was unthinkable that the King should ever have to deny that his greatest pleasure didn't actually exist!

Luckily, back at the House of Lords, commonsense was about to break out, under the influence of George Smith's landlord, the Duke of Richmond and Gordon.

In 1823, their Lordships passed an Act which made distilling a commercial proposition.

And the first man to take out a licence under the new Act was our own George Smith.

The neighbours' burning desire.

George had decided to go legal, but his neighbours, set in their ways, regarded him as a traitor.

"The outlook was an ugly one," wrote George. "I was warned by my civil neighbours that they meant to burn the new distillery to the ground and me in the heart of it."

"The Grandfather of all Scotch."

Such threats in the wild remoteness of the Highlands were not idle. So for his protection, George was presented with a pair of hair trigger pistols, worth ten guineas, a gift from his friend the Laird of Aberlour.

The pistols were "never out of my belt for years. I got together two or three stout fellows for servants and through watching by turns every night for years we contrived to save the distillery."

And with it, they saved THE GLENLIVET.

For which we must all be thankful.

For it truly is the benchmark for malt whisky.

"The Grandfather of Scotch."

Scotland's first malt whisky.

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MUSIC continued

striking works, to complement the performances of his opera Dr Faust by English National Opera. May 7, 7.30pm.

Songmakers' Almanac. A programme devised to introduce a group of young artists new to this enterprising ensemble. May 8, 7.30pm.

Valerie Masterson, soprano, **Graham Johnson,** piano, **Richard Adeney,** flute. Songs & arias by Arne, Handel, Bishop, Paisiello, Gounod, Bizet, sung by one of our foremost operatic singers. May 10, 7.30pm.

Gabrieli String Quartet. Two recitals: Haydn, Barber, Smetana. May 17, 7.30pm. With Olga Hegedus, cello, Boccherini, Turina, Schubert. May 28, 7.30pm.

Susan Kessler, mezzo-soprano, **Geoffrey Parsons,** piano. Songs by Dvořák, Rodrigo, Respighi, Liszt, Tchaikovsky. May 19, 7.30pm.

William Bennett, flute. A 50th birthday celebration in the company of Clifford Benson, Julian Bream, Osian Ellis, George Malcolm & Paul Silverthorne. May 21, 7.30pm.

Thalia Myers, piano. An interesting programme comprising first performances of three works composed for her by Alun Hoddinott, David Bedford & Timothy Salter, interspersed with three sets of Haydn Variations. May 23, 7.30pm.

Walter Klein, piano. Sonatas by Mozart, Janáček, Schubert. May 24, 7.30pm.

Barry Tuckwell, horn, **Richard Rodney Bennett,** piano. The distinguished horn player includes music by Rossini, Schumann, Saint-Saëns & Bennett in his recital. May 31, 7.30pm.

OPERA

BRIGHTON FESTIVAL CHILDREN'S OPERA
Box office: 29 New Road, Brighton (0273 674357, cc).

Noyes Fludde. A production by Rebecca Meitlis using 300 children from 15 primary schools who take part as animals, with Andrew Gallacher as Noye & Brian Cobby as God. The opera tours to three Victorian churches in Brighton: St Martin's, May 6; St Mary's, May 7; All Saints', May 9.

ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA
London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 3161, cc 240 5258).

★**The Bartered Bride.** Elijah Moshinsky's keenly observed production depicting a festival in a Czech village, with Angela Feeney as Mařenka, John Treleaven as Jeník, Alan Woodrow as Vašek, Richard Van Allan as Kecal. May 1, 9, 16, 22.

Die Fledermaus. A strongly cast revival with Janice Cairns as Rosalinda, Nan Christie as Adele, Ryland Davies as Eisenstein, Rowland Sidwell as Alfred. May 2, 7, 10, 14, 17, 23, 29, 31.

Doctor Faust. First British production of Busoni's opera in a new version by Antony Beaumont, conducted by Mark Elder, with Thomas Allen singing the title role. May 3, 8, 15, 20, 24. Pre-performance talk at Friends Meeting House, Hop Gdns, WC2. May 20, 6pm.

The Mask of Orpheus. Harrison Birtwistle's opera, to a libretto by Peter Zinovieff based on the Orpheus legend, with a score that incorporates electronic music, receives its world première in a production by David Freeman. The leading role of Orpheus is sung by Philip Langridge. May 21, 28, 30.

GLYNDEBOURNE FESTIVAL OPERA
Glyndebourne, Lewes, E Sussex (0273 812411). May 27-Aug 15.

★**Albert Herring.** The season opens with a revival of last year's hugely enjoyable production by Peter Hall, conducted by Jane Glover. May 27, 29, 31.

Simon Boccanegra. Bernard Haitink conducts & Peter Hall directs, with the American baritone Timothy Noble making his début in the title role, Carol Vaness as Amelia, Tibère Raffalli as Gabriele Adorno. May 28, 30.

KENT OPERA
Theatre Royal, Brighton (0273 28488, cc).

Double bill. *Pygmalion,* Rameau's rarely heard one-act opera with Julian Pike as Pygmalion & Patricia Rozario as the Statue; *Dido & Aeneas,* with Hélène Delavault as Dido, Patricia Rozario as Belinda, Peter Harvey as Aeneas. Production & choreography in each case by Mary Forey, designs by Roger Butlin; Mark Tatlow conducts. May 22, 23.

The Marriage of Figaro. Nicholas Hytner's production with Alan Watt as Figaro, Meryl Drower as Susanna, Alan Oke as Almaviva, Lynne Dawson as the Countess. May 24.

NEW SUSSEX OPERA
Dome, Brighton. Box office: 29 New Road, Brighton (0273 674357, cc).

Aida. Verdi's opera in a production by Stephen Barlow, designed by Paul Gambrill, which makes use of break dancers & a contingent of the Territorial Army. Ann Williams-King sings the title role, with Howard Haskin as Radames. May 10, 12, 14, 16.

ROYAL OPERA
Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066/1911, cc).

Tosca. The title role is shared by Natalia Troitskaya (Apr 28, May 1, 5) & Mara Zampieri (May 9, 13, 16), with Giuseppe Giacomini as Cavaradossi & Ingvar Wixell as Scarpia. Apr 28 & May 1 Prom performances, May 5, 9, 13, 16.

★**Les Contes d'Hoffmann.** John Schlesinger's production, with Neil Shicoff singing the title role, Luciana Serra as Olympia, Karan Armstrong as Giulietta, Nelly Miricioiu as Antonia, Samuel Ramey as Lindorf, Coppélius, Dappertutto & Dr Miracle. Apr 29 & May 3 Prom performances, May 7, 10.

Carmen. Agnes Baltsa & José Carreras return to sing the roles of Carmen & Don José; Gino Quilico & Marie McLaughlin sing Escamillo & Micaëla for the first time at Covent Garden. May 17, 20, 23, 26, 28, 31.

SCOTTISH OPERA
Theatre Royal, Glasgow (041-331 1234, cc 041-332 9000). Apr 30-May 17. King's Theatre, Edinburgh (031-229 1201, cc). May 20-24. Empire, Liverpool (051-709 1555, cc 051-709 8070). May 27-31.

The Marriage of Figaro. New production by John Cox, conducted by György Fischer, with Isobel Buchanan as Susanna, Roderick Earle as Figaro, Margaret Marshall as the Countess, Jonathan Summers as the Count. Apr 30, May 3 matinée, May 10, 13, 15, 21, 24, 28, 31.

Tosca. The Russian soprano Galina Kalinina sings the title role, with Seppo Ruohonen as Cavaradossi, in Anthony Besch's production, which sets the drama in the context of Fascist Italy. May 14, 17 matinée, 20, 23, 27, 30.

The Turn of the Screw. With Marie Slorach as the Governess & Martyn Hill as Peter Quint. May 22, 29.

WELSH NATIONAL OPERA
New Theatre, Cardiff (0222 32446, cc 0222 396130).

The Barber of Seville. New production by Giles Havergal of Glasgow Citizens' Theatre, with Della Jones as Rosina, Mark Holland as Figaro, Peter Bronder as Almaviva. May 6, [illegible].

★★**Otello.** Peter Stein's finely conceived production. REVIEWED APR. 1986. May 20, 23.

Wozzeck. New production by Liviu Ciulei, conducted by Richard Armstrong, with Phillip [illegible] as Wozzeck, Eiddwen Harrhy as Marie. [illegible].

BALLET

MICHAEL CLARK

Hail The New Puritan. A feature-length dance fantasy, with 12 dance sequences drawn from Clark's choreography over the last two years, opens Channel 4's *Dance on 4* season. May 21, 9pm.

EXTEMPORARY DANCE THEATRE

Gardner Centre, Brighton. Box office: 29 New Rd, Brighton (0273 674357, cc).

Pier Rides. New work choreographed by the company's artistic director Emlyn Claid & made in collaboration with jazz musicians Kate & Mike Westbrook. Appropriately for the Brighton Festival it comprises a series of end-of-the-pier turns, each based on one of the nine classical Muses (*pierides*). May 15-17.

NORTHERN BALLET THEATRE

Theatre Royal, Brighton (0273 28488, cc).

Triple bill: *Les Sylphides; Suite Italienne*, choreography Amedeo Amodio, danced to Stravinsky's transcription for piano & violin of the music from Pulcinella; *Miss Julie*, Birgit Cullberg's ballet of Strindberg's steamy play set to a score by Türe Rangstrom. May 5-8.

Coppélia. Version which includes Peter Clegg's clog & maypole dances. May 8-10.

Spectrum Arena, Warrington (0925 813700).

The Nutcracker. Prokovsky's—danced in Peter Farmer's designs. May 16-17.

Palace Theatre, Manchester (061-236 9922).

Les Sylphides/Suite Italienne/Miss Julie. May 21-24.

ROYAL BALLET

Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066/1911, cc).

Triple bill: *Birthday Offering*, Ashton's grand showcase for fine dancers in a sadly unworthy revival; *The Sons of Horus*, David Bintley's latest, a venture into Egyptology (REVIEWED DEC, 1985); *A Month in the Country*, Ashton translates Turgenev into pure dance. May 2,21,27.

Triple bill: *Concerto*, MacMillan's delightful setting of Shostakovich's Second Piano Concerto, with its superb sunset adagio for the middle movement; *Le Baiser de la fée*, première of new production of MacMillan's reworked version of Hans Andersen's "The Ice Maiden", with score by Stravinsky; *Anastasia Act III*, thought by many to be a satisfactory summation of MacMillan's three-act ballet based on the woman who claimed to be Tsar Nicholas II's youngest daughter. May 8 royal gala, 12,15,19,22.

★**Romeo & Juliet**. MacMillan's version, strong in drama & excitement, is probably the best in the current repertory. May 24,29,30.

SCOTTISH BALLET

King's Theatre. Edinburgh (031-229 1201).

Napoli. The only British production of Bournonville's classic about a fisherman, his girlfriend & an evil sea sprite. May 13-17.

TORONTO DANCE THEATRE

Gardner Centre, Brighton. Box office: 29 New Rd, Brighton (0273 674357, cc).

Triple bill: Including *Radical Light, Sacra Conversazione*, on the theme of peace, *Green evening clear & warm*, to music by Mozart. Canada's contemporary dance company makes its European dêbut at the Brighton Festival. May 6,7.

SOTHEBY'S

Cecil Beaton's *The Great Indoors, 1968,* a photographic portrait of model Maudie James (standing) and friends, is part of a comprehensive exhibition of Beaton's work opening at the Barbican on May 16. Also featured are paintings, drawings, and designs for film, theatre and fashion.

MUSEUMS

BOILERHOUSE

V&A, Exhibition Rd, SW7 (581 5273).

Coke! Designing a Megabrand 1886-1986. The Boilerhouse brings us yet another celebration of consumer culture with an exhibition that tells the story of the best-known soft drink in the world. Until May 15. Sat-Thurs 10am-5.30pm, Sun 2.30-5.30pm. Closed May 5.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Great Russell St, WC1 (636 1555).

Florentine Drawings of the 16th Century. Drawings from the BM's outstanding collection by Leonardo da Vinci, Michelangelo, Raphael, Andrea del Sarto & others. May 22-Aug 17.

Money: From Cowrie Shells to Credit Cards. Traces the story of money from its origins to the present day, examining the reasons why money is necessary, its use & abuse through the ages, & the development of money-making technology. May 29-Oct 26. Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

CURFEW TOWER

Windsor Castle, Windsor (0753 860629).

E II R: A Celebration. Exhibition on the life & work of Queen Elizabeth II as Princess & Queen. Until May 10. 50p. Mon-Sat 10.30am-3.45pm.

NATIONAL ARMY MUSEUM

Royal Hospital Rd, SW3 (730 0717).

Patriots & Liberators: Anglo-Spanish Military Co-operation during the Peninsular War, 1808-14. Commemorates the unsung co-operation given to the Anglo-Portuguese forces under Wellington by the Spanish army, contributing to the successful expulsion of the French from Iberia. Until July 31. Mon-Sat 10am-5.30pm, Sun 2-5.30pm. Closed May 5.

NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM

Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6323).

Harriet Lassalle. The artist's three-month Shell-sponsored residency at the museum bears fruit in this show of oils, gouaches & mixed media works inspired by her surroundings there. May 1-31. Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. Closed May 5.

PUBLIC RECORD OFFICE

Chancery Lane, WC2 (405 0741).

The Domesday Exhibition. A fascinating study that reveals how the English farmed & fed, what the landscape looked like & who lorded it over whom in the year 1086. The source material is, of course, the two-volume survey instituted by William I, which is itself on display, & deciphered through the use of models, photographs, illustrations & more. Until Sept 30. £2.50, concessions £1.25. Mon-Sat 10am-6pm. Closed May 5, 26.

SCIENCE MUSEUM

Exhibition Rd, SW7 (589 3456).

100 Years of the Automobile. Daimler-Benz exhibition reviewing the evolution of the motor car. Until May 26.

The Living Body. Kodak-staged exhibition, based on the Channel 4 television series using photography, video, graphics & models to show the workings of the human body. Until Aug 31.

Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm. Closed May 5.

GALLERIES

ARTHUR ACKERMANN

3 Old Bond St, W1 (493 3288).

First Past the Post. Racing prints that show historic winners of the Great St Leger Stakes at Doncaster & Derby Stakes at Epsom between the years 1815 & 1842, including 45 hand-coloured aquatints that once belonged to Lord Henry Seymour. May 7-31. Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat until 1pm. Closed May 26.

ALPINE GALLERY

74 South Audley St, W1 (inquiries: 493 6420 & 0840 770450).

Nudes & Figure Studies. Theme exhibition of Old Master drawings & watercolours, selling for £50 to £500. May 12-17. Mon 11am-9.30pm, Tues-Sat until 5pm.

Combined show. Nicholas St John Rosse, oils; Frazer Price, watercolours; Valerie Baines, miniatures. May 19-24. Mon 10.30am-10pm, Tues-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat until 4.30pm.

BANKSIDE GALLERY

48 Hopton St, SE1 (928 7521).

Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours. 303rd exhibition of watercolours. Until May 18.

Albert Goodwin (1845-1932). Most late-Victorian watercolourists are a bit stodgy. Goodwin's drawings, though elaborately worked in the manner of the day, still retain some of Turner's magic. May 30-July 6. £1, concessions 50p. Tues-Sat, May 5 10am-5pm, Sun 2-6pm.

BARBICAN ART GALLERY

Silk St, EC2 (638 4141).

Cecil Beaton—First Major Retrospective. A very grandiose celebration of (dare one whisper it?) a fairly minor talent, with more than 700 items in 20 specially designed settings. May 16-July 20. £2, concessions £1. Tues-Sat 10am-6.45pm, Sun noon-5.45pm.

Print 86—Printmakers at the Barbican. A Printmakers' Council show of 200 prints by Britain's leading printmakers, including Elisabeth Frink, Hugh Casson & Terry Frost. It culminates in the auction of all the exhibits on May 27, 7pm. Demonstrations of printmaking techniques at weekends & on bank holidays. (See Lectures, p16.) Apr 24-May 26. Mon-Sat 10.30am-9.30pm, Sun, May 5, 26 noon-9.30pm.

BATH FESTIVAL

Linley House, 1 Pierrepont Pl, Bath (0225 62231).

Contemporary Art Fair. Central to the festival although much less international than its immediate successor at Olympia (see below), this show in the Assembly Rooms involves 30 leading UK galleries. May 23-26. £2.25, concessions £1 (includes catalogue). Fri-Sun 10.30am-7pm, Mon until 6pm.

BLOND FINE ART

22 Princes St, W1 (437 1230).

Patrick Hayman. A retrospective covering 40 years' work by an artist who has been consistently underrated, partly because his technique is seemingly—but only seemingly—naïve. One must hope that the show will bring him the recognition he deserves. May 8-31. Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat until 1pm. Closed May 26.

P. & D. COLNAGHI

14 Old Bond St, W1 (491 7408).

A Sporting Affair. Sporting paintings, once hidden in backstairs corridors, are now big stars in the art market. Colnaghi are showing 80 examples, ranging in date from the 17th century to the 1940s. May 21-June 28. Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat until 1pm. Closed May 26.

COMMONWEALTH INSTITUTE

Kensington High St, W8 (603 4535).

The Paisley Boteh—A Blossoming of the Male Flower. The paisley pattern, or "boteh" (from the Sanskrit word for flower), originated in the naturalistic flower ⋙→

GALLERIES continued

forms of 17th-century Kashmiri shawls. The exhibition reveals how the familiar design—pine motif with curved comma shape resembling male sperm—became synonymous with the Scottish town of Paisley. (Sale exhibition at Leighton House, below.) Apr 25-May 25. £1, concessions 50p. Mon-Sat 10am-5.30pm, Sun 2-5pm. Closed May 5.

COURTAULD INSTITUTE GALLERIES
Woburn Sq, WC1 (850 1015).

The Hidden Face of Manet: An Investigation of the Artist's Working Processes. Exhibition presented by *The Burlington Magazine* that delves beneath the surface of Manet's works to reveal how he reached his final results. Until June 15. £1.50, concessions 50p. Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm. Closed May 5, 26.

GIMPEL FILS
30 Davies St, W1 (493 2488).

Jankel Adler: Works on Paper. This mystical Polish artist, who died in 1949, was a lifelong friend of the Jewish philosopher Martin Buber. He arrived in Britain as a volunteer with the Polish army-in-exile & stayed to influence a generation of British painters. May 13-June 14. Mon-Fri 9.30am-5.30pm, Sat 10am-1pm. Closed May 26.

LEIGHTON HOUSE
12 Holland Park Rd, W14 (602 3316).

Sale Exhibition of Kashmiri & European Shawls. See Commonwealth Institute, above. Until May 17. Mon-Fri 11am-6pm, Sat until 5pm. Closed May 5.

OLYMPIA
W14 (inquiries: 486 1951).

3rd International Comtemporary Art Fair. Moved to a new & much better date (May instead of January), this offers stay-at-homes an unrivalled opportunity to catch up with what is going on internationally. More than 130 galleries from 24 countries participate. May 29-June 1. £3.50, concessions £1.50. Daily 11am-8pm.

N. R. OMELL
6 Duke St, St James's, SW1 (839 6223).

Victorian England by 19th-Century British Artists. 40 paintings depict landscapes & other aspects of England last century, with accompanying illustrated catalogue (£2). May 6-June 10. Mon-Fri 9.30am-5.30pm, Sat 10am-1pm. Closed May 26.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS
Burlington House, Piccadilly, W1 (734 9052).

Alfred Gilbert: Sculptor of Eros. Alfred Gilbert was for a long time famous & unknown: remembered as the sculptor of the Eros statue in Piccadilly Circus, but otherwise forgotten. Now the New Sculpture of the late 19th century is once again news, & Gilbert's exceptional talents are duly recognized. He was one of the great technicians & great neurotics of English art, a 19th-century Benvenuto Cellini with more anxiety than swagger. Until June 29. £2.50, concessions & everybody on Sun until 1.45pm £1.70, children £1.25. FEATURED APR, 1986.

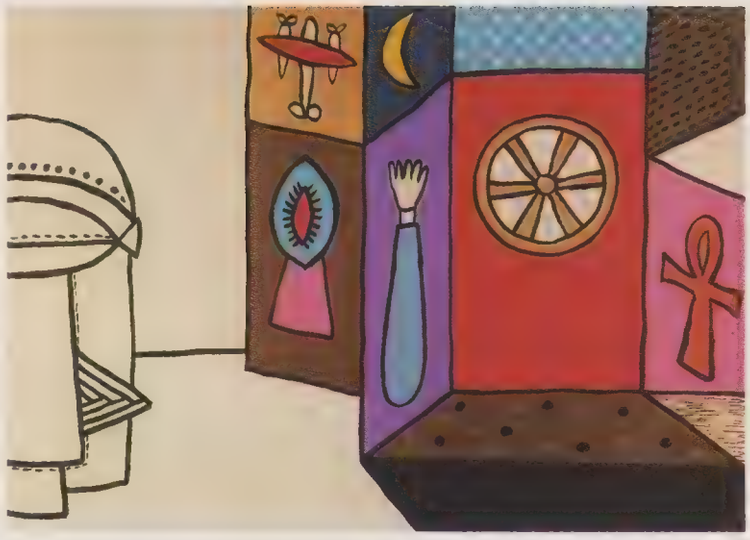
218th Annual Summer Exhibition. May 31-Aug 24. £2.40, £1.60, £1.20.
Daily 10am-6pm.

TATE GALLERY
Millbank, SW1 (821 1313).

Barry Flanagan: Prints & Sculpture. Flanagan's major success as a sculptor is one of the oddities of our time, given his apparent determination to send up the whole creative process. His drawings & prints are different in kind: they show the ineradicable gift of the natural draughtsman. May 28-Aug 31. Mon-Sat 10am-5.50pm. Sun 2-5.50pm.

WHITECHAPEL ART GALLERY
Whitechapel High St, E1 (377 0107).

In Tandem: The Painter-Sculptor in the 20th Century. Major exhibition which explores a fascinating theme: the sculpture made by artists whose primary reputation is due to their painting. Lots of big names—Picasso, Matisse, Giacometti—plus others which are at any rate big-for-now, such as Baselitz & Clemente. Until May 25. £2, concessions £1. Tues-Sun 11am-5pm, Wed until 8pm (free admission Wed 3-8pm).



Untitled print by Alan Davie: Print 86 lectures at the British Museum.

LECTURES

BRITISH MUSEUM
Great Russell St, WC1 (636 1555).

Print 86. In conjunction with the Printmakers' Council exhibition at the Barbican (see Galleries, p15), Rosemary Simmons talks on *The changing status of printmakers* (May 2), Michael Rothenstein on *The print today—a personal view* (May 16), & Jennifer Dickson on *The application of photography to original printmaking* (May 23). All at 1.15pm.

INSTITUTE OF CONTEMPORARY ARTS
The Mall, SW1 (930 3647).

Art & Its Critics. Derek Jarman discusses the funding & making of his film about Caravaggio, the great Italian painter who introduced the strictly lifelike into his paintings & changed the face of Western art in the early 17th century, with Simon Watney, lecturer in photography at the Polytechnic of Central London. Apr 30, 7.30pm.

The New Art History. Pamela Gerrish-Nunn, Marcia Pointon, Jon Bird & Paul Overy, contributors to a recent collection of essays scrutinizing the traditional principles of art history, air their views on New Art, chaired by Frances Borzello. May 13, 7.30pm. Tickets £1.50 (plus ICA day pass 60p).

NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM
Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6323).

Common Ground International. On the final day of an exhibition here that shows how our way of life endangers the earth we live on & how we can bring about change, naturalist Dr David Bellamy speaks about the organizers, Common Ground International, a group of agencies concerned with nature conservation, population & aid to developing countries. Their various interests have brought them together to try to find remedies which will ensure the continuation of the human species & of the rich diversity of natural life. May 7, 6pm. (Exhibition until May 7, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.)

SALEROOMS

BONHAMS
Montpelier St, SW7 (584 9161).

Selected furniture. Highlight is a Regency rosewood library table in commemoration of Captain Cook, its central medallion inset with a fragment of oak believed to be from the explorer's ship *Resolution*. May 29, 2pm.

CHRISTIE'S
8 King St, St James's, SW1 (839 9060).

The 19th century. A marble statuette of a seated jester, signed & dated Sarah Bernhardt 1877, features among the Windsor tapestries & Sèvres pattern wares in a sale that includes furniture, sculpture & porcelain of the period. May 15, 10.30am.

Chess sets. A Staunton ivory presentation chess set in fitted case by Jaques of London is one of 20 sets in ivory, bone, silver & rock crystal in a sale timed to coincide with the Chess-Collectors' International Congress at the V&A (May 15-19). May 21, 10.30am.

Autograph letters. A tribute to Thackeray by Dickens is offered with MSS by Conan Doyle, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Ruskin & others—all the contents of a deed box belonging to 19th-century literary publisher George Smith. May 29, 10.30am.

CHRISTIE'S SOUTH KENSINGTON
85 Old Brompton Rd, SW7 (581 2231).

Garden furniture. Selected items receive their preview on Christie's stand at the Chelsea Flower Show (May 21-23) before their sale at Southways, Crawley, Sussex. May 24, 2pm.

PHILLIPS
7 Blenheim St, W1 (629 6602).

Lace, linen & textiles. A first sale of "whites", with petticoats, camisoles & drawers, & a second of costume & accessories—items such as 17th-century wide-brimmed hats & 18th-century shoes in black leather with yellow spots. May 1 & 29, 11am.

Medical & scientific instruments. X-rays of Lord Kitchener's leg, taken in 1911, provide novelty. May 21, noon.

SOTHEBY'S
34/35 New Bond St, W1 (493 8080).

Textiles & costume. Monogrammed underwear & a buckskin suit owe their interest to former owners—respectively, the Duke of Wellington &, reputedly, film star Alan Ladd. May 20, 10.30am & 2.30pm.

Modern British paintings. Sir John Lavery, Dame Laura Knight, Sir Alfred Munnings & Stanhope Forbes—estimated prices of between £12,000 & £30,000 are a reflection of the growing market for modern British works. May 21, 11am.

Music manuscripts & printed books. A 60-page autograph MS of an operatic overture by Schubert, previously thought lost, competes with a piano arrangement by Wagner of his Overture to *Tannhäuser* for the £200,000 top estimate given to both. May 28, 11am & 2.30pm.

Garden statuary. Staircases in marble, & in wrought iron, feature in a sale held at Sotheby's saleroom at Summers Place, Billingshurst, Sussex. May 28, 10.30am.

GARDENS

BERKSHIRE

Frogmore Gardens, Windsor (entrance via Long Walk Gate). May 14, 15, 11am-7pm.
Large garden, owned by the Queen, with lake & weeping willows. On these two open days in the year, the public may also visit the marble-decorated Royal Mausoleum, built by Queen Victoria in memory of Prince Albert. The lawn outside is the burial place of the Duke of Windsor & other uncrowned members of the royal family. 70p, children 15p.

NORFOLK

Felbrigg Hall, near Cromer. Wed, Thurs, Sat-Mon, 11am-5.30pm.
Fruit trees in blossom in the walled garden. Camellias in the orangery; fine woodland & lakeside walks. The 17th-century house is open from 1.30pm. Garden 40p, house & garden £1.70, children half-price.

WEST SUSSEX

Borde Hill Gardens, near Haywards Heath (0444 450326). Tues-Thurs, Sat, Sun & May 5 & 26, 10am-6pm.
This outstanding collection of rhododendrons is at its most attractive in April & May. They grow everywhere: beside the ha-ha, on the lawn, in a disused quarry &, in profusion, in Warren Wood where the two pocket-handkerchief trees should be at their best. The main garden harbours azaleas & some fine magnolias. Those with a special interest in rhododendrons may telephone for an appointment to view even more species in nearby Gores Wood. £1.50, children 50p.

WILTSHIRE

Bowood House, Calne (0249 812102). Daily 11am-6pm.
Special 50 acre area of rhododendron walks from mid May to mid June (telephone for exact dates), with azaleas & magnolias also in full bloom. Separate entrance off A342. £1. The house & main gardens, which include a magnificent adventure playground, are also open. £2.25, OAPs £1.50, children £1.25.

Contributors: Angela Bird, Margaret Davies, Liz Falla, Simon Horsford, Edward Lucie-Smith, George Perry, Ursula Robertshaw, J. C. Trewin, Penny Watts-Russell. Information is correct at time of going to press. Add 01- in front of London telephone numbers if calling from outside the capital.

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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

ASSESSING THE BOMB DAMAGE

ASSOCIATED PRESS

Aftermath of the April 15 air strikes carried out from Britain and aircraft carriers in the Mediterranean: inspecting wrecked buildings in Tripoli.

The awesome responsibilities of being President of the United States extend to world peace as well as to the American electorate. President Reagan came to power on a wave of American patriotism. It is understandable that the same emotional forces, on which he has so skilfully played, should have propelled him to take punitive action against Colonel Gaddafi's Libya. The American nation was deeply traumatized by the prolonged humiliation of the Teheran embassy siege and the bungled rescue attempt under President Carter. Many American lives have since been lost in Beirut, in airport bomb outrages and hijacking episodes, and most recently in the Berlin discothèque bombing.

Domestic pressure mounted on the President to take action. The hand of Colonel Gaddafi was seen behind the Berlin bombing, if not behind all the other incidents. The USA's European allies failed dismally to agree on any punitive diplomatic or economic measures which might reduce terrorism, be its source Tripoli, Damascus, Beirut or Teheran, the spiritual home of Muslim fanaticism. So President Reagan decided to strike, unconvincingly claiming self-defence under international law.

Taking stock with the wisdom of hindsight, the lightning bombing raids on Tripoli and Benghazi seem to have been deeply counter-productive; and it is by their effects that such actions must be judged. On the positive side there is the initial whole-hearted approval of his own countrymen, for whom Libya was doubtless a distant country of small importance. That reaction, gratifying no doubt for the President, will strengthen European anxieties about American attitudes. The most negative image of the USA as a nation of simplistic TV addicts nurtured on images of violence and instant retribution, with scant regard for the lives of lesser breeds and led by an aging Hollywood actor with a B-movie intellect, will have been reinforced.

Against domestic support President Reagan must set a formidable list of negative results. Instead of weakening Colonel Gaddafi he has, in the short term, appeared to strengthen him and weakened the position of America's friends in the Arab world. By killing and injuring civilians, including Gaddafi's kith and kin, he has aroused sympathy for the colonel where none previously existed. At the same time, by using the weapons of terrorism he has seemed to legitimize them, thus fuelling the flames. The hand of an Arab child severed by an American bomb cries out for vengeance at least as eloquently as American bodies mutilated by terrorist bombs. The lives of Americans in Arab countries have been placed in grave danger.

In the diplomatic field the havoc is not much less, though it may be of shorter duration. East-West relations have been set back, and the Soviet Union handed a propaganda weapon. The summit process has suffered a blow (what price Reagan the peacemaker now?). Relations between Western Europe and the USA have been severely strained. Mrs Thatcher's grave decision to approve the use of US bases in Britain for the attack has brought bitter criticism from friend and foe alike, created a rift within the EEC and in turn jeopardized English lives in Arab countries. At least some emotional credibility has been given to the Labour Party's policy of removing American nuclear forces from these shores.

It is a dismal list. Israel's example has shown that terrorism cannot be bombed out of existence. Violence breeds more violence, and terrorism is a many-headed hydra hungry for martyrs. If the answer to it lies anywhere it is in tough, concerted diplomatic and economic sanctions allied with policies in the Middle East which work towards the healing of bitter wounds. The world's most powerful democracy must set an example of self-restraint. If every country affected by terrorism reached for its bombers, the world would be in flames.

ROYAL ENGAGEMENT

The capital awaits another spectacular royal wedding with undisguised pleasure, not least because bride and groom seem so admirably matched.

REX HAIL RIS

Prince Andrew proposed, on both knees. Sarah Ferguson accepted the royal hand, how swiftly neither has revealed. Several weeks later, after a crescendo of Press speculation, the engagement was announced. The royal family was delighted, and so was the nation. By common consent Prince Andrew, whose earlier taste in girlfriends had leaned towards obvious glamour, had made an outstandingly good choice. The marriage will take place in Westminster Abbey on July 23, with the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr Robert Runcie, officiating.

Both in background and personality the future princess seems perfectly cast for her daunting role. Her father, Major Ronald Ferguson, is the Prince of Wales's polo manager and is related to Princess Alice, Duchess of Gloucester. It was seen as piquant in Argentina that her mother's second husband, Hector Barrantes, should be an Argentinian professional polo player resident in that country: one of his kinsmen might after all have shot down Prince Andrew when the latter was serving with high professionalism as a helicopter pilot in the Falklands War. Her friends portray Sarah as a lively, humorous, gregarious yet sensible and mature girl, and competent at her job of administering a small graphic art company in London.

She and Prince Andrew had known each other since childhood, becoming friends after re-meeting in 1983 at a house party. Friendship turned to romance when she was a guest of the Queen at Royal Ascot in June, 1985.

PHOTOGRAPHERS INTERNATIONAL

TIM GRAHAM

A kiss for the cameras, left; the engagement ring with an oval ruby and 10 drop diamonds, top; new family member meets the Dean of Windsor's wife, Mrs Jill Mann, on Easter Sunday, above; back to work the day after the announcement, right.

26

GERRY GRANHAM

A YOUTHFUL VICTOR

West Tip, a survivor of two appalling accidents but brought back to form by trainer Michael Oliver, was ridden to a popular victory in the Grand National by 22-year-old Richard Dunwoody. In the annual $4\frac{1}{2}$ mile steeplechase over 30 fences, *West Tip* took the lead, in a field of 40, after the final fence to finish two lengths ahead of *Young Driver*. Fifteen other horses completed the race which has been run over the Aintree course at Liverpool since 1839.

IMPACT PHOTOS

Over Becher's Brook for the first time, left, with *Young Driver* (yellow jersey, No 26) and, immediately in front, *West Tip* (light blue jersey); top, *Mr Snugfit* (blue jersey), the favourite, who finished fourth; above, Richard Dunwoody, the youngest jockey in the race, on the scales after his win.

FACING UP TO THE FASTEST

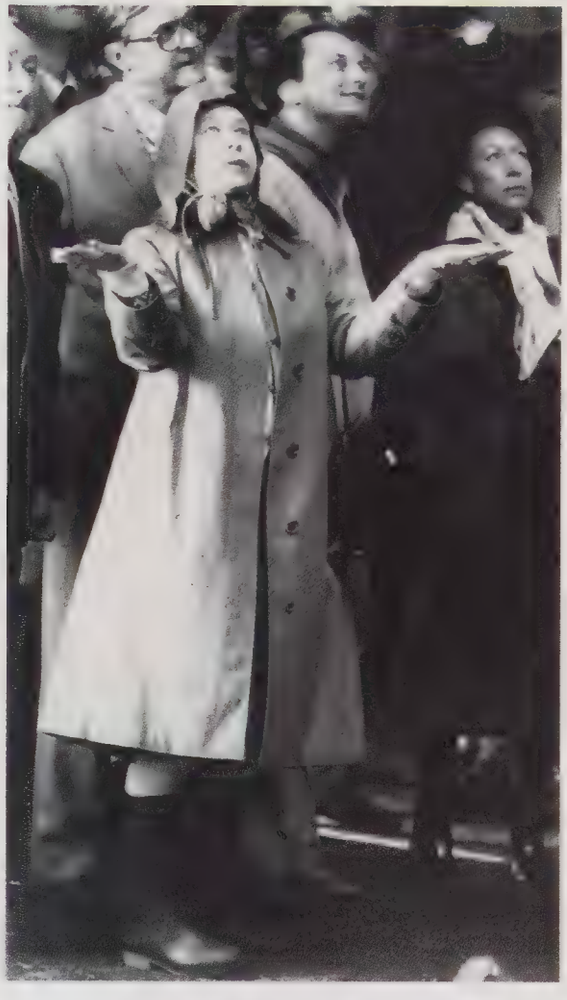
ADRIAN MURRELL/ALLSPORT

The new confidence in English cricket gained against India and Australia evaporated in the Caribbean when its batsmen faced the battery of West Indian pace bowlers. The West Indies easily won the series, and of their 80 wickets in the first four Tests, 79 fell to the quartet of fast bowlers. The fastest, Malcolm Marshall, left, can deliver the ball at around 90mph. The new discovery was Jamaican Patrick Patterson, top, who inflicted painful damage on England spinner Phil Edmonds, above. England's allrounder Ian Botham, seen ducking a bouncer from Michael Holding, right, could not find his form with either bat or ball. Local hostility to the South African connexions of some team members and a bad home press helped to make defeat even more miserable.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PATRICK EAGER

PALACE BLAZE

Fire at Hampton Court Palace killed one woman, gutted a wing built by Sir Christopher Wren and destroyed works of art valued at £135,000.



The blaze which swept through part of Hampton Court Palace began in the early hours of March 31—Easter Monday—in one of the private "grace and favour" flats at the centre of the palace and spread to the state apartments on the floor beneath. The body of Lady Gale, aged 86, widow of General Sir Richard Gale, was later found in a top-floor room.

Smoke detectors in the state rooms first sounded the alarm in the palace security office shortly after 5.30am. Members of the palace's 11-man volunteer salvage corps managed to carry more than 250 paintings to safety as the fire raged above them. The Queen was visibly shocked when she inspected the wreckage with the Prince of Wales and Princess Margaret later in the day. The worst damage was inflicted on the King's Audience Chamber, part of King William III's state rooms. It contained some of the finest pictures in the royal collection, including several Italian Renaissance works, and most were saved. The Cartoon Gallery was destroyed, but 17th-century tapestries normally on the walls had been removed for restoration.

Only one painting, a landscape by Dankerts valued at £10,000, has been lost. Furniture, vases and the audience chamber's rock crystal chandelier worth £50,000 were among other works of art damaged or destroyed.

Hampton Court, in common with all royal palaces and government buildings, was not insured. The rebuilding and restoration will be paid for out of the public purse and is expected to take several years.

ROY BOTTERELL

Moore into Wren won't go

Moore's only altar may have to find another home

Henry Moore's work has often been the subject of controversy, but never before of quasi-legal proceedings. The sculpture to have achieved this breakthrough is the first and only altar he has designed, carved in Italy from solid Roman travertine. It is seen here in its intended resting place under the dome of St Stephen Walbrook in the City, considered one of Sir Christopher Wren's finest churches and currently undergoing extensive restoration (cost £1.35 million). Permission for the altar to remain there was recently refused by the Consistory Court of the Diocese of London, judgment being delivered by the "Chancellor", George Newsom QC. An appeal is now being lodged with the Court of Ecclesiastical Causes Reserved.

Moore's previous specifically religious works have been three carvings of the Madonna and Child. The first caused controversy when placed in a Northampton church in 1944. The last was unveiled in another Wren masterpiece, St Paul's Cathedral, without protests in 1984. The sculptor was persuaded to design the altar almost 20 years ago by the property developer and art collector Peter Palumbo, a church warden and substantial benefactor of St Stephen. It was completed in 1972, weighs 10 tons, and measures 3 feet 5 inches high by 8 feet in diameter. It is approached by two communion steps, also designed by Moore, and was brought into the church recently through a hole in the wall at a cost of £33,000.

The installation of the altar, a gift from Mr Palumbo, enjoyed the support of the Rector, the Reverend Chad Varah, the parochial church council, the congregation, and the church's patrons, the Grocers' Company and Magdalene College, Cambridge. At the legal hearing supporters argued in essence that the altar was a fine thing in itself, that its central positioning was consonant with modern liturgical practice, and that it would enhance the church.

The scheme's opponents argued that the altar and its surrounding seating would be unduly dominant and do violence to the church's geometry; that its central siting denied Wren's vision of the church as auditorium, with attention focused on the pulpit; and that the altar was not stylistically "congruent" with its setting. While sympathetic to all these arguments, the Chancellor based his judgment on a fine point of ecclesiastical law: that the altar was not a communion *table* within the meaning of the relevant Church of England rubric.

FOR THE RECORD

SUZANNE MUTHAUSER

Four passengers were sucked out of a TWA Boeing 727 on a flight from Rome to Athens on April 2 when a bomb exploded under one of the seats and ripped a 9 foot hole in the fuselage. The plane, which was beginning its descent at the time, landed safely with 118 survivors. A little-known unit of the Arab Revolutionary Cells claimed responsibility for the attack.

Monday, March 10
The British Government rejected the Soviet Union's proposals for establishing a nuclear-free world by the end of the century on the ground that nuclear weapons continued to make an essential contribution to peace and stability.

Barney Hayhoe, Health Minister, announced that prescription charges for Health Service medicines were to rise by 20p to £2.20 per item from April 1.

The world spot price of tin fell to its lowest level in nine years following rejection by Indonesia and Thailand of plans to resolve the crisis.

At least 15 people were killed and more than 366 left homeless after a landslide buried two villages near Huánuco in north-east Peru.

The majority Liberal Party swept to victory in congressional and local government elections in Colombia.

Tuesday, March 11
Dominic McGlinchey, alleged to have been Chief-of-Staff of the Irish National Liberation Army, was jailed for 10 years in Dublin for "having a gun and shooting with intent to resist arrest and endanger life".

Ray Milland, the Hollywood film star, died aged 78.

Wednesday, March 12
Spaniards voted by referendum to remain in Nato.

The House of Commons environment committee reported that the Sellafield nuclear waste reprocessing plant in Cumbria was the largest recorded source of radioactive discharge in the world and called for more stringent safety controls.

Sweden's Parliament elected Ingvar Carlsson as Prime Minister in succession to the late Olof Palme.

The West Indies beat England by seven wickets in Trinidad to lead 2-0 in the five-match Test cricket series.

Thursday, March 13
550 more troops were ordered to Northern Ireland to support police under pressure from unrest over the Anglo-Irish agreement.

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh ended their tour of Australia, New Zealand and Nepal.

Dawn Run, ridden by Jonjo O'Neill, won the Cheltenham Gold Cup.

Friday, March 14
400 people were arrested in Quito, Ecuador as government forces stormed an air-base seized by a rebellious air-force general.

Sir Huw Wheldon, broadcaster and former BBC television managing director, died aged 69.

Saturday, March 15
33 people were killed when a seven-storey tourist hotel collapsed without warning in Singapore.

7,000 demonstrators marched on Rupert Murdoch's new technology printing plant at Wapping in protest at the sacking of printworkers on four News International papers. 28 people were arrested.

France beat England and Scotland beat Ireland and so shared the five-nation Rugby Union Championship.

Sunday, March 16
The Conservative alliance of the Gaullist RPR (Rally for the Republic) and the centre-right UDF (Union for French Democracy) won a slim majority over the Socialists in the French general election. On Thursday, March 20, Jacques Chirac, leader of the RPR, took over as Prime Minister.

A United Nations report confirmed that Iraq was using toxic gas against Iranian targets in the Gulf war.

75 per cent of those voting rejected a Swiss government proposal to join the United Nations.

Monday, March 17
Britain won an injunction at the European Court of Justice in Luxembourg which blocked extra spending in the EEC budget approved by the European Parliament.

Lieutenant General Sir John Glubb, former commander of the Arab Legion, died aged 88.

Tuesday, March 18
The Budget presented by Nigel Lawson, Chancellor of the Exchequer, cut 1p off the standard rate of income tax, introduced new ways of helping the jobless, allowed tax aid to charities, encouraged more public buying of shares, and reformed Capital Transfer Tax.

A soldier was killed and another injured in an explosion in Castlewellan, County Down, Northern Ireland. He was the first member of the regular army to die in terrorist actions this year.

Wednesday, March 19
Buckingham Palace announced the engagement of Prince Andrew to Sarah Ferguson, aged 26, daughter of Major Ronald Ferguson and Mrs Hector Barrantes.

High street banks cut base rates by 1 per cent to 11.5 per cent.

Thursday, March 20
Two people were killed and 29 injured in a bomb blast in the Champs-Elysées, Paris. Responsibility was claimed by a committee of solidarity for Arab political prisoners.

Friday, March 21
China announced it would not conduct further nuclear tests in the atmosphere, leaving France isolated among the five

PAT MAXWELL

There was bitterness in London and Dublin when a suspected IRA terrorist, Evelyn Glenholmes, appeared twice in Dublin courts on March 22 only to be freed because of technical mistakes on the arrest warrants seeking her extradition to Britain. Wanted by Scotland Yard for her alleged part in bombings in England she is seen here being hurried away by friends after her first court appearance.

nuclear powers.

Georgi Atanazov was appointed Prime Minister of Bulgaria.

General Motors pulled out of negotiations for the purchase of Leyland Trucks and Land-Rover, claiming that the Government had withdrawn a compromise deal which included control of Land-Rover.

Saturday, March 22

The United States conducted a nuclear test beneath the Nevada desert.

Monday, March 24

US fighter aircraft attacked a Libyan coastal missile launch site and destroyed two patrol boats after US aircraft had been fired upon while the American fleet was exercising in international waters in the Gulf of Sirte. Two more Libyan patrol boats and a Sam-5 missile guidance radar installation were attacked on the following day, with 56 Libyan fatalities.

Eight people were killed as winds of up to 100mph swept Britain.

The Department of Health announced a ban on all cigarette advertising in cinemas and stronger, more prominently displayed, health warnings on cigarette packets and posters.

At the American Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences Oscar awards *Out of Africa* was voted best film, William Hurt, in *Kiss of the Spider Woman*, best actor, and Geraldine Page, in *The Trip to Bountiful*, best actress.

Tuesday, March 25

At least 29 people, including two policemen, were killed in disturbances in the South African township of Crossroads.

Share values lost £5.25 billion in a record fall on the Stock Exchange as concern over interest rates, oil prices and US-Libyan tension provoked heavy selling.

The West Indies recorded their third Test win over England by an innings and 30 runs in Bridgetown, Barbados and thus secured victory in the five-match series.

Wednesday, March 26

Eight people were killed and many more wounded when a car bomb exploded in a shopping street in Christian east Beirut.

Police shot dead nine Sikh militants and wounded 22 when a crowd stormed a meeting in Punjab, India. In the following days Sikh extremists killed 28 Hindus and 11 cities were put under curfew.

Thursday, March 27

Captain Scott's ship *Discovery*, built 85 years ago in Dundee, left St Katharine's Dock on the start of her journey home where she will be used as part of a project to revitalize the city.

A French fighter aircraft crashed into a Muslim neighbourhood in Bangui, Central African Republic, killing 35 people.

Saturday, March 29

Cambridge beat Oxford University in the Boat Race.

Hollywood film star James Cagney died aged 85.

Sunday, March 30

President Reagan rejected an offer made by President Gorbachev for a Summit meeting in any European capital to discuss an agreement to end nuclear tests. It was announced that America was sending its latest Stinger missiles to Afghanistan and Angola.

Monday, March 31

Hundreds of rioting "loyalists" clashed with the security forces in Portadown, County Armagh, Northern Ireland, in protest against the Government's decision to ban a Protestant parade. A total of 49 people were injured, including 13 police officers.

MARTIN MAYER NETWORK

London was left without an over-arching authority when the Greater London Council passed into history at midnight on March 31. A lengthy wake marked its demise, some 250,000 people descending on County Hall, seen, left, on its last day and now to be sold, Jubilee Gardens and the Royal Festival Hall. The hero of the day was the council's Labour leader, Ken Livingstone, shown, above, addressing a final meeting on March 27.

NORMAN TOMAS IMPACT

Cambridge broke Oxford's run of 10 successive victories by winning the 132nd Boat Race by seven lengths on March 29.

Fire gutted the south wing of Hampton Court Palace, causing one death and damaging a number of art treasures.

The Greater London Council and six other Labour-controlled metropolitan councils in the North and the Midlands went into liquidation.

A Mexican airliner carrying 170 people crashed into a mountain 80 miles from Mexico City.

Tuesday, April 1

The Department of Employment announced that it would give women the legal right to stay at work until they are 65.

Oil prices around the world fell to below $10 a barrel—close to the value before the first OPEC price rise of 1973.

Wednesday, April 2

Four passengers were killed and nine injured in an explosion aboard a TWA Boeing 727 jet flying to Athens.

Thursday, April 3

British tenor Sir Peter Pears died aged 75.

Saturday, April 5

Two people, including an American soldier, were killed and 204 injured when a bomb shattered a crowded disco in West Berlin.

West Tip, ridden by Richard Dunwoody, won the Seagram Grand National at Aintree.

In Trinidad, the West Indies beat England in three days and by 10 wickets in the Fourth Test match.

Sunday, April 6

The French government secured an agreement for a 6 per cent devaluation of the franc against the West German mark and a 4.7 per cent devaluation against other members of the European Monetary System.

A rally in Trafalgar Square in support of printers sacked by News International attracted about 6,500 people. Trade union leaders condemned Rupert Murdoch's offer of his Gray's Inn Road printing works free of charge, if they abandoned their claim for the reinstatement of workers sacked in January. The marchers then moved to the works at Wapping, where 20 people were arrested and 11 policemen injured.

Monday, April 7

Amstrad Computers, the British hi-fi and electronics company, paid Sir Clive Sinclair £5 million for the exclusive right to manufacture and sell his computers throughout the world.

Israeli jets bombed suspected Palestinian guerrilla hideouts in Sidon, injuring at least eight people.

President Chun Doo Hwan of South Korea arrived in London for a 10-day tour of West European capitals.

Tuesday, April 8

Jennifer Guinness, wife of merchant banker John Guinness, of the Irish brewing and banking family, was kidnapped at her home in Howth, Co Dublin. A ransom of IR£2 million was demanded.

The British Government condemned violent Loyalists in Northern Ireland as terrorists and appealed to moderate Unionists to isolate them.

The four main clearing banks cut their base lending rates to 11 per cent.

The film star Clint Eastwood was elected mayor of Carmel, California.

Thursday, April 10

Nick Raynsford, Labour, won the Fulham by-election with a majority of 3,503 votes. This was the first time in 29 years that Labour had won a London constituency from the Conservatives at a parliamentary by-election. The SDP/Alliance trailed home in third place.

The United States carried out another underground nuclear weapons test in the Nevada desert.

Benazir Bhutto, daughter and political heir of the executed former Prime Minister of Pakistan, was welcomed home from exile by supporters in Lahore.

Friday, April 11

The Soviet Union announced the end of an eight-month, self-imposed ban on nuclear weapons tests.

Sunday, April 13

The Roman Catholic Bishop of Tripoli, Monsignor Giovanni Marbinelli, three priests and a nun were abducted by armed Libyans in Benghazi.

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ENCOUNTERS

with Roger Berthoud

Why some peaks are best left unscaled

Seeing that solid family man, the actor Denis Quilley, returning from a walk with his two gorgeous black Flat-Coated Retrievers on Hampstead Heath, suitably dressed and shod, it was hard to imagine him opening at the London Palladium on May 7 in that gay frolic of a musical, *La Cage aux Folles*. He plays the part of Georges, one half of a male couple whose straight, nay married past catches up with him. Having earlier attracted acclaim with his first gay role, in Peter Nichols's hilarious *Privates on Parade*, Quilley was reluctant to take on another, he admitted when we met at his home, after he had dried off Sheba and Toby's muddy paws. He feared people would say: here's Quilley doing his camp number again. "But they flew me over to New York, and it [*Cage*] really is great fun—a traditional Broadway musical which happens to be about a gay couple."

He had turned down the *Privates* part initially too, not because it was gay, but because of all the impersonations required: not his forte. "I was plied with drink and assured that the character was not a *good* impersonator, and of course it was a huge success." Feeling secure in himself, he neither caricatured the role nor stood back from it, playing it instead as a sort of affectionate tribute to his gay friends.

Quilley, who is 58, belongs to that small band of actors, well-known without being famous, who for 25 years have enjoyed a steady stream of good parts. He seems genuinely pleased to have stayed on a high plateau rather than scaling the peaks of stardom. "I think really I've never become a star because deep down I've never wanted to, though of course that could be thought a rationalization! I've known some superstars in my time, and on the whole I'd rather be me.

"What I have is a level of fame which I can handle quite nicely. If I've recently been on TV I'm recognized in the streets to a degree which is flattering but not tiresome. I wouldn't like to go into a pub and be gawped at. Otherwise you have to live in a ghetto with other stars, and you get insulated from life. If I'd been, say, a film star, I wouldn't still be enjoying my acting and jumping about constantly from one thing to another—which of course is a contributory factor in not being a star. If you're a star, you can only play star parts: stars have to have an image."

RICHARD DUDLEY-SMITH

Actor Denis Quilley: "What I have is a level of fame which I can handle quite nicely."

He and his wife Stella have lived in the same Hampstead house on the edge of the Heath for 25 of their 37 married years. It is a comfortable house. Stella's mother lives on the top floor, aged 90 and still going strong. One of their two daughters lives in the basement with *her* daughter. Their second daughter is studying theatre and television design and keeps a room. Their 17-year-old son lives at home while working as an apprentice stage carpenter. They could afford to live more grandly, since Quilley earns very good money these days. "I could go out and buy a Rolls-Royce tomorrow," he says matter-of-factly. "But I don't think along those tracks. Status symbols are meaningless. Instead, if we go to the opera we sit in the best seats. When we travel we stay in the best hotels."

No doubt his good sense springs from a secure and happy, albeit impoverished childhood. He was born in Islington, then a rough area, and rather enjoyed the street life. Then his father, a telegraphist who tapped out telegrams in Morse code in the City, improved their lot by moving to boring Ilford, whence he commuted by bicycle to save money. "We were never hungry, but we never had a penny to spare, literally. My father used to repair all our shoes. I remember seeing him with a mouthful of nails and a rasp in his hand." His mother had a sweet soprano voice and played the piano quite well.

The turning point in his life came when, aged 11, he won a boarding foundation scholarship to Bancroft's, a minor public school at Woodford run by the Drapers' Company. He felt instantly at home there. So he did after deciding, when he was about 15, to have a go at acting. "I had an instinctive flair for it and felt completely at ease. It wasn't a compensation for shyness as with some actors. I found it very fulfilling, and decided at 17 to take it up professionally." A friend of his supportive English teacher recommended Birmingham's repertory company. He took a day off school to be auditioned, was accepted, and started at £4 a week on leaving school.

After enjoying his national service as a signalman, mainly in Khartoum, his career was smoothly launched when he understudied Richard Burton in Christopher Fry's *The Lady's Not for Burning*. Stella Chapman was understudying Claire Bloom. They married, and took over the roles. Since then he has appeared with the Old Vic and National theatres and with great regularity in the West End. As an actor, he thinks of himself as energetic and intelligent rather than intellectually subtle. His range is very broad, with a particular taste for Shakespeare, musicals (like *Irma la Douce*, *Sweeney Todd* and *The Boys from Syracuse*) and American plays. He has also done a dozen TV dramas and six films. It was the theatre producer Wendy Toye who in the 50s encouraged him to take his singing more seriously. An Austro-Hungarian teacher took him in hand and gave him what he calls a "sub-operatic" baritone and a workable technique.

His wife gave up acting when the children started arriving, but later formed a small company which puts on musicals once a year for drama school leavers. She also teaches at the City Literary Institute. So not only four generations but many theatrical skills are to be found in the house on Willow Road. A saner haven from *La Cage aux Folles* it would be hard to imagine.

A guide for the fit layperson

Jacquetta Hawkes, a handsome, upright woman of 75, carries an aura of distinction. That is not surprising: an archaeologist and author of note, she is the daughter of one member of the Order of Merit, the Nobel Prize-winning Cambridge biochemist Sir Frederick Hopkins, and was for 31 years married to another, the late J. B. Priestley. To her own varied output of books she has now added a very

BRIAN HARRIS/IMPACT

Jacquetta Hawkes: in her own right.

useful *Shell Guide to Archaeology*, just published by Michael Joseph.

Her mother encouraged her childhood interest in the subject while her father was discovering vitamins, working much of the time in a converted chapel. "Our garden on Grange Road [in Cambridge] was at a point where an Anglo-Saxon cemetery lay beside a Roman road," she recalled. "Things used to turn up in it: I was told an amber necklace had been found under a gatepost; and my mother used to take me to lectures and outings of the Cambridge Antiquarian Society." At the university she became the first student to take both parts of the recently introduced archaeology tripos.

Her first husband Christopher Hawkes was leading a dig she joined at Colchester, once (as Camelodunum) England's chief city. He proposed, and she decided to accept while excavating Neanderthal caves on a scholarship in Palestine. The union was amicable but petered out after 20 years. During the war she became an established civil servant, then a rare feat for a married woman, serving in the post-war reconstruction secretariat at the Cabinet Office, and later as Secretary of the UK's Unesco committee. She met J. B. Priestley, then hugely famous, when he was a very effective delegate to Unesco's first big overseas conference in Mexico City. Soon afterwards she resigned to write full-time.

Her 20-odd books, mainly about archaeology and early history, have also included some verse, two novels and *A Land*, a poetical mingling of Britain's cultural and geological past which was very successful when published in 1951.

Her marriage to Priestley in 1953 led to a close involvement in CND, which was founded in 1958 as a direct result of the response to two articles on nuclear arms which he wrote for the *New Statesman*. She spent some years on the CND executive—"until the left wing got out of hand", as she put it.

The archaeology boom of the 60s was a spur to her pen, and her last book was a biography of one of the great popularizers, Sir Mortimer Wheeler. "He and Glyn Daniel were marvellous foils one for another. I wasn't among those women who were strongly attracted by Rick [as Wheeler was known], but I liked him very much." She finds much writing on archaeology nowadays rather remote, and has aimed the narrative text of the *Shell Guide*, which has stunning photographs by Jorge Lewinski, at the intelligent and ambulant layman. Dr Paul Bahn, a former pupil of Glyn Daniel, has provided much of the county-by-county gazetteer under her direction. She knew most of the sites from previous field work.

Having established her own identity well before she married Priestley, she does not feel she was overshadowed by his fame. Indeed she reckons they were both fortunate that he was so much himself, failing memory apart, right to the end, a few days before his 90th birthday in September, 1984; and outstandingly lucky too in having a couple of faithful and skilled domestic helpers. One of them, Miss Ann Puddock, would have been with the grand old Yorkshireman nearly 50 years if he were still living. Now Kissing Tree House, the spacious Georgian home near Stratford-upon-Avon where they lived for 25 years, is being sold, and Jacquetta Hawkes is moving, naturally with Miss Puddock, to Chipping Campden, jewel of the Cotswolds ○

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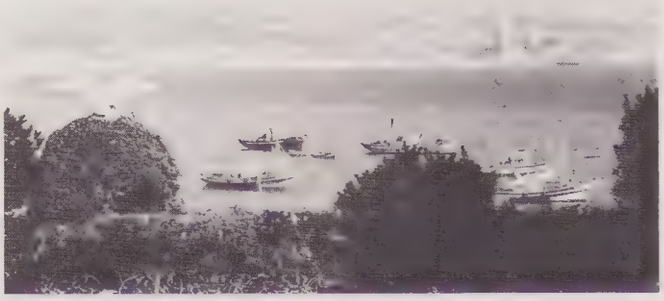

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE STRUGGLE WITHIN EDUCATION

From Louis F. Leopold

Dear Sir, By chance I recently saw the "Struggle for Education" feature (*ILN*, September, 1985). On the assumption that the struggle is not yet over, may I respond now? I ought really to declare my former interest and claim my present disinterest. I taught from 1947 to 1972 and have been successfully self-employed ever since. I would not return to employment in schools at any price but I find myself still passionately interested in education.

Not only is there a struggle *for* education—there always has been—but, again as always, a struggle *within* education. This inner struggle is between those who would tip its balance one way or another: towards academic excellence or towards vocational training, for example.

Realism dictates that the curriculum, i.e. what actually happens in schools, is determined by what teachers can cope with. They require a complex mixture of personal maturity, social outlook, general and professional education and training, confidence in the immediately available support system and their interpretation of what is expected of them. It is in this latter factor that the greatest scope for confusion, cynicism and imbalance lies and therefore the most likely impetus towards insularity and the personal survival kit.

Insularity, leading to a professional failure to disseminate, analyse and thus benefit from experience is, I believe, at the root of the troubles in most schools, particularly in the secondary sector. It was always the case (and obviously remains so) that only in exceptional circumstances have teachers time in their days and space in their minds to do more than cope with daily essentials. The curriculum therefore ossifies and the balance of it depends on the prevailing pressures, whatever they may be.

Good, healthy human sense recognizes that if we have to have an organization it had better be one which engenders instinctive, loyal participation and response from all concerned. Employing this sense to achieve balance in the curriculum can be done only by having time to reach understanding.

It is easy for me, standing outside as I now do, to go back again and again to what I read with scant understanding 30 years ago, that the healthy person is one who can both work and love, and to see that as a thumb-nail sketch for a balanced curriculum. What is difficult is to adopt, retain and employ such an ideal while in a classroom with 30 secondary pupils. Half of them will have been switched off for years, few of them will expect to be allowed or enabled to work and too many of them will have decided that love is either animalistic or weak. They will not expect school to change. Why should it?

Who will ensure that all teachers, in all schools have an inescapable obligation and an inviolable opportunity in unfettered time, corporately to devote themselves to a consideration of that? Somebody had better do so because nothing else will change the reality of life in most schools for most teachers and therefore for most pupils.

Louis F. Leopold
March
Cambridgeshire

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

From James Marr

Dear Sir, It is regrettable that in his otherwise excellent article on the archaeological treasures of La Cotte de St Brelade (*ILN*, January) Paul Callow emphasizes the wealth of this site by saying that "over the past century it has yielded more worked flints than have been recorded for the Old Stone Age from the whole of *the rest of the UK*".

A description of this nature automatically infers that Jersey is part of the United Kingdom. Any such impression is to be deplored as entirely false as Jersey is nothing of the sort, but is on the contrary an autonomous Bailiwick with her own executive, legislature and judiciary, flying her own flag, imposing her own taxation and operating her own postal system. A Lieutenant-Governor represents the Queen whom the island recognizes in her capacity as latter-day successor of the ancient Dukes of Normandy. It is, of course, true that (in common with the Bailiwick of Guernsey—which enjoys a comparable status—the Republic of Ireland and the Isle of Man) Jersey is included in the purely geographical entity known as the British Isles; but she is not, and never has been, a part of the United Kingdom. We islanders are touchy over this sort of thing.

James Marr
Emerson Park
Hornchurch

JUNK CINEMA

From Phil Hall

Dear Sir, The film review of *Revolution (ILN*, February) was greatly confused in its perception of how the American cinema viewed the Revolutionary War. To say that only *America* and *The Devil's Disciple* represent satisfactory films inspired by this war is odd. It seems that your critic forgot about John Ford's 1939 classic *Drums Along the Mohawk* and Peter Hunt's 1972 adaptation of the award-winning musical *1776*. Of course low-brow fans remember the Abbott and Costello romp *The Time of Their Lives*, which featured Lou Costello as a colonial-era ghost haunting a 1940s mansion. Your critic also seems to know nothing about the recent American television mini-series *George Washington* as well as the delightful cartoon series *Hector Heathcoat*. Both of these video ventures have proven quite popular on the small screen.

Revolution failed in American theatres not because of an aversion to history (such a condition does exist, as there are no films based on the War of 1812 and the Spanish-American War and few on the Mexican War and the Indian Wars). Instead, American movie-goers saw no reason to shell out good money to view a poorly conceived, amateurish attempt to retell history with such bizarre devices as Al Pacino imitating a Scotsman. Historical dramas rarely fall out of fashion; overblown junk films, however, rarely find applause. *ILN's* review is the very first to be gentle to this poor movie.

Phil Hall
Bronx, New York

AMERICAN ALARM

From Richard P. Willey

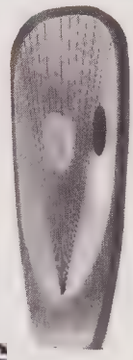
Dear Sir, I have just finished reading your January issue of *The Illustrated London News*, and am upset over a statement that was made by Kingsley Amis in his restaurant review.

I quote: "The presence of Americans is in many contexts a favourable augury, but in a restaurant, especially one in this country, it sets off a variety of warning signals."

Warning signals? Why? What is it that our presence in your restaurants says about that restaurant? That it's not a good place to eat? That the prices have been jacked up so as to get more of the American dollar? That the food is only good enough for tourists? If this is true, then by reading that article I have learned a very valuable lesson. However, I think that Mr Amis should consider that there are a few of us that read before we go. We make notes of the places to eat that are worth going to, and that will give us something to remember when we come home. Not all of us eat at McDonalds while abroad. I hope that in the future Mr Amis thinks about the fact that there are Americans reading his articles.

An American Against Warning Signals.

Richard P. Willey
San Francisco, California



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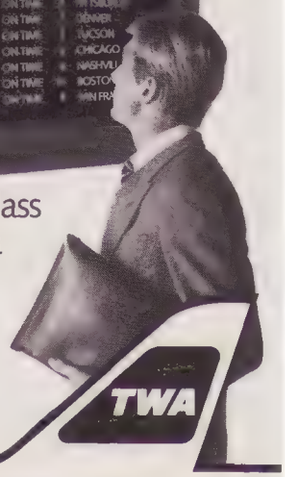

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How to kill the BBC

The Peacock Committee might argue that the BBC should leave mass entertainment to the commercial networks, and so needs no advertising revenue. That would destroy it, argues Sir Ian Trethowan.

Broadcasters are holding their breath. Within the next few weeks they will learn what ideas the Peacock Committee may have about the future of their industry, in particular how to pay for the BBC. Speculation about some of the changes being considered has alarmed not only the BBC but other sections of the communications world which might be shaken, even stirred: ITV companies, commercial radio and the Press.

Predictably, the Committee is apparently finding it difficult to reach any consensus. A glance through the list of members suggests substantial differences in economic philosophy. Even before they decide on a prescription they must settle on a diagnosis; yet media commentators cannot agree among themselves as to the degree and pace of change to be expected over the next few years.

Ten years ago the Annan Committee regarded the future as too distant and imprecise, and contented itself with reporting on the existing BBC/ITV duopoly. Peacock has no such option. The future is arriving. The much-trumpeted television revolution, the "Third Age of Broadcasting", is already upon us. Peacock has to judge how quickly it will advance, and on what fronts.

Some of the early forecasts need to be revised. Originally it was assumed that three major developments would progress across the nation's screens with equal, measured tread: video, cable and satellite. The reality has been different. Video has indeed expanded even faster than in the US, but in so doing it has virtually killed the expansion of cable. The development of satellite in this country has so far been disappointingly slow but this has been for political rather than technical reasons, and seeing how quickly its coverage is developing in Europe, it is possible that, as with video, it may suddenly catch the British public's interest. With receiving equipment costing about £1,500 there is not going to be a large demand, but even at this price it is estimated that several thousand people in Britain will be ready to invest in satellite television over the next year or two.

How many more, then, might be ready to do so when there are signals powerful enough to need only an 18 inch dish which might be rented for as little as £10 a month? This is the prospect offered by DBS (direct broadcasting by satellite into the home). The German and French DBS satellites are due to be launched within a few months, broadcasting programmes to much of Britain. So why not a British satellite? Sadly, because of political myopia. The British started planning for their own DBS service in 1982, but not only did the Government refuse any help with the heavy initial investment, they insisted that the project must use a British-built satellite so expensive that in the end the consortium of BBC, ITV and electronic firms led by Thorn EMI could see no prospect of recouping their investment, let alone reaping commercial return.

Douglas Hurd, the Home Secretary, has now sensibly dropped this requirement. A British DBS satellite should now be feasible, but the bird will still be two or three years late taking to the skies.

Mr Hurd has given the IBA responsibility for leasing the three prospective DBS channels. There will then be seven national TV channels, of which the BBC will have two. The remaining five will all come under the IBA, giving that body a position of power which, in the light of some of its recent moves, will leave some people distinctly uneasy. The promised rethink of the present "Miss World" system for awarding ITV franchises has yet to emerge. Peacock could usefully give the IBA the nudge. The IBA would become even more dominant if the scope of the BBC were to be reduced.

This comes back to what was the heart of Peacock's remit: should the BBC be wholly or partly financed by advertising? The Committee quickly realized that they could not look at the BBC in isolation, and had to set it in the context of the likely course of broadcasting over the next decade. They must, nonetheless, eventually answer the question, yes or no.

The BBC has doggedly argued, no, and again no, and not surprisingly they have been strongly supported by ITV. The present arrangements suit both of them nicely: the BBC enjoys a monopoly of the licence fee revenue, the ITV companies have a monopoly of television advertising. They both argue that if they were forced to compete for the same source of revenue, then the ensuing ratings battle would drive down programme standards to the dreadful levels plumbed on the American networks.

So it probably would, but Peacock might be forgiven for finding this argument a trifle sanctimonious. The two organizations already get excited about the ratings, while if American TV is so dreadful, why do they squabble about which of them should screen *Dallas*, why does the BBC so eagerly promote *Dynasty* and its equally banal clone *The Colbys*, why do they both show endless American detective series, and why do they ape the worst of the American game shows.

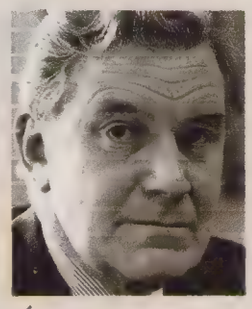
One reason for so many American imports is that they are much cheaper than any comparable British production would be. Peacock might take a hard look at the overmanning and "Spanish customs" in British television and film production. Channel 4, with its fresh openings for independent producers, has shown that good programmes can be made more cheaply than in the studio complexes of the BBC and the ITV companies. Television could do with an Eddie Shah.

Some people giving evidence to Peacock have taken a less dismissive view of the American experience. Why not, they say, adopt a similar approach here, with mass entertainment left to competing commercial networks and the public sector concentrating on the quality programmes, serving the more discerning minorities? This argument accepts that the BBC should not take advertising. *Dallas* and *Blankety Blank* should be left to commercial broadcasters, leaving the BBC with "the programmes it does best" such as serious drama, news and current affairs, natural history programmes, documentaries—and Radio 3. The BBC would continue to be financed by a licence fee, the argument concludes, but it need not be so high.

This approach is either naïve or hypocritical. The licence fee is the equivalent of a poll tax levied on every television household and it can be justified only if the BBC provides a range of services which regularly meets the demands of each household. If the BBC's remit to provide a universal national service were scrapped, and it were forced to serve only minorities, the licence fee would be dead and the BBC would rely on direct Government grant.

If this is the road down which the Peacock Committee choose to go, they should understand that they would not be amending the BBC but destroying it and substituting something quite different from the institution which, for all its faults, has for 60 years been the world's most prestigious broadcasting organization.

The BBC and ITV cannot expect the present structure to be left in aspic. Hitherto, broadcasting in Britain has been supervised by statutory bodies, but as TV channels become as numerous and varied as newspapers, the case for such supervision, indeed its practicality, will become questionable. Already video has breached the system, being subject only to the less restrictive censorship which applies to the cinema. As satellite channels proliferate, more and more of them from beyond the reach of any British government, the traditional protective role of BBC governors, and of the IBA, may become irrelevant. If a satellite launched from another country can pump soft porn into every home, the Thatcher-Whitehouse barricade of Victorian values will be hopelessly breached, and Lord Cockfield's dotty idea of forcing all the EEC countries to accept each other's programmes, will scarcely help.



"The future is arriving. The much-trumpeted television revolution is already upon us."

But if existing institutions must brace themselves for change, equally those responsible for orchestrating Britain's move into the Third Age of Broadcasting must be sure that they are not destroying the unique quality built up during the first two ages ○

Sir Ian Trethowan was Director-General of the BBC from 1977 to 1982.

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The state visit of King Juan Carlos is the first by a reigning Spanish monarch since 1905 and only the second since Philip II came and went in the 1550s – a fair reflection of centuries of strained relations. But Spain is changing rapidly, as our features show, and one of the main forces of change is the King. On this page Tom Burns profiles the monarch who astutely guided the nation to democracy.

King of all the Spaniards

What does the King hope to achieve in his state visit to Britain? In his words, "better communication, better co-operation and better relationships between Britain and Spain". He sees the need for all three, and hopes therefore that his visit will have more than symbolic value.

The King spoke of his plans for the visit at his family home, the Zarzuela Palace, in the north-west suburbs of Madrid. It is approached (once you have passed the guard-house) through a large park well stocked with deer, like Windsor Great Park deprived of oak trees and drained of some of its chlorophyll. But the Zarzuela is no castle. It is a modest establishment for a King, particularly a Bourbon, though it has some handsome rooms and an increasing appendage of offices, but it seems accurately to reflect the slightly uneasy position of the monarchy in Spain. The dedication of the King to the cause of democracy—most recently exhibited by his decision, with Queen Sofia, to vote in the referendum that ensured Spain's continued membership of Nato—has won him popularity, but after the long Franco interregnum there is little of the ingrained traditional loyalty to the institution found in Britain.

The King accepts that there is probably not much he can do about this Engagingly frank and modest in conversation, though understandably reluctant to be quoted on political matters, he recognizes that he is more politically active than is customary for a modern constitutional monarch. "In Spain today I think people look to the King much more than they would in, say, Britain," he says. "But in time that should change, though maybe it won't be till my son's time."

The King's grandfather, Alfonso XIII, lost his throne after supporting a military *coup*. Alfonso was the last Spanish monarch to make a state visit to Britain, in 1905. Here he met and later married Ena, daughter of Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg. The visit, which was in some other respects not resoundingly successful (it rained throughout, and the King's car caught fire when he was taken to Bond Street to do some shopping), is still recalled in Spanish royal circles because of Alfonso's lack of knowledge of English. At the banquet given for him by the Lord Mayor in the Guildhall he declared (thinking of the Spanish word *constipado*, meaning a cold) that his lack of voice was due to constipation.

King Juan Carlos speaks English perfectly. He has visited this country many times in a private capacity, and knows the British royal family well. Only on one subject, that of Gibraltar, is he likely to meet with a frosty response in British circles. He does not want to make an issue of it, and thus mar the opportunity of improving Anglo-Spanish relations, but he feels it cannot be ignored.

ROBERT ROYAL

The editor of the *ILN* with King Juan Carlos at Zarzuela Palace in Madrid.

To gain the best insight into what makes Spain tick and to understand what holds it together as a stable, tolerant, progressive and democratic country, one could spend the evening of June 24 in the Campo del Moro, the gardens that descend from the Royal Palace, the Palacio de Oriente, down to the banks of the River Manzaneres. The date is the feast day of St John, the monarch's patronymic, and King Juan Carlos and Queen Sofia have instituted an annual party to celebrate the event.

The guest list ranges from politicians of all parties to showbusiness celebrities, from acquisitive captains of industry to no less aggressive trade union leaders, from gout-ridden grandees and backwoods gentry to the purple-haired, wrinkled- and baggy-clothed exhibits of Spain's youth and fashion renaissance. The crusty, proud Basques, who like to talk about the oppressive boot of Madrid, never fail to turn up; nor do the suave, entrepreneurial Catalans who believe that Africa starts where Catalonia ends. The military top brass are there bedecked with General Franco's medals and so are the leftist intelligentsia, once the sworn enemies of *franquismo* and now the promoters of pacifist round-robin letters.

Plural, heterogeneous Spanish society is all present at that garden party, clutching their drinks, under the cedar trees and among the Italianate statues of the Campo del Moro, hoping to come within close range of the royal party as it makes its rounds welcoming the guests. General Franco also used to stage a garden party. It was held every year on July 18, the date of his revolt against the Spanish Republic and the start of the 1936-39 Civil War. That annual bash, more than a decade ago, stood for one half of Spain celebrating its victory over the other half. The royal garden party is the reunion of all Spaniards.

The evening events of June 24 are the visible image and the expression of Juan Carlos's guiding principle as monarch. On succeeding Franco in November, 1975, he announced in his keynote speech to the dictatorship's rubber-stamp Cortes (parliament) that he intended to be the "King of all Spaniards". Then he embarked on an extraordinary overhaul of the suffocating and decrepit *franquista* political system. Clandestine parties and unions had to come out of the cold; regional nationalists had to be reassured; tolerance and fair play had to replace censorship and a secret police. Above all the monarchy had to emerge as the symbol of national unity and as the guarantor of democracy and stability.

The King has in the past cheerfully admitted that the Spanish people are not monarchists. Nobody knows better than he the chequered history of his family over the past century: his father, Don Juan, the Count of Barcelona, never reigned; his grandfather, Alfonso XIII, died in exile; his great grandfather, Alfonso XII, was in exile and a cadet at Sandhurst when he was invited to return as monarch; his great-great-grandmother, Isabella II, was forced to abdicate. Juan Carlos himself was born in Rome and did not set foot in Spain until he was 10 years old. The overriding preoccupation at the Zarzuela Palace, the family home of the King and his family, is that the monarchy should strike firm roots in Spain and that the Prince of Asturias, Don Felipe, should inherit the throne because the Spanish people will have learnt to value modern kingship for its intrinsic merits.

The date of February 23, 1981 is ingrained in the consciousness of the Spanish public (it is simply called 23-F for short and the number and letter are like a password and talisman in one); 23-F was the Great Event when francoist hotheads staged a military *coup*, holding parliament hostage in the process, in

JOHN HILLELSON AGENCY

King Juan Carlos acceded to the Spanish throne, which had been vacant for nearly 45 years, after Franco's death in 1975. After 10 years of progressive leadership he remains a widely admired and respected monarch.

what proved to be a futile attempt to turn the clock back. Juan Carlos stood firm by the Constitution and democracy and the *putsch* crumbled. The Spanish people became, as a result, more *Juan Carlista* than ever. The institution of the monarchy was confirmed as a symbol of unity and as a guarantor of stability and democracy.

The manner in which Juan Carlos emerged, on the death of Franco, as a sure-footed political strategist and as a convinced democrat was mystifying both to the extreme right and to the hard left. There had been nothing in Juan Carlos's public behaviour during the dictatorship to suggest that as soon as he succeeded the Generalísimo he would rapidly set about dismembering the very dictatorship that had given him the job of monarch. Had there been any suggestion, he would of course have ceased to be General Franco's heir apparent. However, Juan Carlos was constantly receiving useful advice and learning the necessary lessons.

An undoubted influence was his father, Don Juan. The Count of Barcelona and his circle of friends in Estoril, Portugal, saw clearly that the monarchy could be restored in Spain only if it acted as the great reconciler, healing the wounds and divisions of *franquismo*. Franco himself, who genuinely revered Juan Carlos and loved him almost as a son, never in fact gave the young prince much advice. When Juan Carlos pressed him for guidelines, he received enigmatic repli[illegible]n the lines of "when you are king you will have to do things differently". What the Generalísimo could teach the future monarch was self-confidence, astuteness and toughness. Franco himself was frugal in his habits and austere. Juan Carlos learnt that too. In their very different ways the Count of Barcelona and the aging dictator were great patriots. And Juan Carlos is first and foremost a patriot, utterly absorbed in serving his country.

An equivalent influence was undoubtedly his own generation. In the "economic miracle" that took place during the 1960s, as the face of Spain changed, so a new generation of Spaniards grew up determined to bury the country's Cain and Abel past. Spain, as they confidently saw it, was no longer to be the odd man out and was destined to be a modern, tolerant, plural society which would take its place with its neighbours in western Europe.

When in 1976 King Juan Carlos picked his own man for prime minister he chose Adolfo Suárez, a man in his early 40s who was perfectly representative of that new generation of confident Spaniards. The expectation had been that the monarch would pick the suave and impressively intelligent José María de Areilza, who had held top ambassadorships under Franco but had switched his allegiance to join Don Juan's Estoril circle. The choice of Suárez underlined the manner in which the King wanted new men for a new Spain. He had a mind of his own; he did not want elder statesmen putting their transition theories into practice because he was confident of his own design.

He had tied his future firmly to the mast of democracy. When the big test came on the 23-F he passed with flying colours. He could at last afford to reign as opposed to rule. He could set about welcoming all Spain to the Campo del Moro garden party.

Tom Burns is the special correspondent for *Newsweek* in Madrid.

How two Spains were created...

Raymond Carr shows how a great power fell prey to its regional and political divisions

The best way to understand the early history of Spain is to visit the National Archaeological Museum in Madrid. Here you can see a reproduction of the magnificent cave paintings of Altamira, the work of Stone-Age hunters; the mysterious bust of the Lady of Elche, representing the influence of Phoenician and Greek traders, and the gold torques of the Celtic invaders—whom the Galicians see as their ancestors.

It was the Romans who first created in Spain a single political unit, subduing the fierce native tribes one by one in a 200 year war. The Roman civilization of southern Spain was one of the richest in the Empire, and the birthplace of the Emperor Hadrian and the poet Martial. The theatre of Mérida and the aqueduct of Segovia have no parallels in Britain.

With the collapse of the Roman Empire the semi-Romanized Germanic tribes conquered the west. Rome itself was captured by the Visigoths in 410. Moving on to Spain it was they who kept alive the Roman ideal of a single Spanish state—now Christian—with its capital at Toledo. But it was an ideal. The Visigothic warrior kings were confronted with a turbulent nobility. There would be no serious resistance to the Arab armies which crossed over from Africa into Spain in 711.

As in Roman times the centre of gravity of Muslim civilization was in the south, in Andalusia: it was the richest urban civilization in western Europe; there was nothing to match the great mosque of Córdoba. Andalusian scholars, mathematicians and astrologers were vehicles by which the intellectual tradition of the classical world reached the west.

Important though the cultural legacy of Moors and Jews—the latter as middlemen between Muslims and Christians—may have been, it was the long process of the Reconquest that created modern Spain. Starting, according to legend, from a cave in the poor mountainous Christian kingdom of Asturias—now the national shrine of Covadonga—it was to last 700 years until Granada fell in 1492.

The Reconquest, whose hero was El Cid, who also served Moors, was not a continuous process, nor was it the work of a single Christian kingdom: Asturias, León and Navarre fought each other as well as the Moors. If the idea of a *Spanish* monarchy never died, its realization was a long process. An important step was the marriage of the Catholic Kings, Ferdinand of Aragón and Isabella of Castile, in 1469: but this was a marriage of crowns, not of kingdoms; each component part kept its own laws and institutions. The crown of Aragón included Catalonia, centre of a great Mediterranean trading empire, with its distinct language and culture. Castile itself had become rich on wool. The great cathedrals of León, Burgos and Santiago de Compostela—the last a focal point of European pilgrims who brought with them French architectural styles—were among the most magnificent in Europe.

It was under the Habsburg monarchs Charles V (1516-56) and Philip II (1556-98) that Spain became a great European power and the centre of a vast empire which Philip II governed from his monastery—the palace of El Escorial. The conquest of Latin America is the greatest achievement of Spain. Political power was matched by cultural achievement: Philip II was a great patron of the arts; Philip IV a friend of Velázquez; Cervantes gathered supplies for the Armada of 1588.

It was left to the Bourbon kings to attempt the task that had defeated the Habsburgs: the creation of a unitary state. Philip V (1700-46) ended the special privileges of Catalonia, an act which Catalan nationalists were never to forget nor forgive. The ministers of Charles III, a deeply conservative man, embarked on a programme of reform, influenced by the progressive thought of the European Enlightenment. This opened the conflict of the "Two Spains": in simplified terms between those who wanted an open, tolerant, European society and those to whom the Inquisition was a necessary instrument of State to preserve the Roman Catholic essence of Spain.

The 18th century was the last time Spain appeared as a great European power. Napoleon's dream of turning Spain into a satellite state broke on the resistance of the Spanish people and the prowess of Wellington's armies in the War of Independence (1808-14). But the war, its horrors portrayed by Goya, ruined Spain: its great colonial empire began its struggle for independence. Spain itself was to be torn by bitter civil wars between anti-clerical liberals and the Carlist traditionalists. The parliamentary system which the liberals sought to impose on a backward country was itself vitiated by electoral corruption and the use of generals as the "swords" of party leaders. The word *pronunciamiento*, an officers' *coup* to unseat the civil government, entered the political vocabulary. The greatest of these drove Queen Isabella into exile in 1868, and in 1874 an exotic First Republic was itself overthrown by a general who restored Isabella's son, Alfonso XII.

The essential failure of restored monarchy was its incapacity to

The old divided Spain: General Franco, the new head of state, with Generals Cavalcanti and Mola, in Burgos, 1936.

A legacy of Roman Spain: "El Puente", the magnificent aqueduct at Segovia, built in the first century AD.

GUY LE QUERREC/MAGNUM

democratize itself; a corrupt electoral system kept "official" Spain cut off from what the philosopher Unamuno called "real" Spain. Weakened by "The Disaster" of 1898—defeat in Cuba at the hands of the United States of America—the monarchy could not master the challenge of Catalan nationalism, based on a revival of its language and literature and memories of its lost freedom, nor of the proletarian parties that grew in strength with Spain's slow and imperfect industrialization. Alfonso XIII, frustrated by the parliamentary politicians, backed the military rule of the "iron surgeon" General Primo de Rivera in 1923.

SYGMA

This sealed the fate of the monarchy, defeated in the municipal elections of April, 1931.

The bourgeois liberals of the Second Republic of 1931-36 attempted what the monarchy had failed to achieve: the democratization and modernization of Spain. They came to grief because their timid social reforms failed to satisfy anarchists and left-wing socialists but outraged the right, which was incensed by attacks on the Church. After a revolution in the Asturias mining district in October, 1934, Spain was polarized. The Popular Front of the left won the elections of February, 1936; the right responded by supporting a *pronunciamiento*. The two Spains confronted each other.

The generals wanted a quick, old-style military takeover. The successful resistance of the armed workers in Madrid and Barcelona and of the security forces loyal to the government prevented this. So Spain was plunged into a terrible civil war. The Nationalists won because they had the better army, were supplied with arms by Italy and Germany—it was German planes that bombed Guernica, the theme of Picasso's most famous picture—and because they created a single command, political and military, under Franco. The Republicans failed to establish unified command and their governments were torn by factional fights. In May, 1937 these feuds erupted into a civil war within a civil war—the "dust-up" described by George Orwell in his autobiographical record, *Homage to Catalonia*.

General Franco's rule was based on his victory in the Civil War; the vanquished (as Winston Churchill remarked, this meant half of Spain) were to be excluded from public life. The brutal repression of the lean post-war years became less necessary with prosperity. In the "years of development" after 1960 Spain grew faster than any other country except Japan: an agrarian society became an industrial society of high-rise buildings whose inhabitants were addicted to television.

In the end such a modern society could not be contained in an old-fashioned authoritarian political régime challenged by a growing workers' movement, a resurgence of nationalism in Catalonia and the terrorism of the Basque ETA. By 1970 it was obvious that Francoism was in crisis. The only problem on the Caudillo's death in November, 1975 was how Spain could become a democracy like its Western neighbours: peacefully or at the cost of civil strife between the "Two Spains"?

Raymond Carr is Warden of St Antony's College, Oxford, and author of many books on Spain and the Spanish Civil War.

. . . and then became one

Robert Graham describes the unifying effect of the Great Transition

In the centre of Madrid, almost opposite the Prado Museum, there is a small *plaza* dominated by an obelisk. Last year the simple granite obelisk became Spain's most singular monument. It was converted into the first and only joint memorial to the dead of both sides in the 1936-39 Civil War.

Throughout the 40 years of Franco's rule such a sense of reconciliation was impossible. Official propaganda perpetuated the idea that the Caudillo (head of state) had led a victorious crusade in which Good had triumphed over Evil, Spain over anti-Spain. This partial view was given solid form in the Pharaonic monument Franco had built at the Valley of the Fallen (Valle de los Caidos) just north of Madrid. Hollowed out of the Guadarrama Mountains by forced Republican labour, it was dedicated to those who had fallen for "God and Spain". Since the Republicans were deemed to have died neither for God nor for Spain, they were excluded. By electing to be buried in the basilica of the Valley of the Fallen when he died in November, 1975, Franco reconfirmed this vision.

That 10 years should elapse between Franco's death and the establishment of the first bipartisan Civil War monument underlines the sensitivity of the past. Yet equally it is a remarkable tribute to the new climate of tolerance and reconciliation that such a monument can ⋙→

DAEDA

The new united democratic Spain: King Juan Carlos, his wife and daughters at the obelisk commemorating the dead of both sides of the Spanish Civil War.

now exist. It was unveiled by King Juan Carlos in the presence of Nationalist and Republican veterans, symbolically burying the image of the "Two Spains" that has so bedevilled Spanish history.

Today Franco would scarcely recognize the country that he bequeathed. The change has been all-embracing, from the superficial to the psychological as well as in the substance of the body politic. A dictator, albeit a benevolent one at the end, who felt himself answerable to God and history has been replaced by a parliamentary monarchy answerable to an electorate.

A highly centralized system of government which embodied the ideal of the sacred unity of Spain has been rejected in favour of the regional diversity of the country. Autonomy has been granted to all 17 regions, each with its own parliament and government. The use of Catalan, Basque and Galician—spoken by almost a quarter of Spain's 37 million population—is no longer banned. On the contrary it is actively promoted by their regional governments, making Spain a genuinely pluralistic society.

The Church and the Military, the two pillars of the Francoist state, have seen their roles sharply reduced. Although Spain is still a Roman Catholic country, the confessional nature of the state imposed by Franco has been done away with by the 1978 Constitution. Church influence on education and social mores has been eroded. The military for their part have been subordinated, not without trauma, to civil authority. Instead of being geared to combat the enemy within, the armed forces have been steered towards their true purpose, the nation's defence.

Internationally, the very existence of the Franco régime imposed a kind of quarantine on Spain. Franco as head of state never got beyond Hendaye on the French border and then it was to meet Hitler. Spain has now broken this international isolation, and King Juan Carlos has been the leading ambassador. The new internationalism of Spain came of age this year with accession to the European Economic Community.

Bound up with all this has been a change in social habits encouraged by the advent of a free society. A boom in all forms of pornography, now much tempered by surfeit, has been the most obvious external sign of the lid being lifted from sexual repression. Permissiveness has replaced prudery just as bright clothes have conquered dowdy fashions. Divorce has been legalized. Feminism and a gay rights movement are now as much a part of Spain as of other modern western European countries.

The procession of the penitents through the streets of Seville during Semana Santa (Holy Week) still attracts crowds despite the waning influence of the Church on everyday life.

Lieutenant Colonel Antonio Tejero Molina and 200 paramilitary civil guards took over the Cortes on February 23, 1981. The failed *coup* served only to strengthen democracy in Spain.

Many of these changes were the result of the move from a predominantly rural to an urban industrial society, an evolution which occurred in a very concentrated period from the late 1950s through to the early 70s. By the time of Franco's death Spain had become far too complex a country for the old authoritarian system to continue. In a sense Franco had outlived Francoism.

Although now, with the benefit of hindsight, the transition process appears to have been remarkably smooth, neither Spaniards nor foreigners took the introduction of democracy for granted at the outset. The restoration of a monarchy carried grave risks in a country where the institution had excited little popular enthusiasm over the centuries, and where the Bourbon dynasty in particular had aroused little but suspicion. There was no proper restoration parallel in recent European history. The Greek monarchy was restored in 1935 after an 11 year Republican experiment (and it was not to prove so durable).

REX FEATURES

In the case of Spain 44 years had elapsed between the exile of Alfonso XIII and Juan Carlos's accession to the throne.

In purely personal terms, the new king had an indifferent public image, having always been in Franco's shadow. He had been chosen in preference to his father, Don Juan, who had still refused to renounce his rights to the throne from exile in Portugal. Although now it is best forgotten, Don Juan did not renounce his rights until 18 months *after* his son's accession. Initially, King Juan Carlos derived his legitimacy solely from the laws of the Francoist state. Not suprisingly the more suspicious, and republican, among the opposition dismissed Juan Carlos as a puppet figure designed to perpetuate Francoism.

Such critics seriously underestimated the young monarch. He had concluded before Franco's death that, for the monarchy to be accepted, he had to act from the outset on behalf of *all* Spaniards. He conceived of the monarchy as an independent arbiter, untainted by the divisions of the Civil War, that could be the catalyst for national reconciliation.

King Juan Carlos turned to good advantage his education within the system. Having graduated from the Zaragoza military academy, he knew the military mentality and could claim to be one of them. Thus he was able to take the military with him as he dismantled the atrophied structure of the old régime. So softly was this done that the Franco-selected parliament, the Cortes, even voted its own dissolution in December, 1976. This act of political hara-kiri paved the way for the first democratic general elections in June, 1977.

The King correctly judged that democracy was best introduced by dismantling the old order from within. In theory he had near-absolute power until the new Constitution was approved in December, 1978. So as not to compromise the Crown too directly, he worked backstage through a Prime Minister. First he relied on the ineffectual person of the Premier he inherited from Franco, Carlos Arias Navarro. But Arias had neither the skill nor the temperament to push through the major reforms necessary.

In the King's first real demonstration of authority he sacked Arias in June, 1976, and brought in Adolfo Suárez, a man in his early 40s. Suárez came from a small town in Castile, had qualified as a lawyer and had successfully worked his way up the ladder largely by attaching himself to the right person. He became Secretary General of the Movimiento, the all-embracing political movement with fascist inspiration, and he

ALAIN NOGUES/SYGMA

Adolfo Suárez became prime minister in 1976. His close relationship with the King saw Spain through the difficult period before the new Constitution came into operation in 1979.

also knew the workings of the old régime intimately.

It was this knowledge that enabled Suárez to introduce reform, overcoming such major hurdles as legalization of the Communist Party with legerdemain. (It was done in Holy Week 1977 when virtually all the military were on holiday.) He established a vital symbiotic relationship with the King. As a result they were able to steer through the legal vacuum until the new Constitution began operating in 1979. The King became a constitutional monarch with powers similar to those of other European monarchs, though in practice he was called upon to play a far more political role.

The process was helped by the comportment of the opposition parties, especially the Left. The Communists and Socialists had been divided throughout the Franco era and could claim no credit for its end. They therefore had little credibility in insisting on a clean break with the past. Nevertheless by clearly opting for reform from within, they provided a broad consensus in which Suárez could operate.

This consensus, which lasted until the second general elections in 1979, permitted the democratic state to be grafted onto the Francoist system. It was like a new branch being grafted onto the withered trunk of an old tree: free trade unions took over from the officially run vertical syndicates; a free Press supplanted the government-owned media; a two-chamber parliament replaced the old Cortes; the public order courts disappeared and the much-feared Policia Armada that used to suppress demonstrations changed their grey uniforms for khaki, their name (it became Policia Nacional) and their role.

The new graft was at times slow to take hold and it was not until 1982 that most of the anomalies were ironed out. Everything has been done on the basis of an unwritten understanding that no one looked for skeletons in the cupboard of the past. The understanding prevails for the same reasons as at the beginning: a deep fear of reopening old wounds, and a belief that reconciliation can work only by looking to the future.

These two elements have provided Spain's infant democracy with the necessary strength to absorb the shocks. And shocks there have been. The militant Basque separatist organization decided that even a democracy had to be talked to with the terror tactics of the gun. ETA has claimed more than 500 lives over the past decade in its separatist struggle. There have been moments when ETA's tactics of destabilization and antagonizing the military have almost worked, but in the end the effect on public opinion has been rather like that of the IRA on the British.

The military have caused the most serious shock to the new Spain. A small minority have felt betrayed by Franco's protégé who has presided over the creation of a libertine society, indifferent to the sacred unity of Spain and its Catholic values. These hardliners have been behind at least four conspiracies, the last being in October, 1982. The most notorious and dangerous was the attempted *coup* of February 23, 1981, when parliament was seized by rebel members of the Guardia Civil, and the Valencia military region was placed under martial law.

The most important feature of this abortive *coup* was not that it happened, but that it failed. The subsequent trial exposed the bankrupt ideas of these men who sought to put the clock back. The *coup* furthermore reminded Spaniards of the value of democracy and reinforced the role of the King. By steadfastly refusing to entertain the rebels' demands and in effect saying the *coup* could succeed only over his dead body, the King won his spurs and established his moral prestige. (His grandfather, King Alfonso XIII, had given in to General Miguel Primo de Rivera, and his brother-in-law, ex King Constantine, had been forced off the Greek throne.)

The resilience of the new Spain was underlined when, 18 months after the *coup*, the electorate voted in Felipe González's Socialist Party by an overwhelming majority. This was the first time that a party of the Left had been voted into office since the onset of the Civil War and it demonstrated that Spain could fulfil the fundamental requirement of a democratic system—the peaceful transfer of power through the ballot box from one party to another. In Spain's case this was even more necessary given the Francoist propaganda villifying the Left.

It has been left to Felipe González to flesh out the democratic system, and he has behaved wholly without dogmatism. Indeed he has acted more like a conservative than a socialist, to the dismay of his party militants. His main focus has been on the economy, preparing for Spanish entry to the EEC and taking tough orthodox decisions from which his centrist political predecessors had shied away. The monopolies and cartels of the Franco era have been broken up and competition encouraged. The shake-up in the economy has seen unemployment rise to more than 2.8 million, almost 20 per cent of the workforce.

But Felipe González is likely to be judged harshly for unnecessarily pressing ahead with the March referendum on Spain's continued membership of the Nato alliance. At a time when the country had paused to catch its breath on the doorstep of the EEC, a divisive debate was raised about Spain's place in the world. Felipe González, having begun office against Nato, now favoured the alliance, and left many confused by his switch. In the event the positive

GAMMA

Spain considers its place in the world: in March this year the people gave a resounding "si" in a referendum on the country's continued membership of the Nato alliance.

result was a triumph of Spanish common sense and a further confirmation of one of the most successful political changes in post-war Europe.

It is an ironic footnote that the two main players, King Juan Carlos and Adolfo Suárez, were wholly lacking in democratic credentials.

Robert Graham, author of *Spain: Change of a Nation*, is Latin America editor of the *Financial Times*.

Riches of the interior

Ian Gibson on the striking and under-explored diversity of the regions

GUY LE QUERREC/MAGNUM

Africa, it has been said, begins at the Pyrenees, and certainly it requires only a glimpse at the map to see what a unique position the Iberian Peninsula occupies between Europe and the massive continent to the south, from which it is separated by the merest ribbon of water. A further glimpse reminds one that, in any coherent consideration of the characteristics and fortunes of Spain, it would be geographical and historical blasphemy to forget Portugal (which re-established its independence in 1640), with its great port of Lisbon looking west towards America and from whose shores the Armada sailed for England.

Spain is a country of extraordinary diversity. If Frenchmen are pleased by the almost geometrical symmetry of their hexagonal, centralized fatherland, Spaniards, we can be sure, are ever aware of the intrinsic irregularity, and often stubborn opposition to human endeavour, of the terrain they occupy. Serried ranks of transversal and gaunt mountain ranges divide up the country into widely differing regions only tenuously connected with each other (travel was painfully slow until recently). And from the snows and oak forests of the Pyrenees to the hot beaches of the south, passing through the vast central plain of Castile, an impressive variety of climates is found, including, along stretches of the Granada coast, subtropical valleys which produce avocados, custard apples and bananas amid a profusion of lush vegetation worthy of the Amazon.

Summer tourists from the colder regions of Europe, rapt on compensating for a year's lack of sunlight, naturally make a bee-line for the south and east coasts of Spain rather than for the north or north-west. And in doing so, while they may avoid an occasional downpour—Galicia, Asturias and the Basque provinces can have damp patches even in July and August—they undoubtedly miss some of the best features of the Spanish littoral. This obsession with getting to the sea at all costs means that few tourists ever realize that the Spain of the interior has much to offer in the way of impressive scenery, festivals, folklore, food and drink and unexpected discoveries. Indeed, it is only in inland Spain that nowadays one can recapture something of the excitement of travel that, in the 19th century, fired men like George Borrow and Richard Ford to ride the length and breadth of the country in search of *couleur locale* and intimations of a Romantic past.

The variegated nature of Spain and her peoples is expressed in the administrative arrangement of the country: at regional level there are 17 autonomous communities, set up under the 1978 Constitution. These are: Andalucía, Aragón, Asturias, Islas Baleares (Balearic Islands), Islas Canarias (Canary Islands), Cantabria, Castilla-León, Castilla-La Mancha, Cataluña, Extremadura, Galicia, Madrid, Murcia, Navarra, La Rioja, Valencia and, finally, Vascongadas (Basque Provinces).

For many foreigners, Spain is equivalent to Andalusia—the only Spain of which they are aware. This is unjust, although it is not hard to understand how such a misconception should have prevailed, for the exotic Andalusian clichés—bullfights, flamenco guitars, sombre Easter Week processions, manzanilla sherry served in tall glasses, Moorish-looking girls with flashing eyes and carnations in their hair, orange trees in whitewashed patios, olive plantations on the hillsides—do correspond to part, but only part, of the reality. Andalusia (it comprises eight provinces) is much more varied than is often realized. Between lowland Córdoba and Seville and upland Granada—homeland of the poet García Lorca—as between the Atlantic port of Huelva and the Mediterranean port of Málaga, it is not difficult to observe subtle differences of temperament as well as striking variations of accent.

In Andalusia Castilian is spoken, but the traveller who makes his way thence up the Mediterranean coast through desert-dry Almería and the orchards of Murcia towards Valencia will find that the language gradually changes, becoming, in effect, akin to Catalan. This Romance language, much persecuted under General Franco, is now, with Castilian, official throughout Cataluña, and its existence is another reminder to foreigners of the variety of cultures and peoples that make up Spain. Cataluña, with its thriving industry, has always attracted massive immigration from other parts of the country, particularly from Andalusia, and it is now required that all schoolchildren in the region, irrespective of their origins, learn Catalan as well as Castilian. Barcelona, the capital of Cataluña, which has an intensely

Mediterranean flavour and dazzling *fin de siècle* architecture, is not only the second city in Spain—the Catalans would say the first—but the country's principal port and the greatest publishing centre in the Spanish-speaking world.

West from Cataluña, Aragón (birthplace of Goya and film director Luis Buñuel), which stretches from the Pyrenees to the plains of the River Ebro and beyond, and then Navarre, are among the lesser-known parts of the country. The steppes of Aragón are reputed to produce the most stubborn people in Spain, while the red wine of Navarre is deservedly celebrated, as is the yearly bullfight festival staged in its capital, Pamplona, erstwhile haunt of Hemingway and setting of his novel *Fiesta*. La Rioja, famous throughout Spain for its wines (which EEC entrance should bring increasingly to the notice and palates of other Europeans) flanks Navarre, and merges with the Basque Provinces on the west.

The latter, the origin of whose ancient, pre-Roman language ⋙→

The village of Guadalest perches among the rocky crags of the mountains behind the Valencian coastline, not far from the package-tour resort of Benidorm.

⋙→ (spoken now by only 20 per cent of the population) continues to tax the philologists, are the scene today of a bloody conflict that casts a dark shadow over an otherwise peaceful Spanish landscape. ETA, the Basque terrorist organization, can be compared to the IRA both in the appallingly brutal methods it is prepared to employ in pursuit of its aims—a Basque state independent of Spain—and in its political rhetoric. Hardly a day passes without a new assassination in the Basque country, and the terrorist groups have also mown down military victims in the heart of Madrid itself. The Basque separatist problem is proving as intractable and depressing as the Northern Ireland one, and in its wake has come the partial decline of the region's industry, one of the most advanced and dynamic in Spain.

Moving westwards again, we arrive in Spain's "green belt", the humid pastures and valleys of Cantabria, Asturias and Galicia, all with their backs to Castile and looking out over the Atlantic.

Santander, capital of Cantabria, was for centuries the port of Castile, the only one guaranteeing access from the heartland of Spain to the outside world, while Oviedo, capital of Asturias—and of the country's coal-mining—is situated not far from Covadonga, the mountain fastness from which, in the eighth century, King Pelayo initiated the "reconquest" of the country from the Moors.

As for Galicia, this—as its name suggests—is the "Celtic" region of Spain, whose inhabitants are proud of their dolmens, ghosts and superstitions (as they are of the great cathedral of Santiago de Compostela, journey's end for one of the most spectacular pilgrimages of the Middle Ages) and whose legends talk of a Celtic chieftain called Breogan who set sail from La Coruña in a fragile coracle to find an island reputed to lie to the north. He was successful in his mission and the island came to be known as Ireland.

The signs of the long struggle between Christian and Moor are evident on all sides as the traveller enters the high plateau of Castile to the south, everywhere dotted with the ruins of those castles from which the kingdom derived its name. Castile, with its brief springs and African summers; with its seemingly never-ending, almost treeless plains that suggest the reason Don Quixote had to invent for himself a fantasy world populated with giants, knights and ladies in distress; with the richly colourful transformations practised on the flanks of its bare mountains each evening by the sinking sun; with the sobriety of its cities—Avila, Segovia, Toledo, Valladolid, Soria—and the charm of its poplar-lined rivers, the Duero and the Tagus, that flow placidly across the central tableland to Portugal: no one can say that they truly know Spain until they have experienced this landscape, whose shaping of the Spanish "temperament" has been the subject of innumerable poems and philosophical speculations.

The variety that is Spain is reflected in the inhabitants of its capital, who come from every corner of the country. Madrid, situated in the geographical centre of the nation, is a relatively recent city, only becoming Court in the early 17th century. Until 20 years ago its population remained under a million strong, but since then that figure has quadrupled. Despite such rapid growth, Madrid still occupies a small area. It is possible to travel from one end of the city to the other by under- ⋙→

Two contrasting views of southern Spain. Left, a peaceful corner in the village of Trevélez in the foothills of the Andalusian Sierra Nevada. Travélez is famous for its witches and its cured ham. Above, the high-rise hotels and crowded beaches of Alicante where a different type of flesh abounds. The north European tourists who flock to the sun seldom see any other side of Spain.

⋙→ ground railway in half an hour.

It seems that everyone in Madrid has parents or relatives in a village somewhere out in Castile or Extremadura, down south in Andalusia or north in Galicia, Asturias, Navarre or Aragón. The people of this country have not yet lost touch with mother earth, thank goodness, even those now living in the capital. Perhaps it is this quality, indeed, that most unites them and which, despite such diversity of language and habitat, is responsible for our concept of the characteristic Spaniard: a lively, talkative, hospitable man who knows better than anyone how to enjoy the simple pleasures of life ○

Ian Gibson lives in Madrid and is author of *The Assassination of Lorca.*

GUY LE QUERREC/MAGNUM

New Castile is the geographical centre of Spain, a landscape of vast plains baked by the summer sun. Above, olive and almond trees flourish near Toledo and, left, windmills on the steppes of La Mancha, the home of Don Quixote.

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LONDON AS AN ART CENTRE

Dennis Farr traces the evolution of the capital's museums, art dealers and salerooms

Is Britain, as a leading commercial art dealer asserts on page 61, a visually retarded nation? The case for the prosecution is quite strong. Learned counsel could start with the Puritan folly of Cromwell's Commonwealth in selling Charles I's magnificent art collection, to the Continent's great gain. Compared with Americans and Germans, the British today buy little contemporary art. Londoners go to fewer exhibitions than Parisians or New Yorkers. British design standards are proverbially lamentable compared with those of Italy, Germany, Japan or Scandinavia, a deficiency which Mrs Thatcher is trying to remedy. Historically we are a nation of poets, playwrights and novelists. The glories of Turner, Gainsborough, Stubbs and Constable are modest compared with the Italian, Dutch, Spanish and French opposition.

Yet much can be said in our defence. Roundhead philistinism was counter-balanced in the 18th century by outstanding private collecting and pioneering in the museum field. In the 19th century London became a clearing house for art treasures, and remains so today. The auction-house boom, which started in the 1960s, has widened interest in collecting even if taste in modern art remains timorous.

British art has moreover undergone a renaissance since the 1930s, with London its natural focal point. Ben Nicholson and Henry Moore led the way, followed by many others from Francis Bacon to David Hockney and younger stars. As New York eclipsed Paris, London sustained a consistently high level of artistic output even if it was less innovative. Attendance at the capital's great museums continues to increase: with help from tourists, figures for the British Museum and National Gallery exceeded four and three million respectively last year. In these pages we show a cross-section of past and present activities which justify a claim to at least partial vision.

When the British Museum was established by an Act of Parliament in 1753, the English were the first to bring into being an all-embracing institution which Denis Diderot was to describe in detail in the ninth volume of his *Encyclopédie* in 1765: a museum of the arts and sciences, with a library open to scholars. The Royal Academy was a relative latecomer in 1768, and did not fulfil the growing demand for a permanent national gallery of art. Only in 1824, when the Government bought John Julius Angerstein's collection, did London's National Gallery come into being. It also embodied a new principle: unlike the British Museum or the Louvre (which was built on a royal collection), the National Gallery is a collection of great works of art, in which aesthetic qualities are as important as historical considerations. William Wilkins's new edifice, opened in 1838, was criticized by Thackeray as a "little gin-shop of a building". Now it is regarded as a dignified adornment to the north side of Trafalgar Square and not to be spoilt by the addition of "carbuncles".

The 19th century was a period of rapid growth for museums, both in London and elsewhere in Britain and abroad. The Encylopédistes' idea of gathering together and codifying all that was known to man received further impetus as reformers campaigned for mass education and, eventually, universal suffrage. The need for good industrial design and artistically literate craftsmen and manufacturers was also accepted, especially after the 1851 Great Exhibition (again, the first of its kind), which had demonstrated how appalling standards were in manufactured goods. The South Kensington Museum of applied, or decorative, arts, was an attempt to raise standards by reference to the highest-quality artifacts of earlier civilizations. Founded in 1857, and in 1899 renamed the Victoria & Albert Museum, it is one of the finest museums of its kind in the world, a mecca alike for students from the nearby Royal College of Art and visitors and scholars from overseas. Unusually for a museum of decorative arts, it contains paintings and sculpture, for here, too, a total view of man's artistic creativity is taken, and the process of collecting and recording 20th-century designers' achievements continues with renewed vigour.

The Tate Gallery, Millbank, like many of our national and municipal museums and galleries, owes much to private benefactors. Sir Henry Tate, the sugar magnate, saw his dream of a national gallery of British art partly fulfilled in 1897; it was to be "for the encouragement and development of British art and as a thank-offering for a business career of 60 years". Later, the scope of the gallery's collections was widened and its accommodation increased to include modern British and foreign art and, thanks to the generosity of Sir Joseph and Lord Duveen, a Turner wing and a Sculpture Hall were added. Still more recently the Clore Foundation has funded the latest extension on a nearby site to house the whole Turner Bequest, soon to be opened to the public.

Major art collections, whether public or private, do not exist in a vacuum. There has to be a network of dealers, commercial galleries and auctioneers to service the collectors.

Print-sellers had flourished in the 17th century, and it was to protect himself and his fellow artists against the unscrupulous pirating of his engravings that Hogarth fought for his Copyright Act of 1735. John Sotheby established himself as a book and print-seller in 1744, but it was James Christie Senior who founded, in 1766, the firm of picture auctioneers. We read of Christie sending an agent to Paris in 1790 to view the Orléans collection, and there were many such agents, especially in Rome, often only moderately successful painters willing to supplement their incomes by dealing in antiquities and Old Masters. Distinguished painters like Lely, Reynolds, Benjamin West and Thomas Lawrence, on the other hand, collected on their own behalf, and Lawrence employed Samuel Woodburn as his agent to seek out Old Master drawings of the highest quality.

The professional dealer, with handsome showrooms in Bond

Street or St James's, seems to have emerged only in the 19th century, although the early history of P. & D. Colnaghi & Co, founded by the Torre family in 1760, shows that they were joined in 1784 by a Milanese print dealer, Paul Colnaghi (or Colnago), and set up in Pall Mall. Paul was succeeded by his son Dominic, and this firm with Leggatt Brothers (founded 1820) is among the oldest surviving to the present day. There are now no Colnaghis at the helm, but Leggatt's remains a sixth-generation family firm. Thomas Agnew & Sons are still a family business, too, and began in Manchester in 1817 as picture-framers, print-sellers and dealers in coins, medals and all sorts of curios. Not until 1860 did they establish a branch in London, moving to their present Old Bond Street address in 1875. Agnew's supported many of the leading and some younger artists by exhibiting their work, and, although always fairly conservative, continue to follow this policy, as well as dealing in Old Masters.

More adventurous dealers and gallery-owners in the 1880s and 90s included the Grosvenor Gallery, Dowdeswell's, who were among the first to show the Impressionists in an exhibition organized by Durand-Ruel in 1883; the Goupil Gallery (where Vincent Van Gogh was briefly employed in 1873); the Sackville Gallery who exhibited the Italian Futurists, and the Grafton Galleries, where Roger Fry showed his two Post-Impressionist exhibitions in 1910 and 1912. But the gallery which consistently supported young hopefuls as well as the more established men and women over a period of more than 60 years was the Leicester Galleries, whose leading spirit was Oliver Brown. They showed work by Cézanne, Van Gogh, Pissarro, Picasso and Matisse long before their London rivals.

Of the post First World War generation of newcomers one must mention Frederick Lessore's Beaux Arts Gallery (1923), Alex Reid & Lefevre (although Alex Reid had dealt in Glasgow in the 1890s), the Mayor Gallery (1933) run by Freddy Mayor and Douglas Cooper; Dorothy Warren, Lucy Wertheim, and the Redfern Gallery. Perhaps the most startling expansion in dealers' galleries in London occurred after 1945, spearheaded by Harry Fischer and Frank Lloyd of the Marlborough Gallery (reviving the name of a long-defunct gallery); the Hanover Gallery run by Erica Brausen; and Roland, Browse and Delbanco (now Browse & Darby) in Cork Street. Victor Waddington, and his son, Leslie, also set up in Cork Street, which by the 1950s and 60s was to become a haven for modernist galleries, although in nearby Clifford Street, Jeremy Maas established a flourishing gallery specializing in Victorian painting. On the west side of Bond Street, in South Molton Street, Gimpel Fils had set up

Rembrandt's *The Mill* on show at the National Gallery before Lord Lansdowne sold it for a record £100,000 to American millionaire P. A. B. Widener; from the *ILN* of March 25, 1911.

shop—Charles and Peter Gimpel, sons of René Gimpel and who were also related to the Duveens. They were among the first to champion the new post-war generation of British artists such as Hilton, Alan Davie, Chadwick and Hubert Dalwood, as well as distinguished Americans like Sam Francis and many others.

But the dealers have had to change with the times not only in artistic matters. New financial backers have brought tougher methods from the international money markets, and property developers have forced up the cost of leasing premises in central London, so that an increasing number of galleries have moved away from Bond Street to Sloane Street, Covent Garden, Chelsea, Pimlico and Bloomsbury. The well-heeled dealers also have international link-ups, if not branches in Switzerland, New York and, though this is no longer regarded as so essential, Paris. The current issue of *Galleries: London Art* lists some 328 galleries and museums, mostly in London. The *Art Now/New York Gallery Guide* for last November does not have an index, but there are an estimated 600 listings. Thirty years ago the figures for London would probably have been about 150 dealers' galleries, of which barely 20 would have qualified for the first division, and for New York the total "big league" then was probably around 30.

Since 1945 New York has played a far more active part in promoting modern art than London, which is stronger on Old Masters, although I suspect most of London's customers come from abroad. Some of its dealers are now able and willing to contribute to art-historical scholarship both in their own right, and to encourage exhibitions which have a serious scholarly theme. The relationship between dealers and museums is generally more cordial. The dealers' keenest rivals are, however, the two main auction houses, which have become huge multinational operations and have added a new dimension to the art market.

BIG DEAL IN CORK STREET

Anatomy of an art dealer, by John McEwen

Leslie Waddington could well be a figment of James Joyce's imagination: an Irish Jew, educated in France, who now rules London's contemporary art roost. In appearance it is the Irishness which predominates. The eyes are amused and quizzical, the ears like props from *Star Trek*, the hair seemingly at odds with a permanently high wind, the presence such an energetic hustle and bustle as he goes from one of his four Cork Street galleries to another that at times you could swear he really is to be seen in two places at once.

Waddington's is to the contemporary art scene in London today what Marlborough Fine Art was in the past, and, like Marlborough in its prime, its domination is perhaps best indicated by its ability to father other galleries. Nicola Jacobs, now well established at 9 Cork Street, and Benjamin Rhodes, who recently opened round the corner in New Burlington Place, are both old Waddingtonians. The emergence of these and other galleries in the neighbourhood does not worry Leslie Waddington, quite the reverse. "I love the feudal idea of having all the cobblers in one street. I think it has a benefit. Every time I see another dealer open up—I don't care what their art is—I'm delighted. Each one brings in a different group of collectors. And," he confides with mock secrecy, "we'll steal them all anyway!"

Waddington Galleries are at 2, 11, 31 and 34 Cork Street. The business is four in one. It deals in prints, stock (19th- and 20th-century masters), the work of living British artists (and their estates when they die) and of living foreign artists. Leslie Waddington's father Victor was a noted Cork Street gallery owner, under whom Leslie worked when he first came into the business, but in 1966 Leslie made a clean break and started up his own gallery in partnership with Alex Bernstein of Granada television fame, who put up £25,000. Waddington and Bernstein are still partners and the current annual turnover is about £16 million to £18 million. In 1985 the main company exported £11 million worth of goods. This left a profit in 1984 of £1.06 million, and in 1985 of £1.25 million.

The business runs at a cost of £40,000 a week, which means current annual overheads of £2 million. Bank interest accounts for £250,000, dealing expenses for £70,000, rates for £40,000 and there is a staff of 33, whose annual salaries range from £10,000 for the secretaries to more than £50,000 for the four working directors. Among the non-executive directors are Alex Bernstein and Alistair McAlpine, treasurer of the Conservative Party. "They are *very useful* to me," emphasizes Waddington, who admits that he is a bit overstaffed despite a recent trim.

Waddington considers art dealing to be a service industry and is proud of providing a good one. "It doesn't matter what their business is, too many companies in England are happy to give you an answer in a couple of weeks. Here you'll probably get one within the day." The gallery files have recently been computerized. To demonstrate the change I asked him how many Picassos he had in stock. He said he would have the answer in three minutes, and called his secretary accordingly. Her voice chimed within the appointed time. There were nine paintings, one sculpture, three watercolours and 23 drawings.

The excess space in the gallery buildings is let, bringing in a profit of £20,000 a year. He considers the rates (£40,000) to be a form of hidden corporation tax. "I don't object to the levels of taxes *per se* for individuals, but I do object to our overall corporation taxation in comparison with our competitors, say, in Germany, France or America. US rates appear higher, but they aren't, because they get a lot of allowances. This means that we are at a disadvantage, because we don't have so much capital to employ. The Chancellor is aware of this but businesses don't have votes."

The galleries themselves are leased. "I don't hold the freehold on anything. I make my money by investing in art, not in property—though I have got a small property company. I've got a pension fund and I tell them what shares to buy, but I'm not individually rich. I didn't inherit money, and I've been divorced, which gets rid of assets. I've some paintings, but I'm not really interested in the accumulation of assets. I don't see that you have to if you have a high income. I've just heard Mr Kinnock being very stupid about people's high incomes. He doesn't realize that if you work 10 or 12 hours a day you're going to have a shorter life. Why should high earners be taxed for making the country richer anyway? Wealth creators should be encouraged."

He offers artists a measure of financial freedom by paying them retainers. About a dozen receive salaries of £20,000 to £25,000 a year, paid in monthly instalments. Commission on sales of their work is 50 per cent. If an artist fails to sell enough to cover his retainer the gallery buys his work off him to the amount of his debt. Retainers do not encourage idleness in Waddington's experience, they merely free an artist from the need to teach to make ends meet. "Everyone wants to support young artists. They don't want to support mid-generation artists. That's true of the museums, the dealers, the collectors and the media. An artist's hardest time is in his middle years. There are a few exceptions, but in the main that is the period they are most ignored."

When an artist dies his dependant usually enjoys the same terms as before. Artists can become very indebted, but Waddington is happy to let things ride so long as he believes in the integrity of the work. "If we do let an artist go it may be partly to do with non-sales, but it's usually because one can't get on with the person. And then some people stop being artists. A lot of well-known ones do that, though I won't mention names. They become producers of a style by which they are recognized and all the creative part, the spirit, disappears. But if you can't work with someone, it doesn't matter how much money is being made, it's just no good. For instance, I was selling everything the American painter Helen Frankenthaler could do, but she made more and more rules, so eventually I couldn't stand it. I'm happy to admit I have artists I don't respect much—again I'll mention no names!—in order to pay for the ones I do respect, whose work is often harder to sell."

Each one-man show costs an average of £20,000. The gallery takes a third commission if an artist is not retained, and rarely offers discounts because, as Waddington puts it, "they only benefit nasty, pushy, people at the expense of nice ones". If a collector sells through the gallery the commission charged is 10 per cent on stock over £30,000 and 15 per cent on anything less expensive.

He is adamant that it is impossible to support a gallery on the work of living artists, at least not in the long term in England where the rich are still happier to invest in houses and horses. But it is dealing with living artists that provides the fun. "If you're a contemporary art dealer you are much more like an impresario. Making something work for someone who you think good is an immense reward, and so is the friendship of some of the artists." He prefers their company to that of businessmen, even if by comparison art dealers are dormant.

When dealing in stock the gallery usually has a half share. "I run six or seven different companies, so often if I buy a painting of say £300,000 I'll put in £100,000 of the gallery's money and the rest from two or three of the other companies. I have a company in Switzerland which is very useful, especially for buying pictures I'm not bringing into the country. It gives me access to money and before exchange control was taken away it was very useful for paying on time. We lost a lot of deals through exchange control."

Christie's and Sotheby's he views with some contempt. "I don't care how much money they make or what their terms of reference are, and they helped to create the art

RICHARD DUDLEY-SMITH

commodity market, which is useful. It helped to make most dealers richer. But they put nothing back. When I put on the work of living artists I am putting something back. They could give prizes, create a superb slide library, award scholarships. After all, firms like ICI and GEC put money into research. Christie's and Sotheby's have done nothing. They might just as well be selling baked beans." The Arts Council, too, he derides for having deliberately tried to destroy commercial galleries by giving first shows to younger artists and subsidizing sales, a mischief, he is happy to say, budget cuts now prevent them from indulging. And the Tate, and most museums, are run by bureaucrats with scant aesthetic interest or judgment and much too much financial power with which to influence the art markets' fashions. Notable English exceptions are Sir Michael Levey at the National Gallery and Nicholas Serota at the Whitechapel, both of whom he greatly respects.

Leslie Waddington: £40,000 overheads a week.

As for his own aesthetic preferences, he is happy not to impose them. He allows Alan Cristea and Hester van Royen, who direct two of the galleries, a very free hand, and believes in any case that a gallery should not necessarily reflect the taste of its owner. He prefers to run a "supermarket", jumbling old and new and maximizing choice, which in turn encourages a broad clientele. Furthermore, it may surprise a buyer. "Someone might come in to see a Baselitz and leave with a Hoyland, because they've suddenly realized Hoyland is a better painter." The problem with most galleries, in his experience, is that they are run as little shops dominated by the auction houses. His advice for someone starting a gallery is: to find good artists; to be available at all times; to know the work thoroughly and give constant exhibitions; and to keep a tight control of budget and buy stock only when it can be afforded.

He considers that now is as good a time to start as any, though the currently strong stock market does not favour the art market. Not that selling art is ever easy in England. At Waddington's probably only about 10 per cent of sales are to English buyers. "This is a seriously visually retarded country. It hasn't measured up to the 20th century. Design is a disgrace, people's homes are awful. But art is an integral part of our culture and people who are aware of art tend, in my opinion, to be responsible members of society."

There is a slight depression in the art market just now with, he thinks, rougher times around the corner, but he remains generally optimistic and does not see today's art taking a similar plunge to so much of yesterday's. "I read recently that every time the price of oil rises by 1 per cent you've 20 new millionaires in the world. And one of the games millionaires all love to play is collecting art."

LONDON AS AN ART CENTRE

CAPITAL ARTISTS

Eight artists of differing hues talk to Roger Berthoud about living in the metropolis

■London has much to offer professional artists in terms of stimulus and contacts. But the scale and nature of their work often make a separate studio essential. Such premises are scarce and add to high accommodation costs without guaranteeing extra revenue. Space, a charitable organization, helps by renting cheap studios in converted warehouses and suchlike, mainly in Tower Hamlets and Hackney, to some 250 sculptors and painters: a further 200 are on the waiting list. The presence of artists, however, often helps upgrade an area. So rents go up, or the building is converted to flats, and the artists have to move on.

PATRICK SHANAHAN/RA

Leonard Rosoman at work on his ambitious new mural for the restaurant at the Royal Academy at Burlington House, left; and *Fallow Field*, a six-colour etching by Jo Barry, right.

LEONARD ROSOMAN, aged 72, long-standing but respected Royal Academician, lives with the American-born concert pianist Roxanne Wruble in Pembroke Studios, a line of 12 purpose-built Victorian studios in Kensington. He paints mainly recognizable but not realistic figures in an environment, exhibiting at the Fine Art Society in Bond Street, in Utrecht, Amsterdam, New York and annually at the RA, in whose restaurant he has recently completed a large mural. "I travel a great deal and spend quite a lot of time in the States—Roxanne is from Michigan. I can work pretty well anywhere, but I can never finish things away from home. They die on me. I have to bring work back, turn its face to the wall, and finish it later. I'm a very urban character, and dependent on knowing that the play I want to see is there. I love the country, but it's not the place to live in, for me." Prices: from around £600 for a substantial watercolour to £12,000 for a large canvas in his favourite acrylic paint.

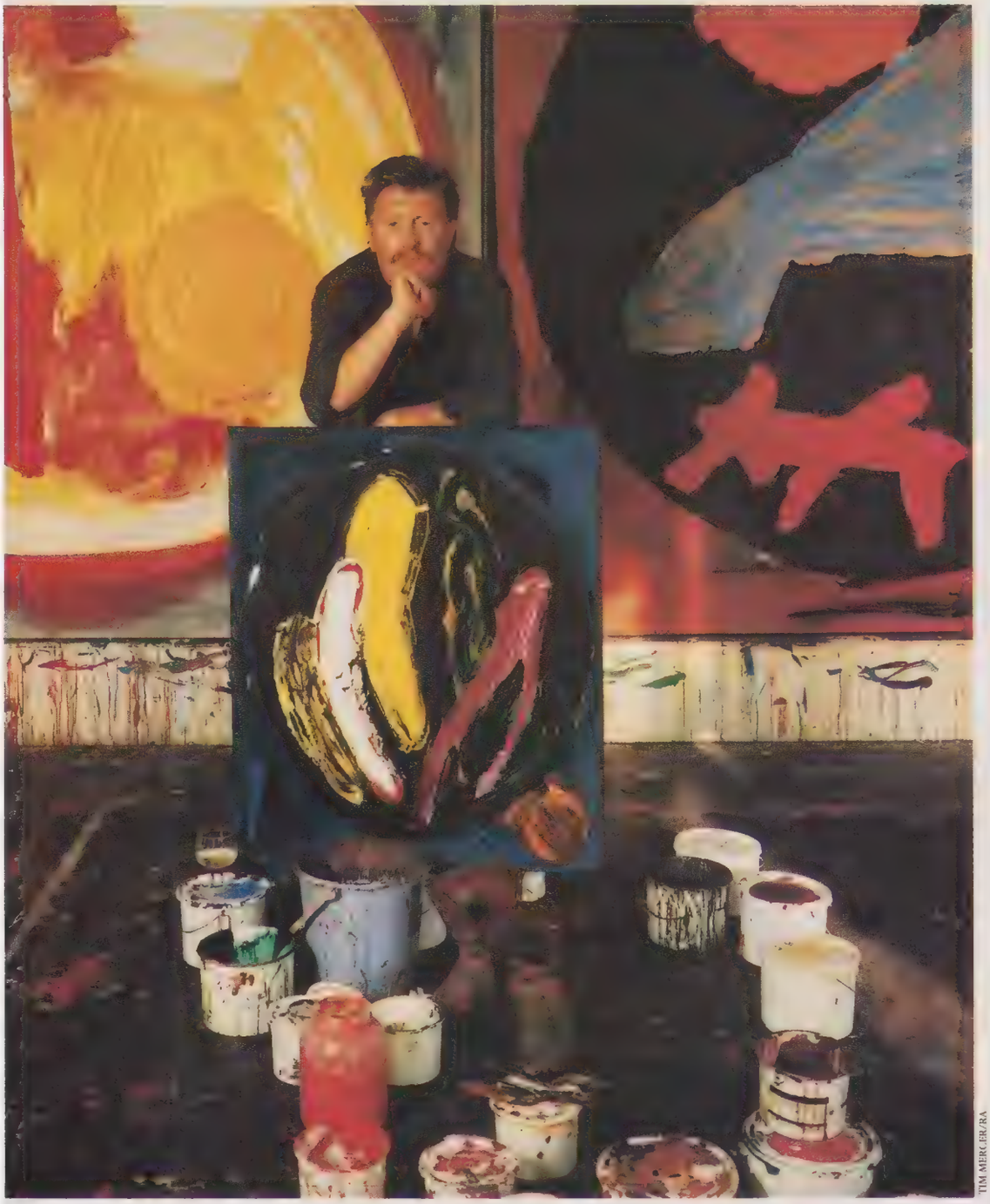
Two Sisters, mixed media drawing by Barbara Walton, left; and *The Drowned Bear*, acrylic on canvas, by Paula Rego, above.

BARBARA WALTON, aged 30, from York, is an archetypal struggling artist. She studied fine art at Edinburgh University, won several prizes, came to London three years ago, and hasn't sold a thing since. "I thought there would be more opportunities—the sheer number of places to work, the contacts, and quite a lot of my Edinburgh friends are here." To pay her bills she has been teaching A level history of art at an independent girls' school in Ealing three and a half days a week. "The work load is enormous, and I'd much rather not do it. In summer I'm leaving to seek my fortune, but I'll have to find some form of regular income. The disadvantage of London is the expense of the accommodation. Half my sitting room is my studio, about 9 feet by 9 feet. And it's a long way to get anywhere. But it's interesting and you can actually get to see things." She has shown a few mixed-media drawings at the Mercury Gallery, Cork St, W1, in mixed shows, at between £150 and £800.

PAULA REGO, aged 50, upwardly mobile figurative painter, represented Britain last year at the São Paulo and Paris biennial exhibitions with her agitated creatures, some of them human. She came to London from Portugal in the 1950s to study at the Slade, has lived here consistently since 1974. She and her husband, the painter Victor Willing, have a flat in Hampstead, and she rents a studio in Clerkenwell from Space. "I love London and feel very comfortable here. I'd rather be here than anywhere else, though I've been back to Portugal for three- to five-year periods. My studio is in an ex-button factory, a big space in the middle of others, with no windows. It's very quiet, but there are other people working around, and I sometimes meet them on the way to the loo." Prices at the Edward Totah Gallery, 13 Burlington St, W1: from £700 for a drawing to £6,000 for a very large canvas.

JO BARRY, aged 40, middlebrow printmaker, was born in suburban Kent and now lives and works in a house in Streatham. Her drawings, watercolours and etchings are all of landscapes inspired by trips to Kent and Dorset. "I like living in London, it's the easiest place, and getting out to the country is not a difficulty." She shows at the Bankside Gallery near Blackfriars Bridge, home of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers and Engravers, but also sells well through agents in North America, Australia and Norway. "It's difficult to break into the art world. Galleries are very reluctant to risk their wallspace if you are unknown. If you can prove you can sell, it's fine. So you have to break in gradually through places like the RA. Then you find ⋙→

LONDON AS AN ART CENTRE



TIM MERCER/RA

John Hoyland in his studio with raw materials and some characteristic products, left; and *Echoes of the Garden II* by David Suff, in watercolour and coloured inks, below.

⋙→ people come to you." Original prints (signed, limited-edition lithographs etc), being cheaper, have broadened the buying public, she believes. "If I price a watercolour realistically according to the time put into it, it costs £300 to £500, more than most people are prepared to spend. For my etchings I charge £15 to £35, from a gallery they'd be double." She does eight to 10 new prints a year, in editions of 150. Often they sell out in 12 months, enabling her to live, singly, by her art.

JOHN HOYLAND, aged 51, successful abstract painter, came to London from Sheffield in 1956, studying at the Royal Academy Schools while most of his friends went to the then more desirable Slade School and Royal College of Art. "I used to sleep on friends' floors in halls of residence: the RA didn't have any way of helping. Then I would rent a grotty room, having to leave it in the holidays. It was not unknown for me to do a runner..." He was married for nine years to a beautiful Finn, and now lives on his own in a building in Charterhouse Square, EC1. "It was a hat factory. A group of us bought the three buildings (the painter Allen Jones, sculptor Peter Logan, Tony Elliott of *Time Out*, photographers, designers). "My place is about 1,800 square feet, divided into two, studio and living. It's hard enough to paint, you have to have the fewest impediments between living and working. I can go straight in when I want to; and I can go to the country, where I have a reasonable house and studio in Wiltshire. I'm very lucky to have a lot of good friends: that's another factor, plus my son Jeremy (a financial consultant). I like London, and the proximity of the Continent, where I go fairly often, mostly to Italy." Prices at Waddington Gallery, Cork St, W1: from £3,000 to £9,000, and from £500 for prints. Has also shown in New York.

DAVID SUFF, aged 31, middling successful etcher and watercolourist, lives with his wife and seven-year-old daughter in an old cottage in Sydenham, SE26, having come to London from Essex eight years ago to attend the Royal College. He sells his coloured etchings of actual gardens mainly through Christie's Contemporary Prints, his watercolours and drawings of imagined ones at the Piccadilly Gallery in Cork Street, W1. "Making pictures is a very solitary activity. When I go out I like there to be lots of people around and lots of things going on; and London being an art market-place, it's useful being near the galleries and so on. Two years ago, when the lease on our previous house expired, we seriously thought of living in the country, since it would be cheaper and provide more space. Then we found this cottage, which is just the sort of thing I would have liked in Norfolk." He uses one room as a studio and has an etching press in the basement. They live on the proceeds. Prices: from £50 for a small etching to £2,000 for a big watercolour. ⋙→

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LONDON AS AN ART CENTRE

William Pye and bronze, above; Nicola Hicks with sculptured beast, below.

⋙ WILLIAM PYE, aged 47, sculptor of fluctuating fortunes, was born in W8 but spent much of his childhood in Surrey, and went to school at Charterhouse (as did sculptors Anthony Caro and Nicholas Pope). He now lives with his wife and three children off Clapham Common, has a studio off Wandsworth Common, custom-built on the site of an old bakery, and a sculpture garden near by where he shows work to clients. Some of it is self-contained sculpture, some "site-specific". He likes to use water, as a reflective element or running over surfaces. "London has all the infrastructure a sculptor needs. Materials are available, the Meridian foundry is only 10 minutes away, and there's a good new one at Brixton called Redbronze. Accessibility from interested parties is obviously important, especially when trying to operate without a gallery. The disadvantage is lack of space. It's all very volatile. I may get a big public commission worth £60,000, then nothing substantial for three or four years." Work in hand includes several smaller commissions for private gardens in the country. Prices: from £250 upwards, according to size, costs and complexity.

NICOLA HICKS, aged 25, sculptor and flavour of 1986, is a real Londoner, born in Chelsea, living since in Fulham, Barnes and now, with her musician husband, near her studio in a converted warehouse by Southwark Bridge shared with four other artists. She studied at Chelsea School of Art and the Royal College, enjoying an early success last year when her work was featured in the Hayward Annual exhibition. Her sculptures are large beasts based on pigs, sheep, goats, deer and so on, made of plaster, straw and mud, coloured with pigments. Three have been cast in bronze, one being sited last summer in Battersea Park as a monument to mistreated animals. "Everything interesting that happens in the art world eventually comes to London. That's a nasty élitist thing to say, but it's a sad fact of life that if you want to make your way as a young sculptor, you have to live in London. You can photograph paintings, but people have to *see* sculpture. Also I enjoy the buzz of living here. There are plenty of disadvantages: no gardens, no nice green spaces, no animals, which I miss but see when visiting relatives." She shows at the Angela Flowers Gallery in Tottenham Mews, W1; prices: from £300 for drawings to £1,000 for a sculpture.

MARLBOROUGH

JOHN PIPER Cartmel Priory, Cumbria, England, 1984
Watercolour 18 × 24 in./45.7 × 61 cm.

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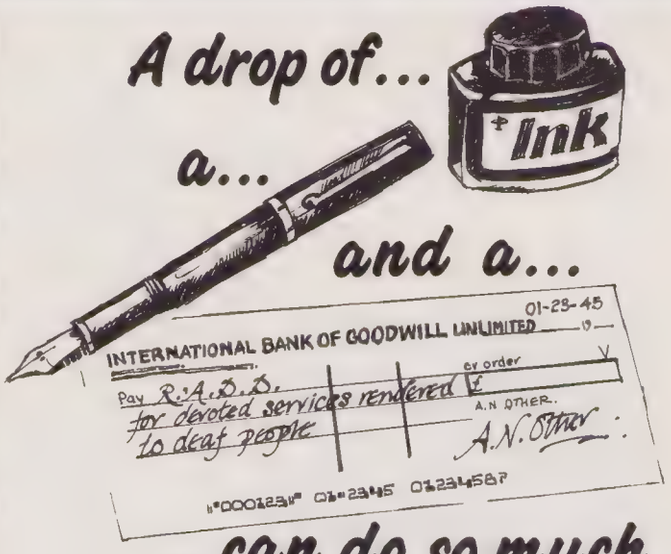

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LONDON AS AN ART CENTRE

SHAKING UP THE SALEROOMS

Huon Mallalieu on past successes, recent setbacks and some hazards ahead

Since 1964, when Sotheby's bought Parke-Bernet, the largest firm of auctioneers in America, it has been widely assumed that the centre of the world market in art and antiques was shifting from London to New York. In a business it had dominated for more than 150 years Britain would soon be no more than a second-rate power. Those gloomy fears seemed to be borne out by the American take-over in late 1983 of Sotheby's by the entrepreneur and collector Alfred Taubman. Sotheby's subsequently stopped publishing separate figures for their turnover in London and New York, issuing only an annual total for the entire operation. Christie's still give a breakdown, however, and their figures for the year to July, 1985, indicate parity between the two centres, as did the figures for both houses 10 years ago.

Over the last decade these turnover totals indicate a huge increase in the auctioneering business. Where Sotheby's was £90 million in 1974, dropping to £74 million in the following year, and Christie's claimed £44 million in 1974 and £33 million in 1975, last year's totals were £502.2 million and £337.5 million respectively. The early 1970s were a bad time for the business in general and there have been a number of fluctuations since. Sometimes the figures can be misleading. For instance, the Christie's total for 1984 was higher than 1985's, but included private treaty sales running to £16 million and £21 million raised by a single sale, of the Old Master drawings from Chatsworth.

The figures for the second-rank London salerooms show similar progress. Phillips turned over £33.4 million in 1980-81 and £57.6 million in 1984-85. In its first 10 years of operation since 1975, Christie's South Kensington increased its business from £2.25 million to just under £27 million.

From such figures, and from newspapers and television, one might think the auctioneers *are* the art market. Since the 1950s when, under the late Peter Wilson of Sotheby's, they turned themselves into big and modern businesses, they have indeed dominated it. Where previously the auction houses had largely lived off the enterprise of the leading dealers, now it was the dealers who seemed to be existing on the scraps left them by the auctioneers.

In fact, however much they may dislike it, neither dealers nor auctioneers can flourish without each other. Dealers are the major buyers at auctions, and supply a large proportion of goods sent for sale. Where the salerooms can only follow fashion, dealers can create it.

The supremacy of the auction houses was largely established by the adroit use of publicity on a scale which few, if any, dealers could match. They managed to get across the message that sale by auction was the only way to get the highest prices for works of art, skating over the awkward corollary that it should therefore often be cheaper to buy from dealers. At the same time they attempted to counteract a number of the dealers' traditional advantages. For example, Sotheby's made advances against reserve prices because a client selling directly to a dealer was paid immediately, rather than after a sale months later.

There are now signs that the relationship between the two branches of the business may be changing once more. For the first time since the 1950s the auction houses seem to be on the defensive, while the mood of the dealers is far removed from the resignation expressed by the long-established Joseph Vanderkar in 1974: "A collector used to work through the dealers much more . . . now the dealer takes the collector to a view at Sotheby's or Christie's, and the customer commissions him to buy . . . the dealer is often no more than a commission agent."

Christie's are still suffering from the after-effects of a hearing in the Supreme Court of New York last July at which they were found guilty of trading malpractices. That resulted in the resignation of David Bathurst, the newly appointed Group Chairman, who had announced that certain pictures had been sold when in fact they had been bought in. This threw into disarray the company's plans for an orderly transition of power from one generation to the next, and the firm now gives an impression of diminished ⋙→

Turner's *Seascape, Folkestone, c* 1845, sold by Sotheby's for £7,370,000 in 1984.

LONDON AS AN ART CENTRE

Obadiah Sherratt's ceramic group, *Wombwells Menagerie*, *c* 1830, sold at Bonham's for £21,000 in 1984.

⋙→ confidence and lack of direction. With the early death of a senior director, Patrick Lindsay, Christie's lost one of its best auctioneers and a major shareholder. There has been speculation for the last six months about the possibility of a takeover, though the firm's major outside shareholder, Sheikh Nasser al-Sabah of Kuwait, a respected connoisseur and collector as well as a businessman, has consistently said that he himself has no wish to take control.

Sotheby's, too, went through a difficult period following the retirement of Peter Wilson, culminating in the change to American ownership. Subsequently the firm has been given a good shaking, involving a number of hierarchical changes, the latest being the designation of Lord Gowrie, formerly Minister for the Arts and before that a London art dealer, as British chairman. At lower levels, cataloguers have been stimulated by a new bonus scheme.

Under the chairmanship of Christopher Weston, Phillips, the third London house, has shown itself to be consistently resourceful and imaginative in attracting new business. Weston is at present in optimistic mood, and the firm is expanding in London, New York, Europe and the provinces. The premises in New York have recently been gutted and fully refurbished in an attempt to boost business there nearer to London levels. Bonham's, the fourth largest auctioneers, specializes in topical sales coinciding with events like Cruft's or Smithfield. They noted more selective buying last year, but are cheerful about the present season.

Despite such optimism, the London auctioneers face some awkward hurdles. The dealers are at last tackling the urgent task of persuading the public to patronize them as well as the salerooms. To succeed they must act in concert, not easy in a notoriously individualistic business.

In the last year two big new fairs have been established in London as showcases for branches of the trade. The first, held in Burlington House last summer, was devoted to original prints; the second, at the Park Lane Hotel in January, was for dealers in drawings and watercolours. Both proved unexpectedly successful. At the drawings fair the doors had to be locked for reasons of safety twice within the first hour and once more on the second morning, traditionally a sluggish time at fairs. More than 10,000 visitors attended during the five-day run, among them the Prince of Wales, himself an amateur painter and occasional collector. One dealer reported that he had more than covered his not inconsiderable costs within the first 40 minutes, and another sold a total of 80 pictures.

Most of the participants in these two fairs were British or British-based dealers. Because of the bureaucracy involved in exporting, and perhaps later re-importing, stock, overseas dealers tend to avoid such ventures until they have proved their value. Already there have been inquiries from abroad about the next fairs.

A Chinese Sancai pottery horse, which sold at Christie's for £237,600 last year.

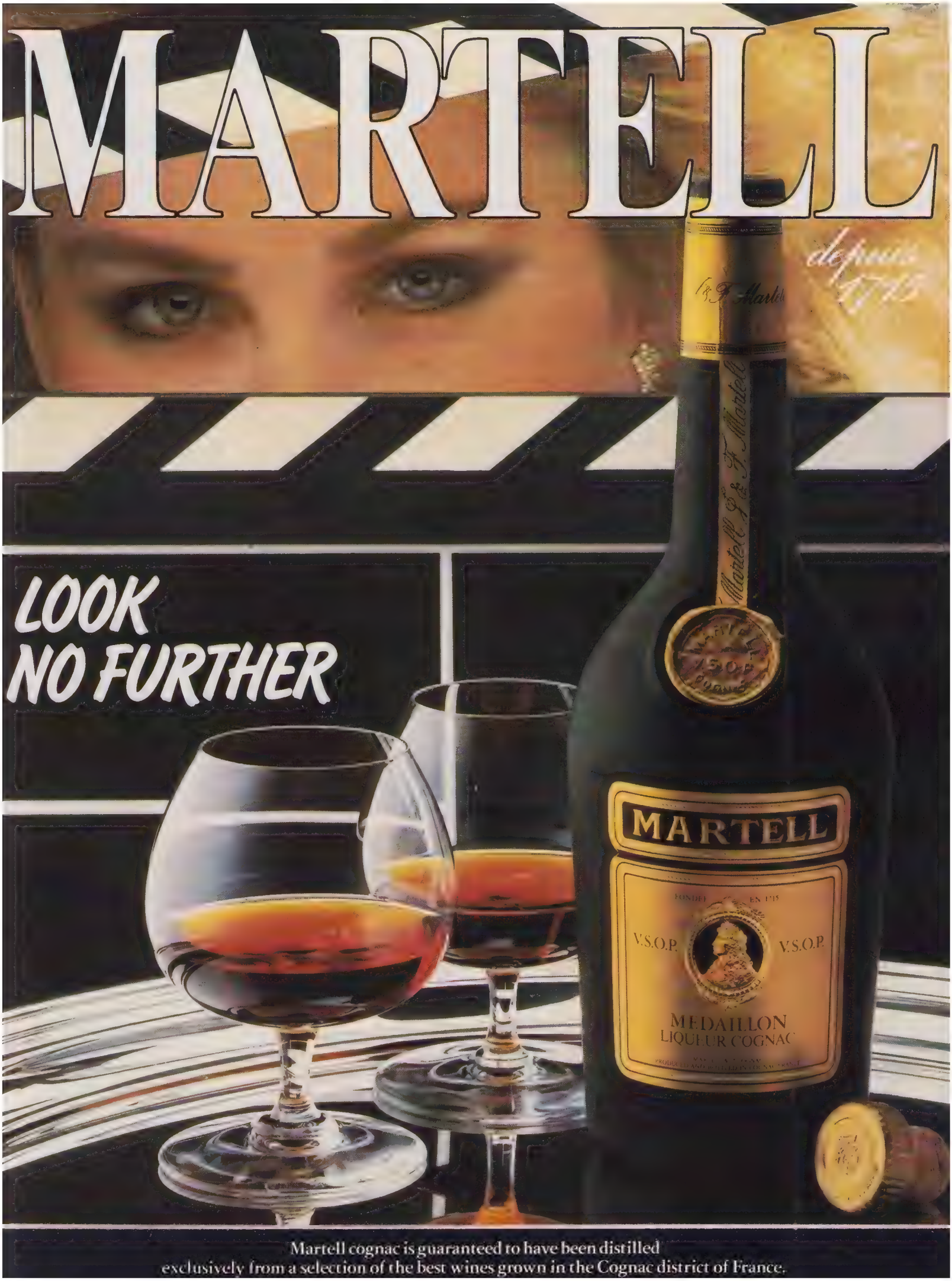
More surprising was the strength of British buying, especially at the drawings fair. Traditionally, watercolours are held to be a peculiarly British interest, but a number of exhibitors had aimed their pictures primarily at American taste. Comparatively few Americans actually attended, yet these pictures still sold without difficulty. It is easy to underestimate British willingness and ability to buy art and antiques.

Many foreigners, including Americans, prefer to buy in London rather than New York, more for psychological than exchange-rate reasons, though these are sometimes important. In the last year Sotheby's have repatriated a number of their sale categories, including Japanese works of art and musical instruments, which meant losing 51 jobs in their New York branch. There are three further threats to the auctioneers' peace of mind, all potentially welcome to the general public, and two at least to dealers. The EEC is currently considering, in its usual laborious way, the regulation of the salerooms' activities; Westminster City Council has discovered that it may have the power to license auction houses within its jurisdiction (including the headquarters of Sotheby's, Christie's and Phillips) and thus to impose trading standards on them as it does on shops; and the Department of Trade and Industry is inquiring into dealers' auction rings and possibly the buyers' premiums charged by the auctioneers, and their attributions of works of art.

For years there has been disquiet at the way in which the auctioneers' conditions of sale absolve them of almost all responsibility for the goods offered. While a dealer will generally buy back items which are not as stated, the buyer at auction can hope for redress only in the case of a provable forgery, the onus of proof being on him, and even then only in the most narrowly defined circumstances. No guarantee at all is given of catalogue attributions.

There have recently been doubts about the origins of several consignments from abroad and about the legitimacy of the vendor's ownership. The impression that auctioneers may be willing to handle doubtful properties cannot be good for their image. London may now be only one among several centres of the world art business, but it is still a most important one. It is to the advantage of all, including the auctioneers themselves, that the business should be seen to be carried on with scrupulous integrity ○

Rysbrack's stone Saxon deity realized £58,000 at Phillips last June.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Artful yet grand

Though funding problems are throwing a question mark over the future of Sutton Place, prodigal expenditure on its gardens has already yielded an enjoyable return, as Judy Astor describes. Photographs by Peter Baistow.

When most owners of large gardens are trying desperately to find ways of cutting down on labour and upkeep, it is refreshing to go round a garden like Sutton Place, which is being restored and re-created with imagination, wit and a lavish disregard for the bottom line of the accounts. Not only has it been rescued from the neglect of the interregnum between Paul Getty's death in 1976 and Stanley Seeger's arrival in 1980, but Mr Seeger, a wealthy American, has embarked on a garden scheme which is 18th-century in scope and ambition, if not in mood.

Sutton Place is a ravishingly pretty Tudor house of soft pink brick and terracotta near Guildford in Surrey. When Stanley Seeger took it over, there was a walled garden at one end of the house, a vast garden of clipped yew hedges and enclosures to the south, laid out by Lady Northcliffe in the early years of the century with the help of Gertrude Jekyll, and a wild garden at the bottom of the south slope running down to the river. It was a good foundation on which to build, and he was lucky in finding in Sir Geoffrey Jellicoe a garden architect whose enthusiasm and imagination were on the same wavelength as his own. They established an immediate rapport, particularly when they discovered that they were both admirers of 20th-century artists like Henry Moore and Ben Nicholson.

This shared interest makes their joint creation something quirkier and more original than just another well planted and beautifully kept up garden. A 12 acre lake has been excavated—a wonderfully extravagant gesture in the tradition of Capability Brown, but peculiarly 20th-century in being shaped to the curves of a Henry Moore. The Gertrude Jekyll-inspired lily pond has been enlarged and turned into a swimming pool, but with a Miró-esque teak raft and stepping stones floating in it.

Again, there is a walk flanked by large Roman urns of varying sizes which has distinctly surreal overtones. The path has been sharply narrowed to distort the perspective one way, while the pots have been arranged to appear to grow larger with distance, thereby distorting it the other way. At the end is a wall with a Magritte-like square window in it, looking out onto nothing. It is a whimsy, a visual joke, and all the more effective because it leads via a tunnel through an evergreen shrubbery to a spectacular *coup de théâtre*—a yew-hedged enclosure with Ben Nicholson's huge white Carrara marble wall sculpture reflected in the dark waters of a pool. Although Nicholson did not live to see it finished, he chose the site himself, and the sculpture is magnificent in its scale and simplicity.

If all this begins to make the garden seem like something out of Pseuds' Corner, nothing could be more misleading. What comes across is not pretentiousness or pomposity, but an infectious enthusiasm and enjoyment which is just as apparent in the more purely horticultural bits of the garden.

Nearest the house, in a new walled enclosure built to balance the original one at the other end, is a Paradise Garden reached by stepping stones across a moat. It is designed to ravish the eye with elaborate artifice; brick paths wind in curves between fountains and arbours and ⋙→

Sir Geoffrey Jellicoe's garden scheme happily marries old and new. The sculptural forms of the yew terraces on the south front of Sutton Place, above, find a subtle 20th-century echo in Ben Nicholson's marble wall, above left. The Miró Pool Garden, right, and the arbours and fountains of the Paradise Garden, far right, show the same blend of tradition and innovation.

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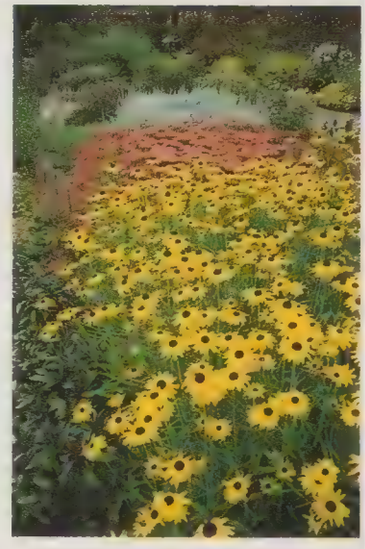
A bed of rudbeckia and sedum, right, adorns the Miró Pool Garden, developed from a walled garden probably designed by Gertrude Jekyll. The lily pond has been enlarged into a swimming pool, with Miró-inspired stepping stones and a kidney-shaped island.



⋙→ tunnels planted with roses, clematis, honeysuckles and laburnum. In between are beds packed to bursting with herbaceous plants and shrubs, their exuberance softening the formality of the design.

Through a yew hedge at one end is its converse, an idealized wilderness with trees in moss circles, fallen logs and the simplest wild flowers, herbaceous plants and species roses. As one might expect, this artfully artless simplicity is fiendishly hard to get right; it requires great discipline and a good eye to know when to leave well alone and how to intervene in such a way that brambles and nettles do not take over, yet the place still looks untouched by human hand. There are windows set into the brick walls so the real wild can be glimpsed from the artificial one.

It could end up as impenetrable as Sleeping Beauty's castle: there are no fewer than three *Rosa filipes* "Kiftsgate" planted along one wall, and as one on its own is capable of smothering several full-sized chestnut trees, three may prove to be altogether too much of a good thing.

Outside the new walled garden, a wide stone path (also new) runs the length of the house and walls between a herbaceous border on one side and Lady Northcliffe's grass and yew terrace on the other. The path is lined with pots of lemon, lime and orange trees in summer, and is broken by an allée of pleached limes at each end. The limes, brought in as big standards from Italy, have been planted for only three or four years; already they are more than 12 feet high and are being trained to wires for the first time this year. In front of the house and a white wistaria-covered pergola, is a charming visual conceit—three low beds planted in homage to Monet's garden at Giverny with his favourite irises, nasturtiums, paeonies and penstemons, his red *Bellis perennis* and big red poppies.

A quick dash past the Miró-inspired swimming pool, past the especially good form of *Wistaria sinensis*, takes one into the original walled garden, once the Getty lion's den, which is now being transformed into a cut-flower garden and *potager* large enough to feed an army of vegetarians. The gravel paths are being immaculately laid, Bredon gravel over grey scalpings, so a puddle will never lie on them no matter how hard it rains. And on each side, concealing the vegetable and fruit cages, will be espaliers culminating in two of what Sir Geoffrey describes as espaliered escaliers—look-outs with cast-iron steps and platforms surrounded by carefully trained fruit trees. I imagine them as a sort of horticultural Colditz from which keen-eyed sentinels will keep watch over the raspberries.

One of the great pleasures of Sutton Place, for those without an envious nature, is the attention to expensive detail. Not a corner has been cut, not a penny pinched. There is much that is new, but you would never guess it, because nothing is raw or brash. The bricks of the new walled garden blend in with the soft random colours of the Tudor brick because they were handmade to match in different toneş. The stone of the paths already looks old. The paths of the *potager* are edged in dog-tooth terracotta. The bricks of paths and terraces are laid without cement so moss will grow in the cracks: it does, and looks beautiful. A yearly dose of simazine ensures that no weed usurps. Doors, gates, handles and hinges have all been designed and executed with love and care.

At the same time thousands of trees are being planted on the other side of the lake, and thousands more, scrubby self-sown ash and sycamore seedlings, are being winched out of the wild garden so the river can be glimpsed through the original plantings of magnolias, hybrid rhododendrons and pieris. It is landscaping and restoration on a grand scale—Capability Brown would have approved ○

Sutton Place near Guildford, Surrey, is open to the public 10am-5pm on May 25, 26, June 22, July 27 and August 24, 25, 1986. Admission £2 adults, £1 students and children, £5 family ticket (two adults, three children).

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PILKINGTON GLASS

Floating to the top

Carol Kennedy describes how the invention of float glass transformed the fortunes of the St Helens firm.

"We claim with some justification to be one of the success stories of British industry," says Antony Pilkington, chairman of the glass company and the last direct descendant in the business founded in 1826 in St Helens, Lancashire, by brothers Richard and William Pilkington. From a small, £10,000 family firm making window glass by the "crown" method of spinning out the molten glass into a disc, it is now a vast and varied international group with 44,000 employees and a turnover last year of £1,226 million, 70 per cent of it earned outside the UK.

Pilkington is one of the world's largest producers of flat glass, whose products are used for cameras, contact lenses, soluble glass pellets containing essential trace elements for livestock, coated glass for satellite solar cells and sophisticated defence and medical equipment using advanced holographic and laser technology. One of its many inventions holds 75 per cent of the Japanese market in light-sensitive sunglasses.

In almost every generation the company's progress has been marked by its ability to develop new ideas. The invention of float glass by Sir Alastair Pilkington (no direct relation to the St Helens family) ranks as one of the key industrial discoveries of the 20th century. For once, too, a British invention, properly developed and marketed at source, assured Britain the technological leadership of an entire industry. Royalties from worldwide licensing agreements for the process earned the group around £30 million last year.

The traumatic seven-week strike in the spring of 1970, just after the board's decision to go public later in the year, caused a stir that is still remembered in industry. Pilkington's labour relations had been regarded as a model of their kind for a century, in the non-conformist, paternalist tradition of family firms like the Cadburys and Rowntrees. Pilkington had pioneered many welfare services for its workforce, including in-house pension schemes and medical care.

The strike was sparked by the seemingly trivial issue of a wrongly made out pay cheque; it flared into a full-scale dispute over wages and differentials and then into a conflagration between the established glassworkers' union and a militant breakaway group. Coming at a time when share prices generally were sagging, it provided a severe test of nerve for Pilkington's board in going ahead with the flotation, a move first considered by Sir Harry Pilkington in 1960. After the strike the company brought in new, formal wage agreements and reformed their industrial relations procedures.

In the last five years, like many other large industrial companies, Pilkington has shed thousands of jobs without major disruption. At St Helens alone, where the group is still based, the workforce was halved from 13,500 to 6,500. Through the Community of St Helens Trust, an enterprise agency fusing the efforts of trade unions, banks, local industry and municipal government, it has also helped start up around 300 new businesses in the area.

Since its beginnings as the St Helens Crown Glass Co in 1826, Pilkington has been noted for its technical innovation and a devotion to the material from which it earns its living. Sir Alastair Pilkington, at 65 president of the company (he has just retired as a non-executive director), is an engaging enthusiast whose apartment in London's Belgravia is filled with examples of the glassmaker's art, including a large ornamental chunk of black glass cut from a single block. "Glass is an absolutely magical material," he says. "Everyone who gets involved in glass becomes obsessed by it. It has the most extraordinary range of uses."

He does have reservations about fulfilling the glassmaker's ultimate dream of creating the truly unbreakable glass. "I may be rash, but I think it's impossible." But in the next 20 years he sees the possibility of glass dominating in an increasing number of areas, and one of its great natural advantages is that its raw materials will never be subject to shortages. The British glass industry was originally centred on Lancashire because of the prevalence there of coal and cheap transport, with easy access to limestone, dolomite and soda ash, though the sandfields around St Helens, from which Pilkington dug its supplies for 150 years, have now been abandoned for "imports" from Cheshire.

Essentially a super-cooled liquid, glass is one of the most versatile substances known to man, capable of being drawn into a thinness of 50 microns—half that of a human hair—or being bonded with layers of plastic to make bullet-resistant (they do not say "bullet-proof") windows for the limousines of presidents and prime ministers, Margaret Thatcher among them. These windows are made with three layers of glass and four of plastic, fused in varying configurations to make a weighty sheet 2 inches thick. It costs £21,000 to armour a Daimler. The windscreen in a Boeing 747 costs £10,000 and consists of similar bonding, in this case three layers each of glass and plastic.

Pilkington's first major innovation came in the firm's second generation, when Richard's and William's sons, two from each family, went into the production of plate glass, a thick and luxurious product which involved casting the glass on a table, then separately grinding and polishing both surfaces. The new plant at Cowley Hill in St Helens required a doubling of the firm's capital investment, but demand for glass was soaring in Victorian Britain following the removal of glass excise duties in 1845 and with the growth in large department stores, hotels, multiple shops and glass-roofed railway stations. Business boomed for the three main British manufacturers: Pilkington, Chance of Smethwick and Hartley of Sunderland, but there was fierce competition from European glassmakers, chiefly in Belgium.

Neither of the first two Pilkington brothers left a large fortune: Richard's will totalled less than £50,000 in 1869 and William's less than £100,000 in 1872. But by concentrating on plate-glass manufacture (a decision which nearly split the second-generation partnership until the large investment proved itself), their sons developed a flourishing export trade and a foothold in France, near their Belgian rivals.

Plants were opened between 1879 and 1912 in North America, where the race was on to perfect a continuous process of manufacturing sheet glass, hitherto an intermittent operation of drawing the glass out into a long cylinder, opening it out and flattening it. Pilkington lost out in the 1920s to American innovation and it was not until the 1930s that the St Helens firm, building on others' technology, became fully competitive again in the sheet-glass market. In the manufacture of plate, however, it remained the leader, developing in 1923, with the Ford Motor Company of America, a continuous grinding and polishing process. In 1935 it assured itself a technological lead in the industry by inventing a twin grinder capable of dealing with both surfaces of the plate glass ribbon simultaneously.

Also in the 1930s, back in Britain, the company took over one of its oldest rivals, Chance's, thereby obtaining a stake in optical glass and in the infant business of glass-fibre manufacture. It also acquired a majority interest in Triplex, which eventually commanded 90 per cent of the UK market for safety glass in the automobile and aviation industries.

The years after the Second World War were buoyant for the glass business, in both the building and motor trades. (Wars, with their toll of window glass, are almost the only phenomenon to produce a bulge in the otherwise steady 2 to 3 per cent annual growth in consumption of flat glass.) The American trend towards glass-walled office towers and the DIY boom in home improvements, including insulation, also gave Pilkington rewarding markets.

But the greatest technological leap forward was the discovery of float glass. It remains a process, as Sir Alastair Pilkington says, that is "almost theoretically perfect, one in which everything is on your side because nature is working with you, not against you". In 1952, when he began working on the problem, everyone in the glass industry knew that the company which could per-

Sir Alastair Pilkington, the company's president, whose invention of float glass in the 1950s assured Britain the technological leadership of the entire glass industry. "Glass is an absolutely magical material," he says.

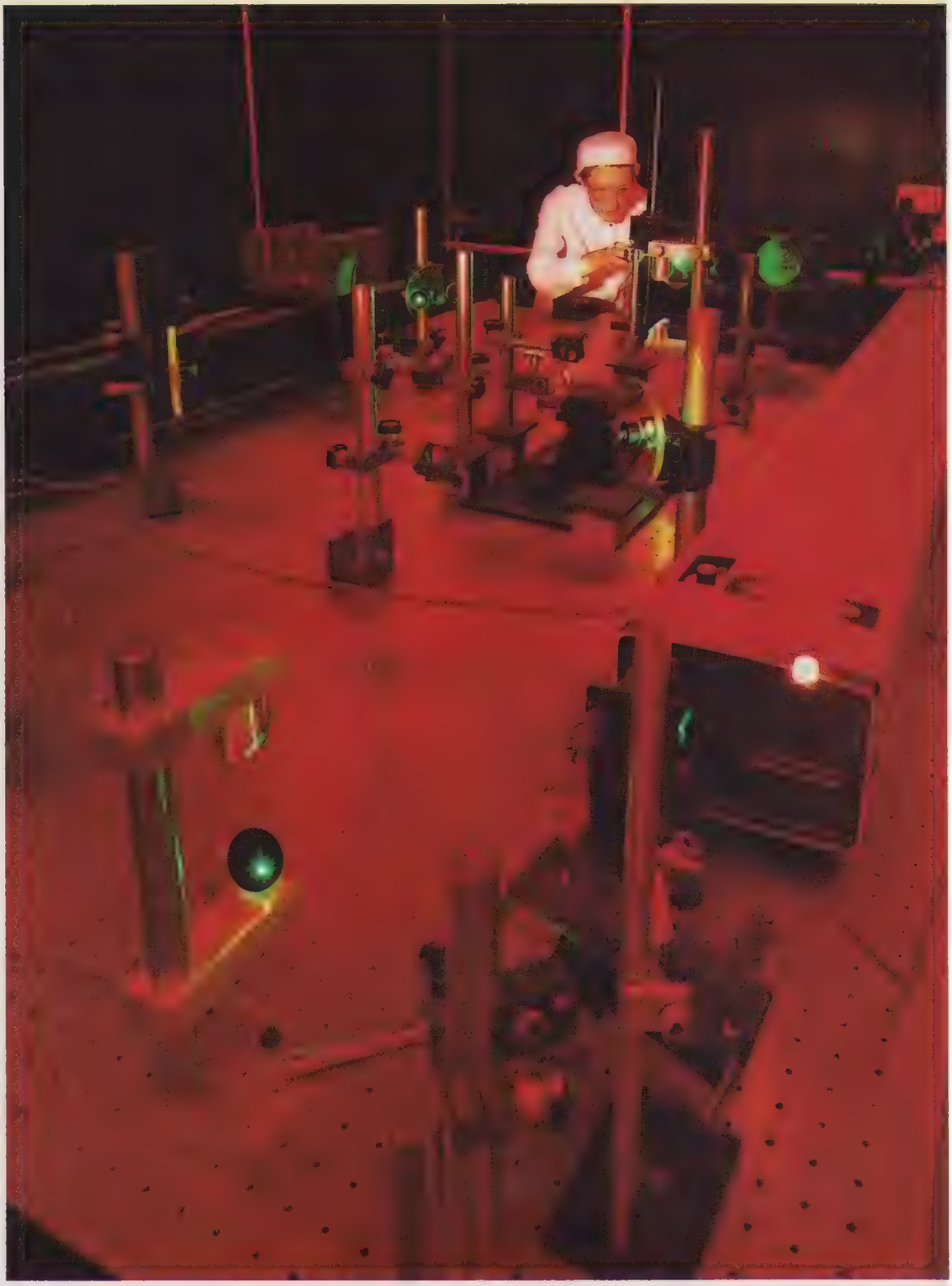
fect a method of preserving the brilliant surface of glass without having to grind and polish it would be on to a world beater. It was literally the glittering prize every glassmaker was after.

Alastair Pilkington, who had been recruited from Cambridge as a promising young scientist in 1947—he came from a Yorkshire branch of the Pilkington family—was fascinated by the interaction of glass and molten metals. The idea came to him of "fire-finishing" glass by floating it on a bath of molten tin. The temperature of the tin in the bath is raised high enough to melt out irregularities in the glass. It is then progressively cooled until the glass hardens. Tin, he says with lyrical enthusiasm, "might almost have been designed by the Almighty for making glass". Natural gravity and tension combined to make the top of the glass ribbon as smooth as the bottom.

The original sketches he made still look remarkably like a modern float-glass plant, but the process took seven years to prove itself and for 14 months the pilot plant, running 24 hours a day, produced nothing but cullet, or broken glass.

Alastair Pilkington, who was by then on the board, had to go back every month to his fellow-directors asking for another £100,000 to continue. In the end the development costs came to £4 million, on a company turnover of £30 million. The firm could not afford both the float project and the modernization needed for its plate-glass plants if float failed. "There were people beginning to believe that it was impossible," Sir Alastair recalls today. "But the chairman, Sir Harry (later Lord) Pilkington, was an absolutely solid supporter. He was intensely aware of the importance of it, and he told me at the time that even if it doesn't come through it will have been worth every penny. That meant a lot to me."

Many people in Pilkington, including the present chairman, Antony Pilkington, who in 1959 was a newly joined trainee, now think that if the company had been public at that time, with shareholders' eyes upon it, the board might well not have ⋙→



Lasers are used in holography for "head-up" displays—electro-optic systems for projecting flight information onto pilots' windscreens.

⋙→ had the nerve to go through with the float gamble.

The breakthrough came, as with many inventions, through what Sir Alastair calls "the happy accident". A number of problems were creating impurities in the glass. One by one they were solved but during the process of vitrification—as the glass moved from its liquid to its crystalline state—stagnancy was occurring which left bubble-like faults in the material. As Sir Alastair recalls, they put burners underneath the spout through which the glass was being poured onto the bath of molten tin. "We tried to melt it all out and when we did that the centre of the spout cracked in a sort of V shape and then suddenly we got saleable glass. The particular shape into which the spout had broken was an important part of avoiding stagnancy. That was the happy accident." Another was that the thickness of glass produced was about ¼ inch, and 60 per cent of Pilkington's flat-glass market at the time was for ¼ inch glass.

The development had successfully been kept secret and came as a complete surprise to the rest of the industry: Pilkington had sold more than 1 million square feet of the new glass, mainly to its windscreen subsidiary Triplex, before it announced the process to the world. Pilkington was at last sitting on a gold mine, but how should it best exploit its new discovery? The ways it chose to license manufacture around the world are now a standard case study in management schools. By 1974 the float process had virtually replaced the production of polished plate glass everywhere. Today, 35 manufacturers are licensed in 21 countries, including the Soviet Union, and there are 100 float plants in operation, projected, or under construction.

Float technology led to other innovations such as penetration of the molten glass by metal ions to produce tinted glass, a product much in demand for architectural and automotive uses. A special "Ten-Twenty" laminated glass using layers of plastic and thin float glass won Triplex a Queen's Award for Industry in 1974.

Sir Harry Pilkington, the chairman from 1949 to 1973 who so boldly put his faith in float glass, was a man of immense energy and sense of duty, renowned for bicycling to his London business appointments and for serving on public commissions, including one on broadcasting. He was succeeded by Sir Alastair, who had been elected a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1969 and under whose chairmanship the company expanded into Germany, Sweden, Australia and Mexico. But by 1981, when Antony Pilkington, then aged 46, took over the chair, the British flat-glass market was already in deep recession and being flooded by European competitors.

Further trouble came as a result of the Thatcher Government withdrawing grants for council-house insulation in 1980. Pilkington's insulation division, encouraged, like other glass fibre manufacturers, to expand its capacity under the previous grants programme, was "devastated", says Antony Pilkington. In three years the division went from a £20 million profit to a £12 million loss. "In 1982 we had to close down an entire plant which we had only built in 1966."

Pilkington's insulation business is picking up again now with the withdrawal of one major competitor and a new Government-approved drive on energy-saving in 1986. "We're about the worst insulated country in the Western world for our climate," says Antony Pilkington. "There's plenty to go at. Peter Walker, the Secretary of State for Energy, says £7 billion can be saved by energy conservation management—and we are far and away the biggest manufac-

A control room overlooking the warehouse end of a float-glass line at the Cowley Hill works of Pilkington Glass.

turers of insulation materials in this country."

Under Antony Pilkington, management has been streamlined, producing a smaller main board (from 10 to seven executive directors, and five non-executives); the group has been further de-centralized and a strategy for acquisitions drawn up. Flat and safety glass will continue to be the core business; last year it generated £1 billion out of the £1.2 billion turnover and £83 million out of the group's £86 million trading profit. But there will be increasing attention to electro-optics and ophthalmics, which currently form 10 to 12 per cent of the group's sales and which the chairman would like to see roughly trebled in about 10 years—from current sales of £150 millon to £160 million combined to, say, around £400 million.

A recent acquisition in the US was Syntex Ophthalmics of Phoenix, Arizona, which makes contact lenses and fits well with Pilkington's existing glass and plastic lens business. It also has a distribution system, giving Pilkington a direct channel into the rich US eye-care market. Another major American acquisition, this time in electro-optics, may be announced this spring after a study of 200 candidate companies. Electro-optics, with its considerable defence potential, probably has the greater growth prospects of the two.

Pilkington recently bought out the profitable glass-making arm of Libbey-Owens-Ford of Ohio, in which it already had a 29.5 per cent stake. This acquisition makes Pilkington the world's leading producer of float glass and changes the geographical balance of its business: one third of its sales will now originate in the US.

Meanwhile, up at Pilkington's big research and development base at Lathom, near St Helens, with its staff of 700, fascinating new products continue to be evolved from this most versatile of materials. The main concentration is on coated glass of various kinds, which has a major part to play in energy-saving. "Adding to the properties of glass by sophisticated coatings will be one of the biggest areas of change for the future," says Sid Robinson, director of research. Many new functions can be built into glass, such as printed circuit alarms for car windows, or heat lines in a rear window doubling as the car's radio aerial, thereby foiling vandals.

In any one year, around 300 projects are under way at Lathom, including at present highly advanced work using the technique of holography—reflected light beams—to equip US fighter planes with "head-up" displays on the pilot's windscreen. He gets a wider field of view, brighter optical intensity and more in-built information as he flies at speeds of between 700 and 1,500mph.

Laser technology is being used in commercial products such as check-out scanners for supermarkets and in medical applications like Fiberlase, a fibre optic that is taken into the body with a laser at its tip to work on the old principle of cauterizing wounds. There is much excitement over the future of optical fibres as the "data highway" for multiplexing in computer systems, replacing copper cable.

Pilkington's research and development laboratories have also greatly improved process control on the float technique: float lines which produced 2,000 to 2,500 tons in 1970 turn out 5,000 to 6,000 tons today. There can hardly be another revolutionary change in flat-glass production like float, but more uses will be found for the basic material that can be as strong as steel or as fine as half the thickness of a hair, and whose components are virtually the same as the earth's crust ○

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Canada's fair showplace

David Tennant previews EXPO 86 which opens with a spectacular array of pavilions and exhibits in Vancouver on May 2, and looks at the city's other attractions in its centenary year.

When the Prince and Princess of Wales officially open EXPO 86 in Vancouver on May 2 they will inaugurate one of the most imaginative world fairs of recent times. With the wide-embracing theme of "World in Motion—World in Touch" it portrays in many ingenious and exciting ways man's achievements in transport and communications, and exhibits products and culture from the 45 participating nations, and from numerous corporations and enterprises.

There are more than 80 pavilions, several of startling design, such as those of British Columbia and Ontario, in the main 170 acre site spread out along the much-indented False Creek on the southern edge of the city centre. Formerly a run-down commercial zone, this area has been transformed—planning began as far back as 1978—into a stunning exhibition. A monorail and two cable-car networks criss-cross the site while specially built small ferries ply back and forth along the perimeter.

There are three large theme pavilions and three open-air plazas which concentrate on land, air and water and how we travel over, through and across them. One of the most spectacular exhibits is Highway 86, a gigantic "conceptual sculpture" which rises in a series of "waves" from the waters of False Creek to a viaduct on the edge of the site. Although many international participants were keeping their final plans secret until the opening, some have indicated what they will display. The UK shows many of its pioneering efforts in technology, from the first steam engine to the first commercial computer. Japan has its high-speed Maglev train while France takes visitors into its pavilion on a revolutionary new movalator. Indonesia highlights how it copes with transportation among its islands, and the USA exhibits its advances in space travel, in spite of recent set-backs, as does the USSR.

The second site, devoted exclusively to the Canada Pavilion, is a 4 acre lot jutting out into Burrard Inlet, the main harbour area of Vancouver on the north side of the city centre. For those arriving by cruise liner this is the Gateway to EXPO, as it is now the main passenger pier. The multi-floored pavilion is topped out by five gigantic "sails", like a vast schooner heading into the wind. Within are many exhibits including two unique audio-visual shows, an art gallery and concert hall. An integral part of the building, which now dominates the waterfront, is the new 500 bedroom *de luxe* Pan Pacific Hotel. When EXPO closes, the pavilion will remain as the Vancouver World Trade and Convention Centre.

The two sites are linked by part of the city's recently opened Rapid Transit system of fully-automated trains, a four-minute ride partly underground, partly on elevated track. And there are also hovercraft and hydrofoil services sweeping round the coastline providing a thrilling 15 minute ride.

Many special events will take place during EXPO, all of them linked with the fair. Until mid May Canada's polar regions will be the theme of a display while at the end of the month there is "Steamexpo" with around 40 steam locomotives in action. On June 7 there will be a fly-past by about 60 DC 3s (Dakotas) to mark the golden jubilee of this renowned civilian aircraft. From July 6 to 10 more than 700 vintage cars will be on parade while on July 18 the winning entry for the Can $250,000 prize for an innovative "transportation vehicle" (plus runners up) will be on display.

Most spectacular of all the special events will be from July 25 to 31 when 40 Tall Ships will gather in Vancouver harbour having sailed from Hawaii. Aviation is the theme during the first 10 days in August while at the end of that month "human transportation" predominates. Among September's shows (13 to 16) is underwater and offshore exploration followed on September 29 by six days devoted to the world's railways.

Alongside these events will be the largest international celebration of the performing arts in Canada since the Montreal EXPO of 1967. Among the visitors will be the Royal Ballet from London, the Kirov Ballet from Leningrad and the Philadelphia Orchestra, while Vancouver's own excellent symphony orchestra will give regular concerts throughout the EXPO period with soloists from all over the world. There is even a World Drum Festival at the end of July. Each participating country's national day will be marked with appropriate celebrations and the Royal Canadian Mounted Police will

give their spectacular musical ride daily. Add to this at EXPO rodeos, pop concerts, drama productions, late evening shows with top performers and nightly firework displays.

Vancouver, which is also celebrating its centenary this year, is an ideal location for all this exciting activity, not least because of its beautiful setting. Mountains to the north and east provide a spectacular backdrop to the huge natural harbour of Burrard Inlet and its adjacent creeks and bays. On the edge of the city centre is the 1,000 acre Stanley Park with virgin woodland, handsome gardens, a zoo and aquarium all lapped by the waters of the Pacific, and still only a few minutes' drive from the downtown business area. The University of British Columbia occupies an adjacent peninsula and has a spacious and verdant campus, while the city's other major seat of learning, the Simon Fraser University, with its superb modern architecture, sits on top of Burnaby Mountain (it is really just a hill) and has fine panoramic views.

The city centre, like so many others in Canada and the USA, has been revitalized in recent years with pedestrian precincts and plantings of gardens, trees and fountains. Near the harbour is Gastown, a somewhat sanitized but nevertheless charming re-creation of turn-of-the-century Vancouver with its restaurants, shops, pubs, cafés and arts and crafts establishments.

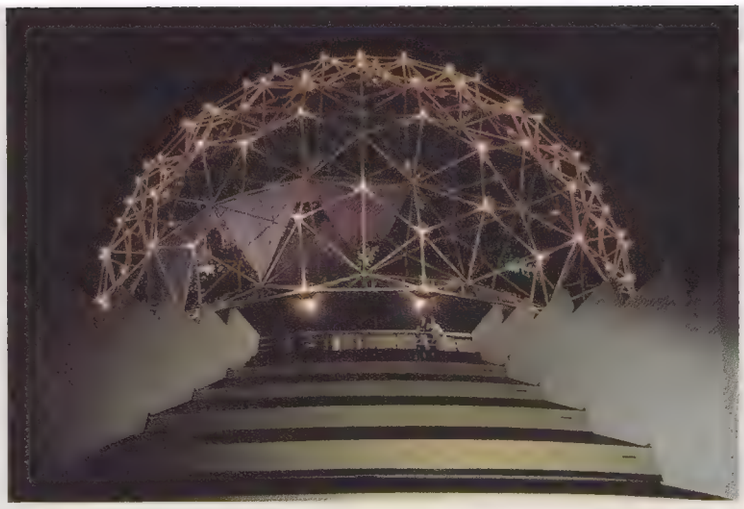
Next door is Vancouver's Chinatown, the second-largest in North America after San Francisco. Now a preserved historical zone it is colourful and lively with excellent Chinese restaurants and a market which is particularly dazzling on Sundays.

One of the newer visitor-orientated areas is Granville Island in False Creek, only a few hundred yards from the EXPO site. This once rather dilapidated industrial zone has recently been transformed into an attractive site, with high-class residential quarters, a centre of arts and crafts, restaurants, shops and a marina, yet it still retains some light industry.

EXPO apart, perhaps the most striking of the city's assets in the last decade is the dome-covered BC Place Stadium. It can seat 60,000 and many of the live EXPO events will be staged there.

Barely half an hour's drive from the city centre across the elegant Lion's Gate suspension bridge is the beautiful Capilano Canyon Park which features some rather bogus American Indian artifacts. Here you can walk across the world's longest suspension footbridge and wander through delightful woodland. Only a couple of miles away there is a modern cable car to the top of the 3,974 foot Grouse Mountain from which are superb views of Vancouver and far beyond.

The 95 minute car-ferry crossing from Tsawwassen, about half an hour's drive south of Vancouver, to Swartz Bay, a few miles north of Victoria on Vancouver Island, must rank as one of the most scenic in Canada. The last part among wood-encrusted off-shore islands is particularly attractive. Victoria, capital of British Columbia, often called the most English of Canadian cities, clusters around yet another sheltered natural harbour. Its museum depicts in colourful ways the story of the province while Craigflower Manor evokes life on Vancouver island a century ago.



Top, the Dome covering the Omnimax theatre at the EXPO Centre and, above, the Canada Pavilion, flagship of EXPO 86, on Burrard Inlet, Vancouver.

A few miles north of the city and on the way to Nanaimo, from where a second ferry route links the island with greater Vancouver, are the Butchart Gardens, generally acknowledged to be the finest in Canada. They were certainly glorious when I called there on a warm, sunny autumn day. Farther north is the fascinating Forestry Museum near Chemainus telling the story of timber, British Columbia's main industry. It has a 2-mile-long steam-hauled railway chugging around the forest where some of the exhibits are on display.

The Okanagan Valley is one of the most fertile parts of British Columbia and is reached by a six hour drive via the unspoiled and beautiful Manning Provincial Park, or by air in under an hour. The area is the heart of the Province's fruit-growing country—apples, apricots, cherries, peaches, pears and plums in abundance—and the British Columbian wine industry is burgeoning here. The days when their products were considered inferior have long since gone and some excellent vintages are produced. There are good watersport facilities on the 60-mile-long Lake Okanagan, including fishing, sailing, wind-surfing and water-skiing. A couple of days relaxation here after the energetic activity of EXPO is welcome.

British Columbians are not demonstrative or boastful but they have every reason to believe that their province is the most attractive in Canada. They are greeting EXPO and the benefits it will bring with considerable enthusiasm, particularly after the setbacks that the world recession has brought in its wake. Tourism is British Columbia's third largest industry and 1986 will certainly see it booming. One thing is sure—the welcome to all visitors will be stronger than ever ○

Getting there: I flew by Air Canada which has both non-stop and connecting flights from London (Heathrow), Manchester and Prestwick. Return fares from London: excursion, £408-£508; normal economy (no restrictions), £870; executive (Club), £1,468; first class, £2,530. The route is also served by British Airways (London only) and Wardair with slight variation in cost. Also charter flights from Gatwick and various regional airports at lower cost.

EXPO 86: One-day ticket, Can$20. Three-day ticket, Can$45. Season pass, Can$160. Half-price for children six to 12 and senior citizens 65 or over. Tickets can be purchased in advance from Tickets EXPO, Box 1850, Station A, Vancouver BC V6C 3A9 or by American Express, Mastercharge (Access) or Visa cards by telephone, 0101 604 660 3976. Accommodation can be reserved for a Can$5 fee through British Columbia Ministry of Tourism's agency, ResWest, from Box 1138, Station A, Vancouver BC V6C 2T1 (0101 604 662 3300). Full information on the exhibition from all Canadian Embassies, High Commissions and Consulates or direct from the addresses below.

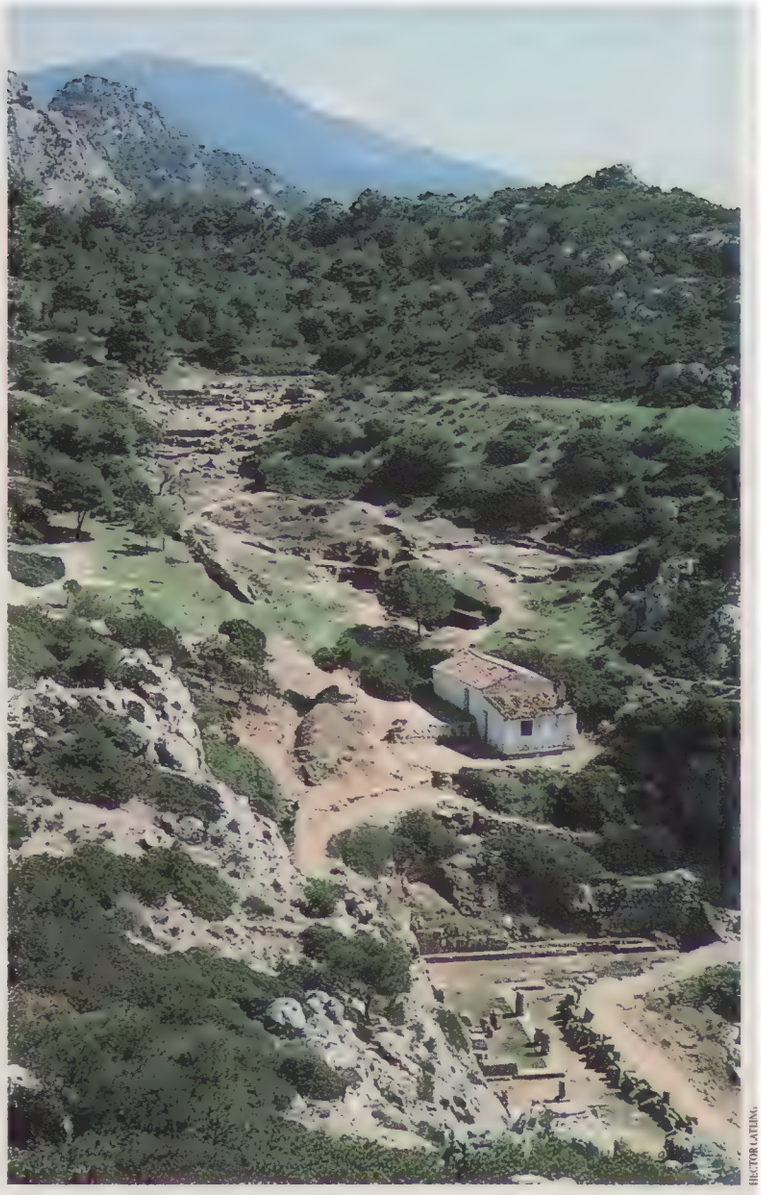
Sample inclusive holidays: Seven nights in Vancouver with choice of hotels £629 to £825 (Albany Travel); 17-day escorted tour visiting eastern and western Canada by air and then train from Prince George to Vancouver with three days there, £1,095-£1,215 (Thomas Cook); Cross Canada by Train—14 days flying into Toronto out of Vancouver with three nights in the latter (extension available), £1,349-£1,588 (P & O Air Holidays); all prices from London. Details from travel agents.

Further addresses: Tourism Office, Canada House, Trafalgar Square, London SW1Y 5BJ (629 9492); Tourism BC, 1 Regent Street, SW1Y 4NS (930 6857); EXPO Info, Box 1800, Vancouver BC V6C 3A2 (0101-604 660 3976).

ARCHAEOLOGY 3027

The Hellenist School

Dr Hector Catling, Director of the British School at Athens, which celebrates its centenary this year, describes the School's contributions to the archaeology of Greece



HECTOR CATLING

There are two dominant threads running through the history of the British School at Athens. First, it has been a focus for the research of its members who have included many of the most distinguished and influential British Hellenists. Second is its work as an institution. Over the years this work has steadily diversified to include excavations, surface surveys, laboratory studies, publications and instructional courses.

A major benefaction by Dr Marc and Mrs Ismene Fitch led in 1974 to the launching of the scientific laboratory that bears their names. With a generous gift from Mr C. Williams and support from the British Academy the laboratory has expanded. It is the only unit of its kind to be attached to a British School overseas. It is equipped for chemical and petrographic analysis of pottery, for the non-destructive analysis of metals and for archaeological prospection. Some prospection in collaboration with the French School has located potters' kilns on the island of Thasos, and with the Canadian Institute revealed part of the buried plan of ancient Stymphalos in north-east Arcadia. Pottery analysis seeks to help archaeologists decide where different groups of pottery were made and thus refine knowledge of ancient trade. The Fitch Laboratory has worked extensively on Minoan and Mycenaean pottery, studying the manufacturing centres of material distributed from Italy and Sardinia in the west via the Aegean region to Cyprus, Egypt and the Levant. A current project, using atomic absorption analysis, is tracing the sources of pottery imported to Knossos between 1000 and 650 BC.

Excavations and surveys have been the most conspicuous part of the School's institutional work. The strong topographical tradition of early days is maintained by the present generation: teams of field-walkers on surface surveys intensively examine relatively restricted regions to study the whole of their human history against their environmental and ecological backgrounds.

Since F. C. Penrose, the School's first director, dug on the Temple of Olympian Zeus in Athens in 1886, the School has been privileged to excavate in Greece almost annually, taking full advantage of the generous allowance of three excavation permits a year allowed by the Greek authorities to each foreign School. More than 100 sites on mainland and island Greece have been excavated, contributing to the overall pattern of fieldwork undertaken by the Greek archaeological authorities. Only at Knossos and to a lesser extent at Sparta has work persisted at a single site for many years.

The School's first major excavation, in 1890-93, was at Megalopolis in Arcadia. With the description of Pausanias, the traveller of the second century AD, as a guide, the excavations uncovered the largest theatre in Greece, capable of holding 21,000, an assembly-hall and a portico.

In 1896 the School went to the island of Melos in the south-west Cyclades to work near the spot where, in 1820, the famous *Venus de Milo* had been discovered. This was the city sacked by the Athenians in such tragic circumstances during the Peloponnesian War in 416 BC. The excavation was halted as realization grew of the very damaged state of the site; of interest was the Roman Hall of the Mystae, with a fine mosaic floor. But the School's first major success was at Phylakopi, a major Bronze Age town on the north coast of Melos. As a prehistoric site it was a harbinger of things to come. Work went on here until 1899, uncovering a long succession of settlements from the end of the Late Bronze Age in the 12th century BC to the beginnings of urban life in the Early Bronze Age. These results allowed the sequence of decorated Cycladic pottery to be evolved; imports of pottery from Greece, Crete and Cyprus proved invaluable for cross-dating, and were a reminder of the international importance of Melos from the earliest times for its two sources of obsidian (volcanic glass) at Sta Nychia and Demenegaki. Work resumed at Phylakopi in 1911 and again in 1974-77 when A. C. Renfrew found a fine sanctuary of the Late Bronze Age and much of its furnishings—sealstones, bronzes and terracottas and a magnificent painted female figure, the "Lady of Phylakopi". Elsewhere on the site a Linear A tablet was found, the only example so far found outside Crete.

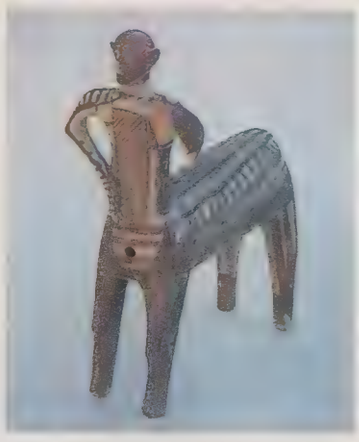
The School's work in Greek Prehistory was immensely influenced by two men, Sir Arthur Evans and Professor Alan Wace. Evans not only excavated at the Palace of Knossos, defining the Bronze Age (Minoan) civilization of Crete, but also inspired several generations of British scholars to work in Crete and led the School to concentrate much of its excavation work there. He gave the School all his property at Knossos—he had purchased a tract of land there that included the site of the Palace, before he began excavating it in the 1890s. He also left an endowment for maintenance, employment of staff and future excavation. Although Evans's estate was later given to the Greek government, the School maintains an excavation and study centre at Knossos, with library and residential accommodation, and in 1968-71 built a substantial store for the Greek Archaeological Service (the Stratigraphic Museum) to house secondary finds.

Subsequent excavation in the Knossos area has been almost continuous. J. D. Evans, digging in 1957-70 in the Neolithic levels deep beneath the Palace, showed that the first settlers had arrived on the site *circa* 6000 BC, thus raising the date for the origins of settled life in Crete to a level comparable with key sites elsewhere in Greece and farther east. In 1957-61, M. S. F. Hood's excavations, when School director, north and south of the Royal Road, went far to vindicate controversial aspects of Arthur Evans's work. The "Unexplored Mansion", dug by M. R. Popham and L. H. Sackett in 1967-73, was found to be another of the fine mansions built around the Palace periphery. Most recently, between 1978 and 1982, P. M. Warren, digging within the Minoan town west-northwest of the Palace, found what seems to have been a Late Minoan I shrine of *circa* 1500-1450 BC with fine decorated pottery and gruesome evidence suggesting the ritual slaughter of children.

At the request of the Greek authorities the School has from time to time undertaken rescue excavation in the Knossos area, culminating in 1978 at a site earmarked for the new University of Crete. The North Cemetery proved to be one of the largest yet known at Knossos, belonging to its post-Minoan history. More than 300 graves were excavated, some 80 dating between *circa*

Left, Perachora, near Corinth, site of one of the School's most successful excavations. Top right, the Lady of Phylakopi, a painted pottery figure from a Late Bronze Age shrine on Melos. Bottom right, a protogeometric centaur figure from the Dark Age cemetery at Lefkandi, Euboea.

COLIN RENFREW



MERVYN POPHAM

1050 and 650 BC. More than 2,000 vases of this period were found, including imports from other regions in Greece, the islands and Cyprus. There was also a large Hellenistic cemetery and an Early Christian mortuary basilica and its associated ossuaries, nearly completely destroyed by stone-robbers when the walls of Candia were erected in the 16th century.

The School's most important excavation in Crete before the Second World War was Pendlebury's at the refuge settlement of Karphi, high up in the mountains north of the Lasithi plain. Here he found remains of houses and shrines dating to the very end of the Minoan period perched precariously around the great rock spur which gives the site its name ("Karphi" means nail); its very inaccessibility illustrates the terrors that overshadowed its population and the degree to which the settled Minoan order of things had been upset. The finds included a remarkable series of large wheel-made pottery figures of women with upraised arms, including one with sacred symbols on her head, perhaps a goddess.

Interest in the prehistory of the Greek mainland, slower to develop in the School, notwithstanding the brilliance of the discoveries of Heinrich Schliemann and his successors at Mycenae, involved a search for prehistoric sites in Thessaly and Macedonia. It culminated in Wace and Thompson's *Prehistoric Thessaly* (1912), a landmark in Greek prehistoric studies, Casson's *Macedonia, Thrace and Illyria* (1926) and W. R. Heurtley's *Prehistoric Macedonia* (1939). In the 1960s the late E. S. Higgs with his Greek colleague S. Dakaris explored parts of Epirus and Macedonia in search of palaeolithic occupation, whose existence in Greece had only very recently been recognized. They found many sites, subsequently excavating rock shelters in the Louros Gorge in Epirus, and a cave at Kastritsa, near Ioannina, where Upper and Middle Palaeolithic horizons were identified. This work has continued and now G. Bailey is excavating a newly-found rock-shelter in the Vicos Gorge in west Epirus.

At the end of the First World War the Greek authorities temporarily ceded their rights to allow Alan Wace, School director from 1914, to preside over a wide-ranging research programme on the most famous of all prehistoric sites in Greece: Mycenae. The nine tholos (beehive) tombs were re-examined, a cemetery of chamber tombs was excavated on the Kalkani ridge, and tests were made in the Granary and other houses, the Grave-Circle and the Palace. This important work clarified the stages whereby this great site had developed, its defences been raised, its princely dead laid to rest in their mighty tombs.

Wace worked again at Mycenae from 1950 until his death five years later. His work went on under the direction of Lord William Taylour, assisted by Wace's daughter Dr Elizabeth French, in collaboration with G. Mylonas and with the Archaeological Society of Athens. This period was fruitful: in 1952, tablets inscribed in Linear B were found in a group of houses of the 13th century BC outside the Citadel, the first from Mycenae apart from a single surface find. The timing of the find was perfect, for in 1953 Michael Ventris and John Chadwick published their decipherment of the Linear B texts previously known from Knossos and Pylos as a very early form of Greek. Later, in the 1960s, the complex Citadel House was excavated within the west wall of the citadel, where a shrine was found with part of its cult equipment, including an unusual group of large terracotta human figures.

Many of those who worked at Mycenae with Wace went on to direct their own important excavations. Winifred Lamb dug at Thermi, an Early Bronze Age settlement on the east coast of Lesbos with strong Trojan links. In 1931-38 Heurtley and S. Benton explored Ithaka in search of a Bronze Age site worthy of Odysseus, but with inconclusive results. Hood, in 1952-55 at Emborio on Chios, dug a deeply stratified Neolithic and Early Bronze Age site which, like Thermi, had strong connexions with west Anatolia. On Kythera, off the south coast of the Peloponnese, G. Huxley and J. N. Coldstream identified the first known Minoan colony. The Minoans were replaced by mainlanders again after 1450 BC, the period of the great destructions in Crete.

According to tradition it was not so far from this site of Ayios Stephanos that Paris slipped away with Helen of Troy. Menelaus was king of Sparta, and near Sparta there has been known for many years an Archaic shrine, focus of a hero-cult for Menelaus and Helen. Near by, the School has excavated parts of an extensive Mycenaean settlement, including two successive "mansions" of *circa* 1450-1400 BC, whose very distinctive plan foreshadows the later arrangements of the 13th-century palaces at Mycenae, Tiryns and Pylos. The site was destroyed *circa* 1200 BC (like many of its contemporaries). During a brief, final reoccupation early in the 12th century, some of the so-called "Barbarian" pottery was in use, perhaps suggesting a new element in the population.

Xeropolis ("Dry City"), at Lefkandi in Euboea, has proved one of the School's most rewarding finds since the Second World War. Under M. R. Popham and L. H. Sackett a Bronze Age settlement has been partly excavated since 1964, revealing a long sequence of occupation throughout the Bronze Age, until it was finally abandoned *circa* 700 BC. Near by extensive cemeteries of the Early Iron Age were excavated in collaboration with Greek colleagues. They furnished a rich series of decorated pottery, bronze and iron weapons and ornaments, gold and faience jewelry and, most remarkable of all, a large painted pottery figure of the early ninth century BC representing a centaur "... about the most remarkable work of Greek sculpture yet known from (the) Dark Age . . ." (Desborough, Nicholls, Popham).

To crown this, in 1981 a joint Greek-British excavation at Toumba, also at Lefkandi, uncovered a very large building of the 10th century BC under whose floor were two large pits. One contained the skeleton of a woman decked with gold ornaments, and a bronze amphora in which cremated human remains were found wrapped in the (relatively) well preserved remnants of a garment made in the same technique as the modern *floccata* rugs. The second grave contained four horse skeletons. The whole building (timber, mud-brick thatch) had been semi-demolished and covered with a huge mound of ballast, including much mud-brick.

The historian Thucydides said of Sparta that, were it to be destroyed, no one could deduce its former greatness from its remains. This judgment was fully endorsed by the School's results at Sparta where the major remains still to be seen belong to the Roman period. Earlier sites were almost all religious: the sanctuary of Athena-of-the-brazen-house on the acropolis, the shrine of Artemis Orthia beside the Eurotas river and the shrine of Menelaus and Helen already mentioned. Tens of thousands of figurines were found in these shrines, nearly all of Lakonian work and showing that Sparta had had its own distinguished school of archaic art in the seventh and sixth centuries BC when it had been anything but a centre of military philistinism. Later excavations cleared a large part of the theatre and revealed many Roman period inscriptions, as well as a splendid late archaic marble statue of a warrior.

Humfry Payne, director from 1929 until his death in 1936, ran one of the School's most successful excavations at Perachora, near Corinth, where he explored a shrine of Hera. Payne, whose publication in 1931 of *Necrocorinthia* was a major analysis of archaic Corinthian art, chose Perachora, convinced that its votive deposits would produce quantities of the material in which he was so interested. Although the architecture of the sanctuary was poorly preserved, the site proved immensely rich in archaic Corinthian pottery, as well as ivory seals, scarabs, bronze statuettes and vessels, dress pins and ornaments.

For 100 years the School has enjoyed the hospitality and help of Greece and its people, who have generously allowed hundreds of British and Commonwealth scholars to live and work in Greece. Thus has British affection for Greece been broadened, knowledge and understanding deepened. It is no small tribute to the past that from 1986 the School will offer five or six three-month bursaries to Greek and Cypriot graduates to study at British universities, museums and research institutes. The endowment for these bursaries has been raised by the School's Centenary Appeal, which also aims to raise enough money to build a much needed extension to the library. The School would greatly welcome contributions to this fund which may be sent to the Appeal Secretary, British School at Athens, 31-34 Gordon Square, London WC1H 0PY, or to the Director, British School at Athens, Odos Souedias 52, Athens 106 76, Greece ○

The best ride in the world

Stuart Marshall analyses the Jaguar XJ-6, a shining British success which is the envy of other car-makers

By motor-industry standards, the Jaguar XJ-6 saloon is a period piece. It first rolled off the assembly line in 1969 and a well preserved example could still be mistaken for a brand-new one by a lay observer. Of course, it has undergone a few changes. The rear end was slightly reshaped a few years ago, when the size of the back window was increased. Some rather handsome light-alloy wheels are now offered and the tyres are steel-belted radials and not the fabric-belted variety on which the Jaguar gained its reputation for providing the best ride in the world. It still does. The silence, the shock absorbency and the beautifully balanced handling of this aging—or should it be ageless?—motor car are the envy and despair of other car-makers.

The 3.4 litre and 4.2 litre in-line six-cylinder engines are getting long in the tooth but, providing they are not required to spin excessively fast, are muscular and smooth. At 5,000 rpm and over, they do not compare with more modern, shorter-stroke designs. But the V12 engine that goes into the XJ-S coupé and the Sovereign HE saloon as well as the Daimler Double Six is a masterpiece by contemporary standards. Inaudible at tick-over, it sounds and feels more like an electric motor than an internal combustion engine as the speed rises to 100mph and beyond.

Most buyers of cars in the Jaguar's class demand automatic transmission. A five-speed manual is offered as a free option on the six-cylinder cars but I see little point in having one. The three-speed automatic used in the Jaguar is old, too. It lacks the four speeds of more modern automatics and does not lock up in high gear, which makes it very thirsty (to get 18 mpg from a 3.4 litre XJ-6 is doing rather well). But it slips unobtrusively from low to middle, middle to high gear and back again; and the fingertip manual shift between middle and high gear is as good as in a Mercedes-Benz.

There is more to consider than fuel economy in a car of the Jaguar's class and to appreciate its finer points one must accept its apparent drawbacks as part of its appeal. True, the interior is fairly cramped for a car more than 16 feet long. There is limited headroom in the back and the boot is absurdly small; a decent-sized suitcase fills it up. That the twin fuel tanks have to be filled individually is idiosyncratic, not aggravating. When you revel in the 1960s-style interior, with its polished wood, richly aromatic leather and bound-edged carpets, does it matter that the car has three clumsy great keys for doors and ignition, for the boot and for the glovebox?

A new, lighter Jaguar is not far off. It was expected at Geneva last year, then at Frankfurt Show in September, 1985, then at Geneva this year. Our own motor show at Birmingham is now tipped as the new XK-40's launch pad. It will not look much different from the XJ-6. The engine will be a 3.6 litre six-cylinder, based on a single block of the superlative V12. The automatic transmission will be a German ZF, as now used by BMW.

Jaguar used to have severe quality problems until the arrival in 1980 of the present chairman, John Egan, who sent back faulty components to suppliers by the lorry load, remotivated the work-force and took the company to profitable privatization. Jaguar is now a shining example of what British workers—and management—can do if they are given the opportunity.

Sales and customer satisfaction have never been higher. American buyers snatch Jaguars from the showrooms. The marque is in vogue in Germany, too, where buyers expect a high-performance car to be reliable as well as beautiful. The Jaguar does not disappoint them. The present model is a hard act to follow. The new XJ-40, when it comes, will have to be better for performance, economy and handling while maintaining, even improving, the present car's silken refinement and near silence. Can Jaguar do it? We should know within the year.

If it does not, the consequences could be serious because Jaguar is effectively a one-product company and their reluctance to launch the XJ-40 until it is as perfect as human hands can make it is wholly understandable ○

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THE SKY AT NIGHT

The black comet

Patrick Moore on Giotto's revelations

Halley's Comet is now on its way out of the inner region of the Solar System. During April it provided a splendid sight from the Earth's southern hemisphere, with a bright head and a long tail, but it is fading quickly, and though large telescopes will enable it to be followed for some years yet we will not see it again until the next return in 2061.

In 1910 it came much closer than it did this year—a mere 14 million miles, as against 39 million miles in 1986—but all we could do then was to study it from a distance. Things are very different now, and in March this year no fewer than five space-craft by-passed the comet. Two were Japanese, two Russian and one European—Giotto, which really caught the imagination.

Before Giotto's encounter we had not really known what a cometary nucleus was like. The favoured theory, from the American astronomer Fred Whipple, was that the only massive part consisted of what might be termed a "dirty snowball", made up of ice—chiefly ordinary water ice—together with solid particles. When well away from the Sun, the comet would appear only as a tiny dot of light, but as it came closer in the ices would start to boil off, surrounding the nucleus with a head or "coma" and effectively hiding it. There could also be a tail or tails, made up of gases driven away from the coma by the so-called solar wind (a stream of electrified particles emitted by the Sun in all directions) or dust driven out of the coma by the pressure of sunlight.

Yet there were still supporters of a rival theory, championed by the Cambridge astronomer R. A. Lyttleton, who maintained that there was no icy nucleus, and that a comet was simply a flying gravel-bank made up of small particles which jostled together when they reached their closest point to the Sun.

Giotto, it was hoped, would clear the problem up. The signals from the probe were collected at various receiving stations and sent to the headquarters of the European Space Organization at Darmstadt, West Germany, where the pictures were electronically assembled. The date of rendezvous was March 13.

It was recognized that the main danger to Giotto would come from the impacts of dust particles. Bumper shields, designed by Fred Whipple, had been fitted, but nobody knew how effective they would be. When I spoke to Professor Whipple a few hours before the encounter he remained confident that Giotto would survive, and would show an icy nucleus, with spurting jets and streamers. There was little support for the views of Sir Fred Hoyle and his colleague Professor Chandra Wickramasinghe, who had claimed that the comet would prove to have a very dark nucleus coated with organic materials.

The first dust impacts were felt at a distance of 175 million miles from the nucleus; not until Giotto had approached to within 5,000 miles was there a major hit, but two seconds before closest approach the probe ran into what might be termed a major dust-storm, and signals from it almost ceased. Momentarily we feared that Giotto had been destroyed, but then the signals were picked up again, although intermittently. An impact had jolted the main aerial out of alignment.

The most exciting results were expected from the camera and we were not disappointed. First, the nucleus was larger than had been expected and proved to be around $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles long by 5 miles wide. Its shape was likened variously to that of a potato, a baked bean, or even a banana. But the real shock was its colour. It was not ice-bright, as most people had expected; it was black, reflecting less than 2 per cent of the sunlight falling upon it. There were two bright patches, each about $1\frac{3}{4}$ miles across, which had been recorded by the Russian space-craft and had given the misleading impression of a double nucleus.

So what was the explanation? No doubt the main nucleus is ice, as Whipple had maintained; but there must be a relatively deep layer of dark dust which provides insulation and prevents the ice from evaporating quickly. In fact, the "dirty iceball" is more dirt than ice.

This brings us back to the theories of Hoyle and Wickramasinghe, who were certainly correct in saying that the nucleus would be dark, and may well have been correct also in maintaining that organic materials were much in evidence. They have claimed that comets are "carriers of life"; that life on Earth was brought here by way of a comet, and that comets can deposit viruses in our atmosphere, thereby producing epidemics. Theories of this sort have been received with profound scepticism, particularly by medical specialists, and it would be premature to suggest that the results from Giotto have given real credence to them; but it is undeniably fair to say that Hoyle and Wickramasinghe have won the first round ○

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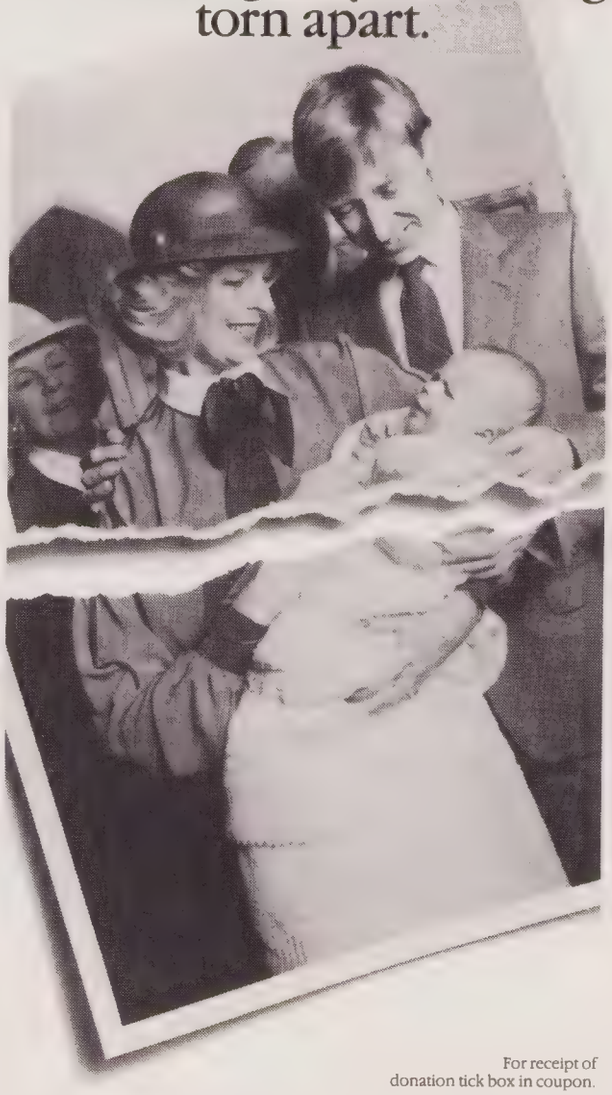

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REVIEWS

DONALD COOPER

Priestley's characters celebrate a spurious anniversary: Timothy West, James Grout, Brian Murphy, Prunella Scales, Patricia Routledge and Elizabeth Spriggs in *When We Are Married* at the Whitehall Theatre.

THEATRE

Excellent revival of Priestley

BY J. C. TREWIN

One way of describing *When We Are Married*, J. B. Priestley's comedy at the restored Whitehall Theatre, is to say that it is like a thick Northern high tea. If you ask for the menu, you will be told by the maid, Ruby Birtle, that it is, roughly, roast pork, salmon and salad, trifle, two kinds of jelly, lemon cheese tarts, jam tarts, Swiss tarts, sponge cake, walnut cake, chocolate roll, pound cake, and a drop of rum.

The entire spread is available at a "do" round about 1910—if my calculation is right, not that it matters—in the town of Clecklewyke which is not far from Bruddersford. No one with the smallest knowledge of Priestley will fail to know where that is. All those concerned—there could hardly be a more important sextet, containing an Alderman and a Councillor, no less—were married in the same chapel, on the same autumn morning, 25 years earlier, so what the high tea and the comedy celebrate is a triple silver wedding.

Splendid, to a point; but were the marriages legal? The dire fact is that they might not have been because, so we learn immediately after tea, the very young parson had not been authorized to perform the ceremony. Whereupon chaos supervenes and Alderman Helliwell, the night's host, observes heavily: "Don't start thinking it out in detail, for it gets ugly—very ugly." Mercifully for us, Priestley does work it out in detail (the explanation must be left to make its own impact on those fresh to the piece), and we get to know very well the half-dozen people in trouble, richly and satirically observed.

Though I believe the idea derived originally, and this could hardly be more remote, from an old volume of French stories Priestley discovered during an Atlantic crossing, the whole thing is true, he said, to certain regional manners and attitudes in the West Riding when he was a boy. It is another facet of the world captured in his novel *Bright Day*. Moreover, the three married couples are surrounded by various other small-town types from those years, beginning with Ruby, the 15-year-old maid-of-all-work, who is a shrill Clecklewyke starling, and going on to the local-newspaper photographer, with the splendidly sonorous name of Henry Ormonroyd, who likes "an occasional friendly glass". As Bill Fraser presents him, he has a nice alcoholic dignity with a fuddled feeling for poetry.

The narrative obviously gave Priestley immense pleasure to write, and proved, if proof were needed, how he could construct a comedy without letting it sag out of shape. What we get now, in Ronald Eyre's production, is a precise and extremely funny picture of legendary regional life. It is, we must presume, so generally accurate that one ought not to suggest any element of fantasy. Yet, sitting at the Clecklewyke high tea, I could not fail to remember that the bottle Alice drank at the bottom of the rabbit-hole had a mixed flavour of cherry-tart, custard, pineapple, roast turkey, toffee and hot buttered toast.

Last month I referred to the exceptional casting of Shaw's *The Apple Cart* at the Haymarket. I can bracket that now with the really astonishing quality of the Priestley revival. In so tightly-woven a company selection is particularly invidious; but I have to applaud Elizabeth Spriggs, marvellously expressive as Clecklewyke's firebrand, and Timothy West as the Councillor who learns to his alarm that he has a name for stinginess and tedium when he always thought himself thoroughly exciting. In the circumstances, there could scarcely be a cosier "little do", or a fuller character-comedy to fit into the endearingly re-burnished Whitehall.

OPERA

False perspectives on Wagner

BY MARGARET DAVIES

The prospects were exciting: two new Wagner productions within three days. The auguries were good: *Parsifal* at English National Opera in the expert hands of Reginald Goodall, teamed for the first time with the German producer Joachim Herz; *Der fliegende Holländer* at the Royal Opera under the baton of Gerd Albrecht, a conductor with experi-

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ence in all the main western European opera houses, teamed with Mike Ashman, who has worked with a dozen eminent international opera producers. The results were wretchedly botched by visual misconceptions and muffed effects.

Parsifal offered the greater challenge and proved the greater disappointment in the light of Professor Herz's previous work which, however controversial, has invariably been thought-provoking. But to have, first, Amfortas, clad only in grubby bandages, rising from his litter to be arrayed in his royal robe and then tottering around the stage as he pours out his contrition and, worse, the aged Titurel, shorn of all dignity, staggering and stumbling on to demonstrate his weakness, clumsily belabours the condition of the two men without lending any weight to their characters.

Wolf Münzner's designs for this act are equally unilluminating. The forest is a giant culinary nightmare with a central wedge of cheese and *pasta verde* draped across the stage. The wedge rotates and the floor rises to reveal a very prosaic temple. Here the Grail is enclosed in a square conning tower which involves a clumsy and distracting procedure before the glowing, blood-red symbol is uncovered. Only the realm of the magician displays any creative imagination with Klingsor, looking rather like Batman, zapping through the air on a circular trapeze. The Flower Maidens, in their fluorescent garden, dressed as 1920s vamps in every shade of pink and red, were hardly seductive. Parsifal, in fact, seemed to be amused by them, but perhaps this was because Siegfried Jerusalem, a last-minute substitute for the indisposed Warren Ellsworth, was unfamiliar with the production. His presence in London for the Royal Opera's *Dutchman* was a happy accident for ENO and his superb singing, albeit in German, an even greater asset.

There were impressive performances from the home team, all new to their roles. Gwynne Howell's Gurnemanz was not only beautifully and clearly sung, but a rounded, noble and well sustained characterization. Anne Evans made a striking impact in the difficult role of Kundry, conveying the complex and varied facets of the character and singing with a wide range of emotion and expression, though not always defining the words clearly. Neil Howlett infused his singing with the intensity of Amfortas's suffering, and Rodney Macann's scheming, tormented Klingsor was powerfully projected.

The paucity of the stage pictures was an inducement to sit back, eyes closed, and let the wizard in the pit conjure up the magical images contained in Wagner's score. At the first performance, which grew in stature as he progressed unfalteringly through to the glorious climax of Good Friday, the ENO orchestra responded with dedication.

At Covent Garden there was an even stronger temptation to close one's eyes against the travesty of *The Flying Dutchman*, vaguely updated by Ashman and his designer David Fielding to the 20th century, with Daland's ship become a submarine and the Dutchman's vessel impaled on an iceberg. They set the spinning scene in a rope works where a formidable forewoman (Anne Collins as Mary) supervises the white-over-alled workers, while Senta, in sweater and trousers, crouches over a picture of the Dutchman who, when he appears, bears no resemblance to it. There is more—none of it related to Wagner's opera.

The conductor, Gerd Albrecht, is scarcely more sympathetic to the work: he set a blistering pace in the overture and offered a blustery, storm-tossed account of what follows. The singers reacted variously: Robert Lloyd, unfazed by his role as the bespectacled executive Daland, sang with superb conviction, and Laurence Dale as the Steersman gave a fine account of his solo. Simon Estes, making his company début in the title role, which he has sung at eight Bayreuth Festivals, offered a meticulous vocal account but seemed paralysed by his surroundings. Rosalind Plowright, gamely tackling what the producer expected of her, conveyed Senta's obsessive fervour, sometimes at the expense of vocal control. Siegfried Jerusalem, tired no doubt by his unscheduled Parsifal, seemed taxed by Erik's higher music.

TELEVISION

Channel 4 fills the right slots

BY CELIA BRAYFIELD

Jeremy Isaacs, Channel 4's charismatic chief executive, could not resist thinking of a number when the service was inaugurated two and a half years ago. He named a 10 per cent audience share as his unofficial target—officially, of course, he was not supposed to be in the ratings game at all. The Broadcasting Act requires Channel 4 to innovate and to serve the neglected minorities of our pluralistic society, at the expense of popularity if necessary.

It is an exquisite paradox that any area of British television absolved from the need to pursue ratings ends up winning the battle for the audience. Those accustomed to the dominance of BBC-1 in comedy, light entertainment and soap opera were not surprised when Channel 4 first chalked up its 10 per cent early last year with the mini-series *A Woman of Substance*, based on the novel by Barbara Taylor Bradford and hyped as the thoughtless woman's feminism.

Recently, the target has been hit regularly with the help of a series of demanding feature films such as

CLIVE BARDA

Gwynne Howell as the aged Gurnemanz in Parsifal at English National Opera.

Terry Gilliam's *Time Bandits* and *Merry Christmas Mr Lawrence*, with David Bowie. In February, 1986, Channel 4's share of the audience was 9.2 per cent, exceeding BBC-2 at 8.9 per cent; typical months to date, however, have seen figures for Channel 4 which are slightly below those of BBC-2.

Ratings success can be bought fairly easily with new feature films and big mini-series. Consistent figures are a far greater measure of the success of a whole channel, and these are often achieved not so much by the programmes themselves as by the skill with which they are scheduled. Jeremy Isaacs, whose skills were honed at what another controller called the ITV poker-game, where the chiefs of major companies fight for their programmes' positions on the main ITV network, is a scheduling genius.

Among his most important triumphs are American football and basketball, introduced into the schedules at times when the major popular channels are caught up in current affairs programming. Monday night, and the hours after 10pm, have long been Achilles heels for both BBC-1 and ITV.

The modern Channel 4 soap opera *Brookside*, set in a ticky-tacky housing development in Liverpool, undoubtedly paved the way for the success of the BBC's *EastEnders* by activating an audience which would accept—perhaps even positively want—a veneer of gritty realism in its early-evening escapism rather than the working-class folklore of Coronation Street. *Brookside* is another Isaacs scheduling triumph, screened half-an-hour later at 8pm than the traditional soap slot, with an omnibus on Saturday which is now a minor national institution.

Isaacs also discovered that the late afternoon was a period in which a large young audience was either slumped resentfully in front of *Blue Peter* or else was escaping from the entire patronizing strand of programming for older children by taking a walk with their Walkmen. *Countdown* is a Channel 4 programme which dominates its top 10 with a very simple formula—a spelling and mental arithmetic quiz, played by adults, which appeals very accurately to the victims of academic overkill.

Youth is the channel's greatest area of triumph. The average Channel 4 audience contains 14 per cent of people under the age of 24. In general, the TV audience is weighted heavily in favour of older generations, with almost half the ITV audience falling in the age group older than 55.

Therefore, programmes like *The Tube*, *Max Headroom* and the Comic Strip films have at last brought television's lost generation within reach of the commercials.

The channel's overall ambition is to develop as distinctive an audience as it can, repeating the success of its youth programmes with the other segments of society to which it addresses its output. Advertisers have been slow to catch on to the advantages of this precisely identified audience. The general feeling is that in a short time this will change, and the channel's slots become more expensive in consequence, demonstrating that it is possible to make money by overestimating the intelligence of the human race.

Nick Nolte as a tramp in Paul Mazursky's *Down and Out in Beverly Hills*, opens May 23 at the Odeon, Leicester Square.

CINEMA

High-living hobo of Beverly Hills

BY GEORGE PERRY

As Akira Kurosawa has shown with *Ran*, his samurai version of *King Lear*, a good story stands up both to the retelling and to a setting in another time and place. In 1931 Jean Renoir made a film that is usually counted among the greatest of French comic classics. In *Boudu sauvé des eaux* (known in English as *Boudu Saved from Drowning*), from a stage play by René Fauchois, Michel Simon played a tramp rescued and befriended by a bourgeois family who take him into their home with drastic consequences. It was remarkable not merely for its comic ironies but for its view of a vanished French way of life tenderly depicted by a genius of the cinema.

Now we have Paul Mazursky's version, *Down and Out in Beverly Hills*, which may one day also serve to delineate a particular style of living, in this case mid 1980s Los Angeles, that extraordinary city where even the tramps tend towards expensive tastes. Its central character, Jerry Baskin (Nick Nolte), huge, bearded and shabby, is unbothered by the wealth around him, the limousines and the Rodeo Drive boutiques, the joggers in their Nike shoes who pant past the bench on which he slumbers. That is, until one of them takes a fancy to his dog and goes off with it, thinking it is a stray, an impression the animal is not eager to dispel. It is this canine betrayal, rather than his state of poverty, that promotes the notion of suicide and explains how Jerry comes to be submerged in a swimming pool belonging to Dave Whiteman (Richard Dreyfuss), an easterner enjoying the fruits of the Californian nirvana. He has, it seems, accidentally made a fortune from the family coat-hanger business and has moved from Brooklyn to Beverly Hills, where his wealth is exploited by tax consultants and pest-control experts, gurus and dog psychiatrists.

Dave pulls him out of the water and takes a shine to this shambling philosopher who towers over him as if to emphasize their polarity. Within a short time Jerry is installed in the guest annexe, shorn by the top male crimper, dressed by the most chic men's wear shop, wined and dined in the smart places.

Dave's frigid wife Barbara (Bette Midler) is initially sceptical, if not downright hostile, but finds the stranger has a comforting method of easing her tension. It does not take very long before the house guest has managed to sleep with Dave's wife, daughter and his mistress, the Hispanic maid, without incurring his disrespect. He also cures the daughter's anorexia, encourages the sexually ambiguous son to come out of the closet and admit to being gay, while at the same time resisting all Dave's job offers and inducements to abandon the drop-out life for corporate responsibility behind a desk.

Who Jerry is we never really know. His frequent snatches of autobiography are both exotic and inconsistent, and are clearly part of the stock in trade of an advanced conman. Yet his accomplishments across a wide range of activities, including the playing of Debussy, are considerable. The Whitemans, on the other hand, are spread out as clearly as pinned butterflies, their bad taste, prejudices, casual extravagance and well-meaning awfulness completely exposed. They are quite the funniest family of Hollywood *nouveaux riches* since the Beverly Hillbillies.

Paul Mazursky co-wrote the screenplay with Leon Capetanos, as well as producing and directing, and he shows a pointed awareness of his target. The film moves at a pace reminiscent of the screwball comedies of the 1930s, occasionally lurching and stumbling in its headlong dash, but with enough sustained momentum to pick itself up and carry on. American comedies about class and snobbishness are relatively rare, but this one storms in with a refreshing, unabashed gusto, and a keen eye for status symbolism. It is a most satisfyingly observant, entertaining and enjoyable work, and Nolte, Dreyfuss and Midler fulfil their comic roles with seasoned skill.

Winning against the odds

BY ROBERT BLAKE

The Audit of War: The Illusion and Reality of Britain as a Great Nation
by Correlli Barnett
Macmillan, £14.95

In his *Collapse of British Power* published in 1972 Correlli Barnett calls his opening chapter, "The Audit of War". He has in effect expanded the chapter into a book 14 years later, and repeated the title. The theme of both chapter and book is that by the end of the Second World War Britain was industrially bankrupt through her own ineptitude, not because of bad luck or hostile circumstances.

A long, continuing industrial decline was masked during 1940 to 45 by American support which enabled Britain to arm her forces without references to export markets and balance of payments. The euphoria of victory concealed from the public its shaky industrial base and encouraged what the author calls the "new Jerusalem"—the Welfare State saddling a feeble unreconstructed economy with a burden it could not sustain. The decline dated back to the end of the 19th century and has continued until the débâcles of the 1970s, bringing Britain down as an industrial power since 1945 from fifth to 14th in the free world. He contrasts this decrepitude with German and American vigour, especially the former.

He singles out two among the many causes of this decline. The first is the romantic, high-minded evangelicalism of a governing class which regarded education as a matter of spiritual values rather than technical skills and thus failed to produce at every level adequately trained industrial personnel. The other element in his formula of disaster is organized labour—the trade union "movement", as it is sometimes called, though why the word should be applied to the most immobile, fossilized and frozen feature in our society is something of a puzzle. Certainly he gives a picture of union greed, sloth and petty-mindedness at the height of the war, which would have caused outrage had it been known at the time.

There is a good deal of truth in Correlli Barnett's caustic picture of the ills of the British economy, although they were not particularly a wartime phenomenon. Indeed much of his polemic—for he writes with the clarity and *saevo indignatio* of an angry man drawing up an indictment—could apply to any period in the 20th century. In that sense *The Audit of War* is a slightly misleading title. This is really an account of a sample period of the industrial decline which had prevailed since 1900 and which, unless reversed, was bound to cause a major loss of markets when Germany, Japan and France recovered after the war. Correlli Barnett enjoys puncturing illusions, and is not averse to debunking "their finest hour"—with some justice as far as industry is concerned. But a similar audit for 1945 to 50, which no one ever regarded as a "finest hour" for anyone, would have produced similar results.

It is probably true that the British governing class was uniquely high-minded, moralistic and indifferent to the creation of wealth and the education needed to achieve it. The Welfare State was a disaster economically, giving handouts in the name of a spurious "equality" to everyone irrespective of need. One can also agree with the author that the trade unions were uniquely near-sighted, stupid and obstructive. They still are, but legal reforms and unemployment have drawn their sting.

It is true, too, that Britain could never have defeated Germany on her own. The resources of American industry were essential. But surely most people knew that at the time. There was nothing foolish or illusory about pooling Allied resources so that Britain, largely using American weapons, could mobilize far more men and women than Germany ever did.

Nor were Britain's own weapons always inferior. Correlli Barnett is right about tanks, but the Spitfire did, after all, win the Battle of Britain, the Germans never produced a bomber comparable to the Lancaster, British scientists were far ahead of the Germans in nuclear research, radar was a British triumph and Ultra, the breaking of German codes largely by people suffering from the education despised by the author, was a major contribution to victory. Britain as a great nation was not all illusion.

After finishing what is certainly an interesting book, if rather too packed with a relentless flow of statistics and quotations from innumerable committees of inquiry—not the most exciting of prose—I feel that the author's bee buzzes a bit too loudly in his bonnet. The British governing class was not as silly as all that.

As he shows, there was plenty of opposition to Beveridge. If the new Jerusalem prevailed it was because Britain was a libertarian democracy where people had to be persuaded to fight, not an authoritarian state where they could be commanded. The trouble about British economic weakness was not "illusion" but the fact that a victorious country is in no circumstances going to reform its whole structure and rethink its assumptions on the morrow of victory. As a *dirigiste* the author deplores "muddling through". But Britain, despite a minimalist attitude to the state, muddled through the Napoleonic wars and was first in and last out on the winning side in both the Kaiser's War and Hitler's War. It is hard to believe that this was merely luck. Surely the author would not have preferred defeat.

RECENT FICTION

Love and death at sea

BY HARRIET WAUGH

The Fisher King
by Anthony Powell
Heinemann, £9.95
The Handmaiden's Tale
by Margaret Atwood
Jonathan Cape, £9.95
Tennis and the Masai
by Nicholas Best
Hutchinson, £8.95

The Fisher King opens with all the ingredients of an old-fashioned shipboard thriller: a cast of characters assemble for a cruise around the British Isles. Among them is the crippled, impotent, but charismatic photographer Saul Henchman and the beautiful virgin Barberina Rookwood, who has abandoned her career as a ballerina to devote her life to him. In the course of the tale Barberina falls in love with the ill and weedy Robin Jilson and is loved in turn by the glamorous, dying journalist Gary Lamont. Powell's is nothing less than a story of love, fame, chastity, jealousy, betrayal and death—and to tell it he chooses Valentine Beals, a successful writer of historical novels (and therefore a professional storyteller) obsessed with Henchman. Beals can only guess at the complicated motives and passions he is observing as an outsider, and Powell constantly reminds us that Beals's version of the tale we are reading may be correct, but may equally be wrong. We prepare ourselves for a murder or a dramatic elopement, but what actually transpires is far more subtle, more complicated, and more like life. It is also told with Powell's dry, highbrow wit.

The Fisher King of the title is the king in the *Morte d'Arthur* cursed with a wound that cannot heal in his barren, spellbound kingdom. Beals sees Henchman as the Fisher King and therefore tells the story of the cruise with Henchman as the enchanted hero. He admits that he could have chosen another story as his pattern, and suggests that an alternative myth, say, Tristram and Iseult, would result in making Barberina the heroine of the novel. Myth never quite matches the curious unpredictability of life and yet Powell seems to be saying that only by telling stories can we impose meaning on the chaos of feeling.

Anthony Powell is incapable of writing an inelegant sentence, and takes his time to say exactly what he means with the methodical precision of the expert storyteller. He is like an old angler in no hurry to prepare his bait, cast his line and patiently wait to hook his catch: it is impossible to imagine a tangle of fishing lines in his deft hands. This elegiac meditation on the writer's craft seemed to me to have only one flaw: I sometimes felt that the prose was almost too lucid, too lacking in emphasis, a novel without chiaroscuro.

Margaret Atwood's *The Handmaiden's Tale* is a forceful science-fiction fantasy about an American theocracy created by men and justified by a fundamentalist interpretation of the Old Testament. It turns out to be a handbook for assembling a particularly nasty police state. The heroine, Offred, dictates her story before breaking for freedom across the Canadian border; the tapes are found in the 21st century and are studied by scholars to learn about life under the vanished state of Gilead. Offred has been stripped of her identity and used for purposes of breeding by a commander élite unable to reproduce. Ironically, women themselves, the wives, have colluded with men to enslave their fellow women as red-robed Handmaidens, like Offred, as Marthas, the domestic drudges in drab green uniforms, or as Unwomen, those females useless to society sent to deadly labour camps in the colonies.

OTHER NEW BOOKS

The Collected Works of Walter Bagehot: Vols 12-15
Edited by Norman St John-Stevas
The Economist, £80

The Economist has handsomely repaid the debt it owed to one of its most distinguished editors. Until the publication of these collected works began 20 years ago, the memory of Walter Bagehot had not been well served. The tradition of selling him short seems to have started with *The Times* obituary in 1877, which was woefully inadequate for a man who has subsequently been recognized as one of the most original geniuses of his time, a source of constant reference and quotation, nominated by G. M. Young as the very greatest Victorian, and by the editor of these collected works as having a claim to being the patron saint of journalists.

Now Norman St John-Stevas and *The Economist* have changed all that. These four volumes complete a 15-volume edition which was originally planned to be eight, but which has had to be expanded as new material was discovered during the long process of collection and editing. One of the most recent discoveries was a box of letters which included the first Bagehot is known to have written. He was four at the time and the letter, addressed to his Uncle Jacob, reports that he had seen a dancing dog. Two of the four last volumes are letters, many of them published for the first time, and they provide a revealing portrait of Bagehot's private life and relationships as well as additional insight on his more public character and attitudes. There is also much vivid description, as in the letter to his mother reporting the opening of the Great Exhibition of 1851—"the only accurate idea that I can give you is that it is a great fair under a cucumber frame"—and in the letters from Paris later in the same year.

The final two volumes assemble a mass of Bagehotiana—tributes, assessments, judgments, a bibliography, some of his own early articles and an attempt to recapture his conversation. What emerges, as Harold Macmillan declared some years ago, is the kind of man we would all awfully like to have known—the combination of common sense and genius. In these *Collected Works*, sympathetically edited, superbly presented, and annotated with scholarly flair, this powerful combination comes alive. JAMES BISHOP

The Oxford Book of Legal Anecdotes
Edited by Michael Gilbert
Oxford University Press, £12.50

You have only to eavesdrop on a bunch of barristers at El Vino's to sample the lawyer's love of legal anecdote. While other professions are satisfied to wash down the claret with gossip, lawyers tend to embellish their after-hours conversation with knowing references to real or apocryphal tales of mad judges and classic courtroom confrontations.

The editor of this collection, a crime writer and former solicitor, has plundered the official memoirs and biographies to build an anthology of curious anecdotes about all categories of lawyer over 250 years. One of his own conclusions is that the most eminent are not necessarily the most quotable. These 364 anecdotes will doubtless now increasingly figure in legal after-dinner speeches; but on the printed page they provoke indigestion in a lay reader. ALEX FINER

Atwood's purpose is political. She seeks to warn how easily all freedom, but particularly the freedom of women, can be taken away; how fundamental are the gains of the women's movement and how fragile these gains are. Overnight, with the cancellation of credit cards, women's property is confiscated and the clock turned back by centuries. The world of *The Handmaiden's Tale*, which one wishes to dismiss as paranoid fantasy, actually exists in Iran, in Russia, or (and this perhaps is the most chilling of Atwood's themes) in the bible belt of Reagan's America.

Atwood is a forceful writer and brilliantly conveys the horror and boredom of captivity. Halfway through the novel we can almost taste the heroine's longing for freedom. However, the novel has little plot and is composed as a series of nightmarish episodes lacking in real excitement or building to no sustained climax such as we might find in a thriller. I read it with horrified fascination, but I cannot say enjoyment came into the experience.

The opposite is true of *Tennis and the Masai*, an unpretentious exercise in pure pleasure, as airy and meaningless as a snatch of song whistled and instantly forgotten. What plot there is concerns the eccentric goings on in a boys' boarding school—but this one is in remotest Kenya. Best writes very much in the tradition of Evelyn Waugh or even Nancy Mitford, with runaway boys hunted by helicopters and dogs, black babies rather casually eaten by leopards, and comical, dim, schoolmasters, padres and army officers.

It is all faintly dated; do people still fall about laughing when a comb is seen to fall from a character's pocket? I doubt it. This kind of book might have been a novelty in the 1930s but the 80s calls for a different kind of strong meat. Nicholas Best does, however, write very well indeed and his book is great fun. I felt that he had really tacked his whimsical plot onto a delightful travel book in which the Kenya he knows well is vividly described.

THIS MONTH'S BEST SELLERS

HARDBACK FICTION

1 (–) **Lake Wobegon Days** by Garrison Keillor
Faber & Faber, £9.95
A hugely popular American radio series comes to print—with great success.

2 (1) **The Complete Yes Minister** by Jonathan Lynn and Anthony Jay
BBC, £10.95
Fun and fact cleverly mixed.

3 (–) **The Moth** by Catherine Cookson
Heinemann, £9.95
A master storyteller brings it off again.

4 (–) **The Storyteller** by Harold Robbins
New English Library, £9.95
All the usual ingredients stirred into an innocuous mixture.

5 (9) **Kara Kush** by Idries Shah
Collins, £10.95
Set among the guerrillas in Afghanistan.

6 (2) **Hawksmoor** by Peter Ackroyd
Hamish Hamilton, £9.95
Cunning mixture of ancient and modern.

7 (–) **Palm Beach** by Pat Booth
Century Hutchinson, £9.95
A poor girl makes good and turns the tables.

8 (–) **The Endless Game** by Bryan Forbes
Collins, £10.95
A sharp picture of what a declining Britain may be like in the late 1980s.

9 (–) **Private Papers** by Margaret Forster
Chatto & Windus, £8.95
Sharp, perceptive and witty.

10 (5) **The Mammoth Hunters** by Jean M. Auel
Hodder & Stoughton, £10.95
Third in the prehistoric earth children series.

HARDBACK NON-FICTION

1 (2) **The Living Isles** by Peter Crawford
BBC, £14.95
A brilliantly planned natural history of the British Isles to go with the TV series.

2 (1) **In Person: The Prince and Princess of Wales** by Alistair Burnet
ITN/Michael O'Mara Books, £7.95
The nicest sort of hagiography.

3 (–) **The City of Joy** by Dominique Lapierre
Century Hutchinson, £12.95
A sensuous, exotic picture of a poverty-ridden metropolis.

4 (7) **The Holocaust** by Martin Gilbert
Collins, £15
A definitive account of the Jewish tragedy.

5 (3) **Blessings in Disguise** by Alec Guinness
Hamish Hamilton, £9.95
Readable autobiography of a great actor.

6 (9) **Take Twelve Cooks** by Kay Avila
Macdonald, £7.95
Your chance to play the Roux Brothers.

7 (4) **One is Fun!** by Delia Smith
Hodder & Stoughton, £7.95
Makes eating alone a bit more enjoyable.

8 (–) **Dancing in the Light** by Shirley MacLaine
Bantam Press, £10.95
Fourth volume of her autobiography.

9 (–) **Out of Africa** by Karen Blixen
Century Hutchinson, £14.95
African autobiography of the Danish writer.

10 (–) **Truman** by Roy Jenkins
Collins, £12.95
From minor politician to major president.

PAPERBACK FICTION

1 (1) **If Tomorrow Comes** by Sidney Sheldon
Pan, £2.95
Readable blockbuster for the undemanding.

2 (–) **Proof** by Dick Francis
Pan, £2.50
Another past the winning line.

3 (6) **Thinner** by Richard Bachman
New English Library, £2.50
Stephen King's usual mixture under a new name.

4 (2) **Hotel Du Lac** by Anita Brookner
Panther, £1.95
Subtle, beguiling story of a lonely woman.

5 (3) **Foreign Affairs** by Alison Lurie
Abacus, £3.50
An American invades British academia.

6 (4) **Strong Medicine** by Arthur Hailey
Pan, £2.95
Behind the scenes in medicine.

7 (–) **Less Than Zero** by Brett Easton Ellis
Picador, £2.95
Nastiness among the young of Los Angeles.

8 (–) **The Colour Purple** by Alice Walker
Women's Press, £3.95
Strong new novel by Pulitzer Prize winner.

9 (–) **Chapter House Dune** by Frank Herbert
New English Library, £2.95
Downmarket Tolkien.

10 (–) **Auf Wiedersehen Pet II** by Fred Taylor
Sphere, £1.75
Book of the TV series about British workers in Germany.

PAPERBACK NON-FICTION

1 (3) **Out of Africa** by Karen Blixen
Penguin, £3.95
African autobiography of the Danish writer.

2 (1) **Simply Divine** by the Reverend John Eley and Rabbi Lionel Blue
BBC, £1.95
Fun and some good recipes.

3 (5) **E for Additives** by Maurice Hanssen
Thorsons, £2.95
You will soon be afraid to eat anything.

4 (7) **The Goode Kitchen** by Shirley Goode
BBC, £1.95
Useful for the harassed mother.

5 (–) **Iacocca** by Lee Iacocca
Bantam Books, £3.95
Mr US Big Business tells how it is done.

6 (–) **Mr Speaker** by George Thomas
Arrow, £2.95
Sharper than usual political autobiography.

7 (2) **Spitting Image** by John Lloyd
Faber & Faber, £3.95
Cocking a snook at the Establishment.

8 (8) **Hollywood Babylon II** by Kenneth Anger
Arrow, £5.95
Behind the nastier scenes.

9 (10) **Ordnance Survey Motoring Atlas of Great Britain**
Ordnance Survey/Temple, £3.75
A useful adjunct for the car.

10 (4) **Floyd on Fish** by Keith Floyd
BBC, £3.95
Low in calories and high in taste.

Brackets show last month's position.
Information from National Book League.
Comments by Martyn Goff.

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WINE

Burgundy's central pearl

BY MICHAEL BROADBENT

No major wine district has endured more criticism over the past few years than Burgundy. At its best, the wine of burgundy is sublime, at its worst headache-making; and in between, distinctly over-priced and disturbingly unpredictable. High flyers in the world of wine naturally attract their fair share of criticism but none more so than the Domaine de la Romanée-Conti. Wines from "the Domaine", or DRC as it is known, have been suspected of excessive *chaptalization* (the addition of sugar to musts) and of being ridiculously over-priced, and the owners have been accused of arrogance and greed. The aim of this article is to put the burgundy scene into perspective and to explain the peculiar position of its principal domaine.

Burgundy is a fraction of the size of France's other major district, Bordeaux—a mere strip of vines compared with the broad, vine-encompassing Gironde. Individual vineyards are smaller, and even these are generally subdivided. Clos Vougeot, one of the largest, has its 124 acres parcelled out between 75 proprietors. The Romanée-Conti vineyard, from which the Domaine takes its name, is less than 5 acres; compare this with the Rothschild family's 225 acres of vines at Château Lafite in the Médoc.

The price of the finest burgundy, as with other commodities, is based on supply and demand. Top restaurants and Greek multi-millionaires must have Romanée-Conti. Demand far exceeds the amount available, no matter what the vintage, and the wine not only commands a high price but, to a certain extent, is rationed.

It is, of course, sad that wines of this quality are beyond the financial reach of most of us. But privilege and great wealth have always been the keys to unlock the cellars of the greatest burgundies. More than two centuries ago Madame de Pompadour, a great collector of jewelry, coveted Romanée, "the central pearl". Even she was outbid by the King's minister, the Prince de Conti, who added his own name to that of the vineyard. It cost him 80,000 *livres*, a vast sum for so small a vineyard. Then, in 1868, the ancestors of the de Villaine family—still part-owners—paid the equivalent of 14,000 gold sovereigns for this precious strip of earth.

Which brings us to the Domaine itself, of which Romanée-Conti is just a part. In charge, and roughly equal owners, are the quiet, bespectacled Aubert de Villaine and the immensely energetic Madame Bize-Leroy, whose father bought into this great estate, one of the biggest, at 60 acres, and certainly the most prestigious and expensive in the whole of Burgundy. Based in the hamlet of Vosne-Romanée, in the heart of the Côte de Nuits, it comprises two wholly-owned vineyards, Romanée-Conti and La Tâche, whose annual production averages 390 and 1,300 cases, and major holdings in the three other principal vineyards or *climats*: Richebourg, Grands-Echézeaux and Romanée-St-Vivant (their production is roughly 760, 2,100 and 1,100 cases respectively). I have included Echézeaux with Grands-Echézeaux although there is a big difference in quality and price, the DRC's Echézeaux being the lowest rung in its rarified ladder. These are the reds. In the mid 1960s DRC purchased, at an enormously high price, a tiny holding in the greatest dry white wine vineyard in the world, Le Montrachet. Their annual production is extremely small, an average of 240 dozen bottles. The price is correspondingly high.

For the 34 years I have been in the trade, wine merchants, particularly English, have complained about the high opening prices demanded by the Domaine and, with more justification, about the same gentle arm-twisting—an understandable reluctance to supply Le Montrachet and nothing else. Equally understandable but, in my opinion, misguided is the criticism of the quality of young wines shown at DRC tastings. Let me deal with prices first. The Domaine presented a full range of their 1982 and 1981 wines at a tasting in London last autumn. Prices to the trade were as follows: for both vintages of Echézeaux £225 a case, for Grands-Echézeaux £290, Romanée-St-Vivant £300, Richebourg £460 for the 82, £450 for the 81, La Tâche £480 and £460, and finally £800 for the 82 Romanée-Conti. The 81 was not available, presumably all sold. As for the DRC Montrachet, it was £950 a dozen and supply was extremely limited.

One can imagine what sort of price the well-heeled will eventually have to pay in a restaurant. As for wine merchants, hardly any of their retail customers are prepared to pay such prices, so few stock DRC wines. The prices quoted above are not purely a reflection of the quantity produced and stocks available. There is a distinct difference in quality between Echézeaux and Grands-Echézeaux, and in style between Richebourg and La Tâche. Moreover, Romanée-Conti itself does have that extra dimension which certainly justifies a differential, though whether any taste can be worth twice the price is open to argument. But this applies to other great and expensive wines.

The extraordinary thing about the Domaine de la Romanée-Conti is that when young, for example when first shown at trade tastings, the wines are not all that impressive. I first noticed this when I went to the famous Lebègue annual tastings in their candle-lit cellars beneath London Bridge station in the mid 1950s. Young vintages of La Tâche, for example, were not as impressive as those of, say, Château Margaux. Looking at my tasting notes made at the time, and subsequently, it seemed to take five years for the DRC wines to find their feet. Some, which looked rather pale for some unaccountable reason, gained colour in the bottle—quite the opposite to a red bordeaux. With age they also developed extra dimensions, both the bouquet and taste growing in intensity. Moreover, even in "off" vintages, when others made puny, wishy-washy wines, the Domaine, through its policy of picking late, seemed to produce wines which, though unimpressive at first, turned out to be gloriously mouth-filling. However, whether the rain-soaked 75s and the lacklustre 77s will be late developers, only time will tell.

Of the DRC range, my favourites are Grands-Echézeaux and Romanée-St-Vivant—both elegant and somewhat underrated—and the flowery, almost exotic La Tâche. Richebourg is denser, more masculine and four-square, while Romanée-Conti itself is highly concentrated, mouth-filling, magnificent. At their best the wines display a glorious purple "robe". The nose changes from boiled beetroot to a mixture of scented toast and spices. Slightly sweet on the palate, they are mouth-filling with great length and, in the warmth of the mouth, open out like a peacock's tail. Le Montrachet, like other major white burgundies, tends to be drunk too soon. Just like the great reds, it needs time in bottle to evolve. After a recent tasting of La Tâche in the offices of the Domaine we settled down to a simple lunch with just a glass of white wine. It turned out to be the 66 Montrachet, the first made by the Domaine. At 18 years of age it was a glorious golden colour and had an intensity of bouquet and flavour which took one's breath away. I doubt if another bottle exists ○

Given a remote group of rocky islands where winds gust up to 135 mph, and the sun in winter scarcely breaks the horizon, what makes Orkney so enchanting?

If you visit Orkney for a few days, you'll soon come to understand something of the magic of those distant, northern islands, on the same latitude as Alaska.

You'll discover sheer cliffs, towering above the rock stack called the Old Man of Hoy, to a height of 1400 feet.

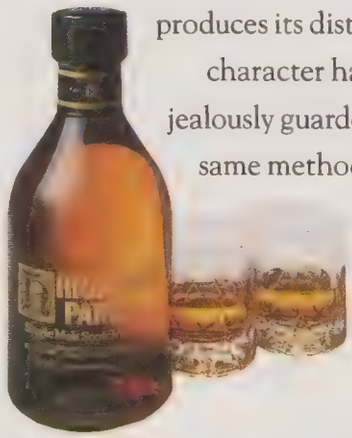
Yet behind them, sheltered from the western storms, lies verdant farmland overlooking vast, whispering havens like Scapa Flow.

You'll get used to the air ringing with the strange cries of guillemots and kittiwakes.

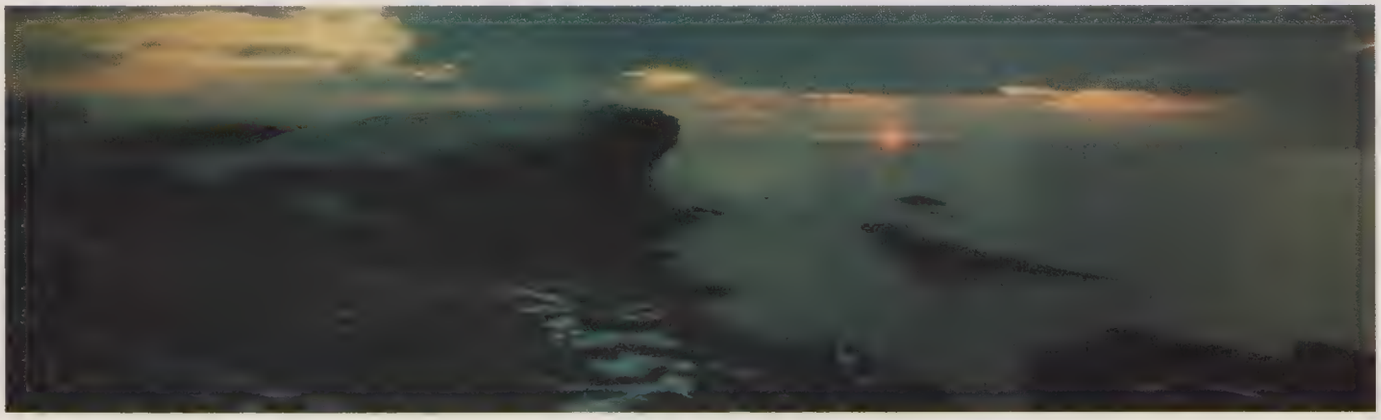
The result is that for Orcadians the distant past is a daily reality. The islanders' view is summed up by the lady who shows visitors round one of the oldest monuments: "*Remember*," she'll tell you with a smile, "*the man who made Time made plenty o' it.*"

With so much time on hand, 12 years in Orkney is the merest blink of an eye.

Yet it is the perfect age for Highland Park, the subtle single malt whisky which is the islands' most treasured export.



For the secret artistry which produces its distinctive character has been jealously guarded. The same methods have been used, on exactly the same spot, since the day the distillery was established in 1798. Yet while the location of Highland Park at Kirkwall may seem a little unlikely to some, the 12 year old single malt it produces is one no connoisseur can ignore. Once they've tasted it, very few do.



It's little wonder that Orcadians, surrounded by this astonishing natural beauty, take a measured, even quizzical view of the world.

Especially as almost every spring some farmer's plough turns up yet another tomb or dwelling that's two or three or four thousand years old.

Further north than any whisky distillery in the world, Highland Park produces a whisky with the deceptively simple ingredients of malted barley, local spring water and Orkney peat.

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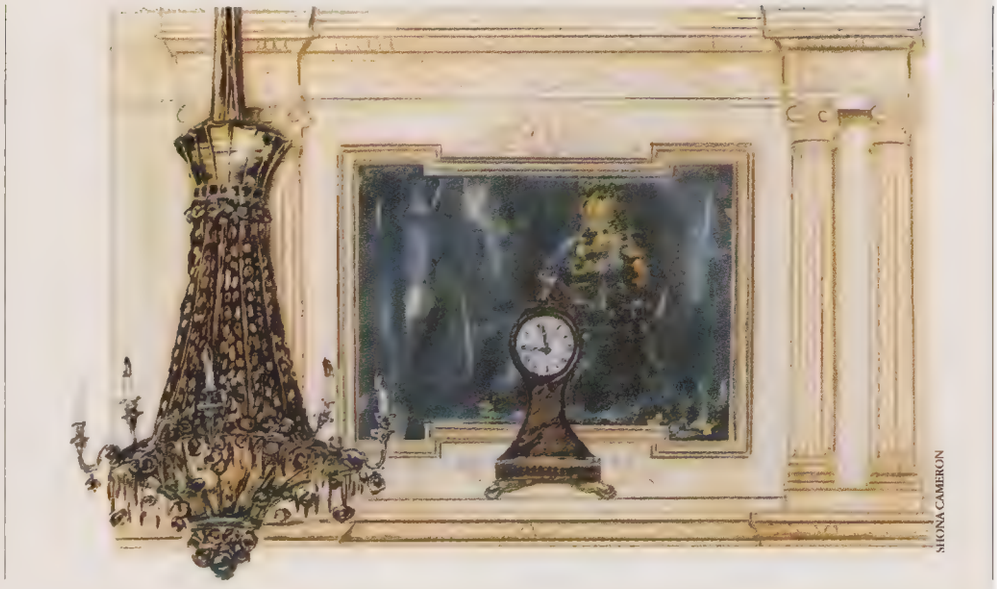
Simply Simpsons

BY KINGSLEY AMIS



Situated a stone's throw from the entrance to the Savoy, Simpson's has the advantage of findability. In normal circumstances, that is: on the first of my recent expeditions there I found myself, having been gassing animatedly with my guest, about to speed out of Trafalgar Square towards Buckingham Palace. Yes, it was a minicab, but even so. Arrived circuitously at the restaurant, I was not best pleased to be told that the bar was shut—at 7.40pm?—and by the time my Old-Fashioned cocktail had arrived at the table and turned out to be distinctly pallid, and we had been offered rolls almost boring enough for BR, and no choice, my morale was low and my blood was up. I remembered, too, that I had been badly fed there in the past.

I recite all this to emphasize the impact of the marvellous dinner that followed. I plumped for Chef's Pâté, not my favourite kind of thing but a useful test—I would try a couple of mouthfuls. In the event I ate it all without stopping. It scored straight away with me by being the smooth, fine-grained sort, not the coarse, flaky, dry-on-the-outside rubbish full of chunks of gut and gristle to testify to its authenticity—oh, word of fear! I sometimes feel that more lousy dishes are presented under that banner than any other. In my eccentric way I want a dish to taste good, rather than to have been seethed in pig's milk and served wrapped in a rhubarb-leaf with grated thistle-root the way the peasants really do eat it in Tierra del Fuego. But this is a large subject. Positively I can only say that what I ate was as delicious a liver pâté as I hope to eat anywhere. My guest's oysters were also first-rate.

For my main dish I chose steak, kidney and oyster pie. What can I say of that? It was wonderful: excellent pastry neither crumbly nor pliable, tender meat, a decent proportion of kidney—disproving a recent assertion of mine—and, above all, ample, thick, tasty gravy. Guest's roast beef was fine, too, with Yorkshire pudding that was laudably a slice off a large one, not the "individual" sort weighing a couple of grammes and resembling a little arid bun. Spring greens, that longed-for rarity, also appeared, fresh presumably; you don't seem to come across them frozen. The bubble-and-squeak was too much in bulk, not the worst sort of offence, true, but also sadly shy on the potato to my way of thinking.

The lunch that followed a few days later was better still if possible. I kicked off with quail's eggs with haddock and cheese sauce. This turned out to be a substantial dish, rather a lot for a lunch-time starter, but I could hardly get out of trying it, and having done so I ate it all as before. I had to. So would you have had to. Though not visibly an abstemious fellow I am not a great eater in the quantitative sense. With a couple of chunks of a better roll than before, I had had about as much in volume as I normally have for my total lunch at home by the time the Lancashire Hotpot arrived. Very well; I would just see what it was like, sample it. What I did was eat it. Guest's duck disappeared totally too, though, to try to hold the balance, her asparagus had been no better than all right. Neither of us dared sample, i.e. engulf, the ginger pudding or apple pie.

What these meals at Simpson's showed was something one had almost had to stop believing: that English dishes are still to be found here and there properly prepared, and that when they are they show themselves to have few equals and no superiors among those originating in other places. They exist without additives or flavourings or any but the simplest sauces and condiments; I needed none of the latter, not even a lick of mustard, with anything I ate at Simpson's. *Tatler* wrote of Walton's perfectly respectable restaurant (which I visited last month) that its cuisine embodies "a desire to create new, unusual combinations of flavours and textures". There could hardly be a more concise summary of what English cooking is not about.

At that lunch, which was unequivocally the best meal I have had since starting this column last September, we drank a bottle of red sparkling Burgundy, rarely to be found on London wine-lists. No alcoholic beverage above the Babycham level is more calculated to raise a sneer among pundits. The American pontificator Frank Schoonmaker remarks that "it is a wine regarded with amused contempt by most real wine lovers", and therefore surely, I suggest, worth a try. Even the great and good John Arlott anathematizes it as hardly to be seen outside the USA and the north of England; just think of that. The fact—yes, the fact—is that this wine goes enjoyably with several sorts of English lowbrow food, which almost means English food. So, of course, in rather a different way does English beer, though that raises difficulties of its own.

Anyway—those who share my general approach to the subject will be encouraged to learn, as I was to see, that pints of bitter tend to get carried into the Simpson's dining-room. This was a small but significant part of the fiercely untrendy general feel of the place, which is rather like that of a non-smart men's club: clientele mainly not very young Brits in suits breaking for lunch rather than setting out for a treat or a debauch, tables in unimaginative files, wall panelling, totally forgettable carpet and furniture, Vanity Fair cartoons in the bar (open at lunch-time), benevolent service, the whole thing I thought remarkably cheap for what we got and where we got it. Needless to say, but important to notice, the menu is all facts—when the adjectives start multiplying, the citadel has fallen.

Simpson-in-the-Strand, 100 Strand, London WC2 (836 9112). Mon-Sat noon-3pm, 6-10pm.

CHINESE RELATIONS

Princess Garden
8-10 North Audley St, W1 (493 3223).
Sister to its Hong Kong namesake, this sumptuous Mayfair restaurant has an outsize Buddha in the piano bar, and gilded peacocks and glass paeonies at the dining-room entrance. A jacket and tie clientele is served by slit-skirted waitresses. The cool green and grey décor is punctuated down the centre of the room by black pillars and some large, round party tables.

Predominantly Peking cuisine with notable dumplings, seaweed, scallops and prawns. Also splendid Singapore noodles and delicately scented lotus-leaf rice. Liquid refreshment includes cocktails, and an extensive wine list. There are elegant private rooms downstairs available for parties. About £60 for two.
Mon-Sun noon-2.30pm, 6.30-11.30pm.

Ho-Ho
20 High Rd, South Woodford, E18 (989 8021).
This second incarnation of Ho-Ho describes itself as "offspring of the Honourable Parent" which is in Maddox Street, W1. Décor in the spacious E18 premises draws on their previous use as an Italian trattoria, now with appropriate oriental additions.

A catholic menu extends to bean-curd, noodles, pancakes and dumplings, Chinese Malaysian Singapore dishes and steamboat, a Chinese version of fondu in which meat, prawns and noodles are cooked in a steaming cauldron of soup on the table. There is a choice of three set menus for two or more diners—Szechuan at £10.50 a person, Peking at £11.50 and a lobster feast at £17. House specialities and hot, spicy dishes are marked accordingly on the à la carte.

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Mon-Sun noon-3pm, 6-11.30pm.

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HOTELS

Swiss hotelmanship

BY HILARY RUBINSTEIN

Although ever more popular and populous, the Lake District has its quota of dreary look-alike hotels and boarding-houses which have hardly changed their ghastly décor and mediocre menus since the war; it also boasts a comprehensive range of vintage establishments. Gourmet food and sybaritic comfort? They are there in Sharrow Bay, Ullswater, and Miller Howe, Windermere, internationally renowned hostelries, providing such rich and exotic fare that you are virtually compelled to take to the fells to prepare yourself for the next evening's feast. The best kind of traditional hotel hospitality? Rothay Manor, Ambleside, has rightly won acclaim for the Nixon family, and Stephen and Nigel Nixon are continuing in business notwithstanding the death of their mother Bronwen earlier this year. Simple home comforts for serious walkers? You will be in your element at the Wasdale Head Inn, Gosforth, or, at a more modest tariff, at Seatoller House, Borrowdale, which has a long tradition as a guest-house.

Situated 3 miles south of Keswick, overlooking Derwent Water, and with the Lodore Falls cascading through its 40 acre grounds, Lodore Swiss Hotel is also something of an institution, having been run in an exemplary manner by a Swiss family (confusingly named England) for almost 40 years. It is unlike anything else in the Lakes, and indeed is something of a maverick among British hotels, though establishments of its kind are familiar enough in Switzerland and in the United States. A resort hotel—small by the standard of such places, having only 72 bedrooms—it aims to provide within its bounds exceptional facilities for children and such a wide variety of services and entertainments that guests need never stray outside. Amenities offered—32 are listed—include ballroom, cathiodermie beauty treatment, colour television in all rooms, children's nurses, exercise rooms, indoor and outdoor heated pools, saunas, Slendertone and solarium, tennis and squash courts, trampoline, steam bath and in-house movies. One reader called the place an upmarket Butlin's, but I do not think he meant it in any disrespectful spirit.

Resort hotels are often fairly impersonal places, but not the Lodore Swiss. It has no truck with conferences or block bookings, and you feel as soon as you enter its doors that a personal management is in charge. Moreover, it does not rest on its laurels: Tony England, son of its founders, tells me that all rooms have now been fitted with built-in hair-dryers, that a new all-weather surface has been given to the tennis court and that a more generous breakfast menu has been introduced. I was also glad to learn that the hotel had given up the traditional but frequently otiose set menu for lunch and provides, for those who want it, an à la carte menu which includes light, inexpensive dishes such as *Bauernteller*, a Swiss version of a ploughman's lunch. In the evening, in addition to a table d'hôte menu for those on half-board, there is a *menu gastronomique*—and that latest treat for trendy foodies, a *menu surprise*.

The Lodore Swiss cannot be said to have a distinguished appearance, being a substantial Victorian pile with a modern wing behind. Inside, however, all is light and welcoming; freshly cut flowers are much in evidence; and the staff are fresh and spruce. The whole place exudes Swiss hospitality at its best.

Lodore Swiss Hotel, Keswick, Cumbria CA12 5UX (059 684 285). Bed and breakfast £31; table d'hôte dinner £12; menu gastronomique £19, menu surprise £44 (two persons).

Sharrow Bay Country House Hotel, Ullswater, Penrith, Cumbria CA10 2CZ (085 36 301/483). Unrivalled combination of gastronomic elegance and attention to detail in country house on eastern shore of Ullswater, 2 miles south of Pooley Bridge. Dinner, bed and breakfast £55-£85.

Miller Howe Hotel, Rayrigg Road, Windermere, Cumbria LA23 1EY (096 62 2536). Innovative food served with theatrical panache in John Tovey's renowned establishment. Dinner, bed and breakfast £50-£80.

Rothay Manor Hotel, Rothay Bridge, Ambleside, Cumbria LA22 0EH (0966 33605). Handsome Georgian house near head of Windermere. Excellent food in a private-house atmosphere. Double room with dinner, bed and breakfast £96-£100 for two.

Wasdale Head Inn, Wasdale Head, Gosforth, Cumbria CA20 1EX (094 06 229). Well maintained and attractive establishment, beloved of climbers, offering good food and solicitous service, in remote valley to the north-east of Wast Water. Dinner, bed and breakfast, single room £34, double £63 for two.

Seatoller House, Borrowdale, Keswick, Cumbria CA12 5XN (059 684 218). Friendly and popular guest-house at the foot of Honister Pass, ably run by David and Ann Pepper. Good food at 7pm communal dinners. Dinner, bed and breakfast £17.50.

Except where stated, the above tariffs are per person per night (many of the hotels make reductions for longer stays) and include VAT. Miller Howe adds a 12½ per cent service charge.

Hilary Rubinstein is the editor of *The Good Hotel Guide*.

CHESS

Playing away

BY JOHN NUNN

In most sports it is a big advantage to play at home, but this does not seem to hold in chess, at any rate if you are British and playing in Holland. Possibly the tremendous interest shown in chess by the Dutch public is the galvanizing factor, but some of the best individual performances by British players have occurred at Tilburg, Wijk-aan-Zee and Amsterdam, the three main Dutch chess venues.

Only a few months after Tony Miles finished joint first at Tilburg, Nigel Short scored an even more spectacular success by winning Wijk-aan-Zee with a massive point-and-a-half margin. The final scores were Short (GB) 9½ (from 13), Ljubojević, Nikolić (both Yugoslavia) and Van der Wiel (Netherlands) 8, Hübner (West Germany) 7½, Sosonko (Netherlands) and Hodgson (GB) 7, Seirawan (USA), Chernin (USSR) and Hort (West Germany) 6½, Van der Sterren, Ree (both Netherlands) and Hellers (Sweden) 4½, De Firmian (USA) 3.

Nigel's games sometimes resemble those of Karpov, in that he manages to contain potential counterplay without any apparent effort. It is difficult to achieve this air of effortless simplicity, but the following game is a fine example of how it can be done.

N. Short	**G. Sosonko**
White	*Black*
Sicilian Defence	
1 P-K4	**P-QB4**
2 N-KB3	**N-QB3**
3 P-Q4	**PxP**
4 NxP	**N-B3**
5 N-QB3	**P-KN3**

Sosonko had won a game with this dubious variation in an earlier round and was willing to try it again. However the surprise effect had gone and his second attempt was less successful.

6 NxN	**NPxN**
7 P-K5	**N-N1**
8 B-QB4	**B-KN2**
9 Q-B3	**P-KB4**
10 B-B4	**P-K3**

De Firmian-Sosonko had continued 11 0-0-0 Q-B2 12 P-KR4 N-R3 13 KR-K1 N-B2 14 Q-N3 R-QN1 15 K-N1 R-N5 16 B-N3 0-0 17 P-QR3 RxB(B5)! 18 QxR BxP and Black converted his central pawn mass into a win. Warned off by this, Short chose the safer plan of castling kingside.

11 0-0	**N-R3**
12 QR-Q1	**Q-B2**
13 KR-K1	**N-B2**
14 Q-N3	**0-0**
15 P-KR4	**K-R1**
16 N-R4	**P-QR4?**

This move is hard to understand. Black achieves nothing positive and only creates a new weakness at QN3.

17 P-N3	**R-K1**
18 Q-K3	**P-R3**
19 P-KN4!	

White's pre-emptive pawn advance leads to an eventual blockade and the stagnation of Black's counterplay. 19 . . . PxP fails to 20 B-Q3.

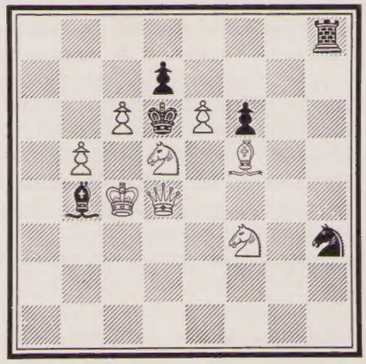
19	**. . . R-KN1**
20 B-N3	**B-B1**
21 Q-N6	**R-R2**
22 P-KB3	**QxQch**
23 NxQ	**B-B4ch**
24 B-B2	**BxBch**
25 KxB	**PxP**
26 PxP	**K-N2**
27 N-R4	**P-N4**
28 P-R5	**R-B1**
29 K-N3	**N-Q1**
30 N-B5	**R-B5**
31 P-R4	**K-B1**
32 B-Q3	**K-K2**
33 B-N6	**R-R1**

This abandons the defence of the QP, but if Black does nothing White will play R-K3 and R-KB3, forcing the exchange of Black's only decent piece.

34 R-K3	**R-N1**
35 R(3)-Q3	**R(1)-N5**
36 RxPch	**BxR**
37 RxBch	**Resigns**

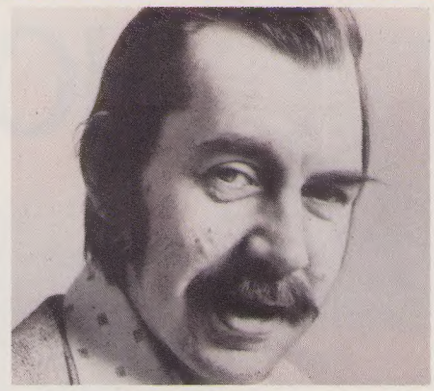
It is mate in two more moves.

Readers are invited to enter the eighth Lloyds Bank British Chess Problem Solving Championship by sending the solution of the following problem to Sponsorship Section, CCD, Lloyds Bank plc, Princess House, 152/156 Upper Thames Street, London EC4R 3UJ. The closing date for entries is July 1, 1986 and your solution should be marked *The Illustrated London News.*



White is to play and mate in two moves against any Black defence. You need give only White's first move in your solution.

Successful entrants will receive a more difficult set of problems by post and the top scorers from this stage will be invited to take part in the final to be held in London during January, 1987. There are prizes of £100, £50 and £25.



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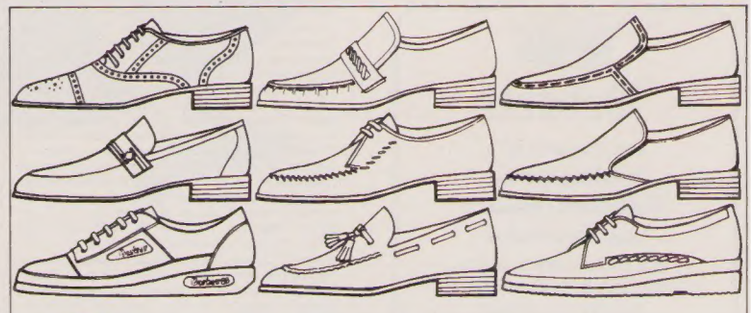

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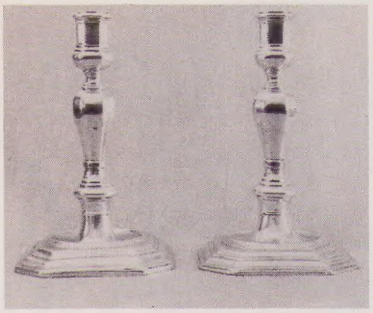

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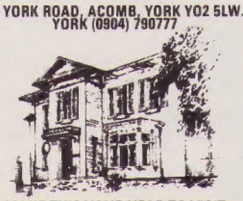

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BRIDGE

Guessing correctly

BY JACK MARX

There are some hands where declarer, if he is to succeed, needs not only the guidance of his own skill and intuition, but some aid from providence as well. In other words, he has to make some right guesses or his opponents some wrong ones.

On this hand, from a match in a late round from the Gold Cup, South arrived at a scarcely cast-iron but not wholly unreasonable Four Hearts. His success and his counterpart's failure at this contract decided the fate of the match.

	♠65 ♥A64 ♦K96 ♣KQ973	Dealer West Game All
♠87 ♥87 ♦A10832 ♣10865		♠KQJ94 ♥Q102 ♦754 ♣AJ
	♠A1032 ♥KJ953 ♦QJ ♣42	

West	*North*	*East*	*South*
No	1♣	1♠	2♥
No	3♥	No	4♥
All Pass			

West led his top spade to the Jack and Ace. There could be some advantage for South to duck the first round, thus impeding defenders' communications, but there was a risk of a singleton with West. On the face of it, with a loser in each side suit, declarer's chances seem to hinge on the trump position. But there is a further problem in South's tail of small spades with North's trump pips too low to be proof against West's ruffing high ahead of dummy.

South decided a start must be made on knocking out the minor-suit Aces. There was no reason to suppose that East held both, though on the bidding he almost certainly had one. Much might depend on knocking out East's Ace first, so that South would be spared the embarrassment of repeated spade leads. His luck in this respect held, for he guessed correctly in leading a club to the Queen and Ace at trick two.

East cashed a top spade and continued with a small one, West produced Heart Seven and dummy perforce overruffed with the Ace. After some thought, South concluded that the contract was not makeable if West had begun with more than two hearts and that his assumed one remaining trump must be drawn at once. After the Heart Four from dummy and the Two from East, South was faced with the crucial guess whether West held the Queen, Ten or Eight. Again he followed his star by finessing the Nine.

South had now arrived at the point where lucky guesses were not enough, and he had to solve the problem of disposing of his losing spade without conceding a trump trick. This he achieved through some really skilful timing. West won South's lead of Diamond Queen and returned a club to North's King. South ruffed a club in hand, returned to dummy by overtaking Jack of Diamonds with the King and ruffed dummy's third diamond. At the 11th trick his losing spade was ruffed in dummy and at the 12th, with the lead still in dummy, East's Queen Ten of trumps were due to be swallowed by South's King Jack.

If West had ducked the first round of diamonds, South would shift to clubs, ruffing a third round in hand, and would then ruff the spade before ruffing a fourth round of clubs. West is now pushed in with Ace of Diamonds to produce the trump *coup.*

Another hand from match play found one declarer adopting a plan that was not altogether misconceived, though it reduced the element of guesswork less effectively than his successful rival at the other table. Both Souths became declarer at Six Hearts after the Norths had opened with a 15-17 No-trump.

	♠KJ9 ♥KQ96 ♦A107 ♣Q105	Dealer North Game All
♠862 ♥J ♦Q9653 ♣AJ84		♠Q74 ♥7 ♦KJ842 ♣9762
	♠A1053 ♥A1085432 ♦void ♣K3	

West's lead of Diamond Five was ruffed by South, who cleared trumps with a heart to the King. A small club to the King lost to the Ace and a small club back from West found South unwilling to stake everything so early on the finesse of the Ten. Later in the play he misguessed the spade finesse and went one down. If more fortunately the Club King had held the trick, South could have crossed to dummy with a trump and flung his last club on Diamond Ace.

The other South made a rather better job of it. He also ruffed the diamond lead, entered dummy with a trump, threw Club Three on Diamond Ace, ruffed another diamond, re-entered dummy with a trump and led a small club to King and Ace. Now West could but offer a "free" finesse in clubs or open up the spade suit ○

Type setting and printing in England by Watmoughs Limited, Idle, Bradford; and London. Colour reproduction by Bridge Graphics Limited. Published monthly at the office of The Illustrated London News, 20 Upper Ground, London SE1 9PF, May, 1986. Agents for Australasia: Gordon & Gotch Ltd; branches: Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, Perth, Launceston and Hobart, Australia; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland and Dunedin, New Zealand

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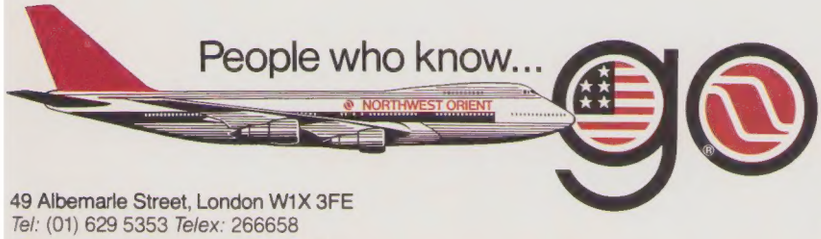

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